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SAMUEL JOHNSON AND DANIEL WEBSTER

Now that "all that is mortal of Daniel Webster is no more," eulogy seems about to exhaust itself in the attempt to do honor to his illustrious character and services. North and South, the East and West, every section, every party, sound and prolong the notes of praise, which, powerless as they are to "soothe the dull, cold ear of death," show the wide and profound impression which the genius of the great New Englander has made upon the national mind and heart. The country has lost one of the greatest, if not the very greatest of her sons. The Constitution mourns the loss of the mightiest of its defenders. The vessel of State is deprived of the most far-seeing, vigilant, and skilful of her pilots. A mighty man, the energy of whose great intellect, the full wealth of whose wonderful resources, were earnestly devoted, and for long years, to his country and the public good, is fallen—and who shall adequately fill the chasm that is made! This seems well-nigh the universal sentiment. The plaintive

accents heard, and the fervid praise spoken, are but natural, spontaneous outpourings of a grief and admiration whose full and honest utterance needs no other prompter than the grave.

Mr. Rufus Choate, in a recent tribute to the character of his deceased friend, marked by that copious yet chaste diction and affluence of beautiful illustration which so greatly distinguish him, mentions the name of Johnson: "to whom," he adds, "I hope it is not pedantic or fanciful to say, I often thought his nature presented some resemblance." The same resemblance has, at times, struck the writer of the present paper; and he indulges with Mr. Choate the hope that it may not be thought "fanciful," if he ventures to mark a few of the points, circumstantial as well as characteristic, in which these strong, great men appear to resemble one another.

Both sprang from an ancestry not renowned, nor distinguished by the gifts of fortune. Michael Johnson, the Litchfield bookseller, and Ebenezer Webster, the Salisbury farmer, were both men of strong sense and great personal excellence, impressed with the worth and advantages of education, most anxious that their sons should enjoy it, but able to furnish only partially, and with difficulty, the means to secure it. The path to learning, for both sons, was

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Watson

Discourses

ON SPECIAL OCCASIONS,

AND

MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS.

BY

C. VAN SANTVOORD.

NEW YORK:
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PREFACE.

JOHN FOSTER, in one of his conversations, remarks, that an author will sometimes plead haste in preparing and putting forth a book, as if there were a *famine* of books, and awkward defects were to be overlooked on the score of benevolent zeal to satisfy the pressing demands of the public. No plea of this sort will be set up on behalf of the present unpretending volume, the author feeling pretty conscious, that did such famine really exist—as it never has existed since the time of Solomon—there is little in this book to appease its gnawings. The discourses were given in the ordinary course of a ministry to the Reformed Dutch Church of Saugerties, New York, and between the years 1848 and 1854. The miscellaneous papers, with one exception, were contributed to various periodicals during the same interval. Several of the discourses have been given to the press separately, and the present purpose is little more than to put in a tangible and fixed form what has hitherto existed in a fugitive one. If the reader remark the seeming incongruity of placing moral and critical essays, and discourses such as those on Adams, Clay, and Webster, side by side with those which are strictly religious, it is proper to observe, that the volume being miscellaneous in its character, the author is not “shut up” to the treatment of a specific class of subjects, while his own taste and judgment are alone responsible for the selections made. In those discourses on the illustrious men mentioned, whose names and services are historic, the design has been to illustrate

by striking and memorable examples, the patriotic virtues, the earnest life-long devotion to the interests of our noble country and her benign institutions, and from the survey of these examples, to draw out whatever wholesome lessons they may be found fit to furnish. The author has only to add, that he shall feel no disappointment if the reading of this volume is confined to the not very wide circle of those who know him personally, or at least to the denomination within which his lot is cast. Should its circulation, however, chance to stray beyond this narrow boundary, he is happy to believe that the subjects treated in the volume are sufficiently varied and important to afford somewhat of interest and—it may be—of profit to any into whose hands it may fall.

Greenwich, New York, June, 1856.

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THE PRICELESS WORTH OF A GOOD NAME.

ON THE DEATH OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Divitiarum et formae gloria fluxa atque fragilis; virtus clara aeternaque habetur.—SALLUST.

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

PROV. xxii. 1.

THE "Ingratitude of Republics" has long furnished to those given rather to declamation than to reasoning, a favorite and fertile theme. The phrase belongs to that useful class of topics, not only ready at the call of the humblest, but seeming to contain a sonorous truism, which, urged as an argument, bears a force not easy to parry.

The truth of the saying, almost a proverbial one, has been rather taken for granted, than scrutinized with the view of detecting any fallacy that might underlie the proposition, or of determining whether from too few facts and examples, too broad and sweeping a conclusion had not been drawn. A Republic, it is averred, based upon the principle

that the popular voice is the sovereign will, is prone, from its very nature, to be fickle and capricious. It is liable to lift a man to the summit of favor one day, the impulsive populace rendering him, there, a blind homage, like that offered to Paul and Barnabas by the crowd insanely shouting "the gods are come down to us in the likeness of men,"—and on the next, dethroning him from his high and precarious seat, amid a storm of clamor and invective, in order to exalt and pay the like honors to some fresh candidate for their hollow applauses. Talent, however commanding and unquestionable—public services, however distinguished and important—virtue, however pure—integrity, however unsullied, with long laborious years, devoted without grudging and complaint to the service of the commonwealth, are all found insufficient to withstand those sudden fitful gusts of popular wrath, which rudely shake the true patriot and hero, not less than the scheming demagogue, from his ephemeral elevation, and hurl him in ignominy to the ground.

Such spectacles Republics have exhibited—the evidence of swift and unreasoning changes of the popular mind, wrought upon by an easily-swayed sensibility. The ancient Republics of Greece and Rome were not at all times models in the con-

stancy with which they upheld, and the generosity with which they rewarded their most eminent and meritorious citizens. Themistocles and M. Manlius, Aristides and Camillus, are not singular examples in their annals, of high desert, and devotion to the public good, being rewarded with contempt, persecution, exile, or other and more flagrant wrong. Our own Republic cannot, perhaps, wholly escape the charge of having shown in some instances disrespect, if not ingratitude, towards some of her worthiest servants and benefactors. Yet it was only for a time. The charge of ingratitude towards those who have served her best, and loved her most, it were far easier to make than establish. She forms the exception, if other Republics form the rule. I point with pride to her treatment of her illustrious sons, as reversing the aforementioned apothegm, instead of confirming it. Not only is her Washington enshrined in her heart of hearts, and his name regarded—I will not say with gratitude, that is too cold a word—but with an earnestness of veneration, and a fervor of attachment, strengthening still with the lapse of years; but all those renowned and venerable men to whose toils, sufferings, and sacrifices we owe the priceless legacy of our Free Institutions, receive, as they deserve, the fitting tribute to

their worth and patriotic devotion—a nation's cordial gratitude and praise. There may have been seasons when the lustre of their character and exploits was seemingly eclipsed by the reckless rage of party strifes and antagonisms; but these gusty clouds, shedding down malign influences, soon passed away; and not seldom, even before the head of the wronged man lay on its pillow of earth, the murmurs of partisan animosity were for ever lost, in the truthful, far-resounding voices, which proclaimed justice and honor to the deserving.

Thus Andrew Jackson finished his mortal course, and lies sleeping on his narrow bed; and who will deny to him, now that his life-fight is fought and his race run, the title of hero and Christian? Who refuses to accord to him the soul of honor—the unflinching rectitude of purpose—the inflexible resolution with which, in spite of all uprising obstacles, he held on the tenor of his dauntless way, for the good of the country—the lofty patriotism which marked his character and shaped his actions in the council as well as in the field? These now form the epitaph which a grateful Republic has inscribed upon his grave, nor will it ever be displaced by characters such as those with which, during his life, partisan vindictiveness was wont to describe his character and course,

and even his purposes and aims. And thus, too, John Quincy Adams—worthily enrolled amongst

“The few, the immortal names
That were not born to die”—

gathered recently to his fathers, hoary with years and laden with honors, draws forth from every corner of the land, from papers and men of all shades of political opinion, a well-nigh unanimous verdict to his lofty integrity, high worth, and earnest zeal for the interests of the country he served so devotedly and so long. This verdict, so generally and heartily expressed, now that he is dead, is the verdict to which the mind of the nation had arrived long previously; so that the true estimate of his life and character, instead of springing, as it were, from his tomb, was fixed long before the clod covered his mortal remains. Though republics have been, and may yet be, ungrateful, facts like these, so honorable to the public mind and moral sense, must go far to throw off from the shoulders of our own, the burden of this charge.

We are assembled, friends and brethren, in the hope of improving, by some appropriate suggestions, the occasion of the recent death of one of our most illustrious citizens. Our purpose is to draw from

this memorable event some lessons that should impress and profit us, both as republicans and Christian men. The name and character of public benefactors—and the true patriot and servant of his country should hold the foremost rank among such—are the property of the country, intrusted as a sacred deposit to all coming times. And just in proportion as that name is honored, not simply for the deeds which are associated with it, but for its moral worth; just as that character is distinguished, not merely for the genius which originated, or the force which carried out, lofty plans of public utility, but for the virtues that adorned it, will it be deserving of the permanent respect and veneration of mankind. Just as sterling and unswerving truth and probity predominate in a man of mark, does it become safe to propose him as an example to others. Where such is the case, the pulpit should not be the last to point out such a character and commend it to the wide consideration it deserves. Where it is not found, no Christian minister could eulogize the man who, great and gifted though he might have been, high in rank and heroic in action, lived yet regardless of God, and the restraints and sanctions of his law, without compromising the dignity of his calling, and trifling with the highest interests of men.

Our great aim is, and always should be, to teach men to live virtuously that they may live usefully and happily; to teach them to fear God, reverence and obey his statutes, love their country, be submissive to proper authorities—which are inseparable from the order, peace, and well-being of states as well as individuals—to promote by direct aims and loyal labors the true harmony and happiness of man and society; in a word, to use the Prophet's language, "to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with God," which, run out into its legitimate inferences, may be regarded as a compendium of the Christian precept and practice. If we can secure attention to these lessons, and enforce them by pointing to the life-example of some eminent citizen, whose career has illustrated these great principles, the opportunity should not be lost. "History," it has been said, "is philosophy teaching by examples," and a most striking and impressive kind of philosophy it is—a philosophy that the greatest of teachers has commended to the world by making it the vehicle of conveying the most momentous and sublime truths that ever fell upon the ear of man.

Influenced by these sentiments, need I offer any apology for making the death of one of our most honored and virtuous public men the special theme

of discourse, designating his life and example as worthy to point and enforce whatever lessons the present occasion may suggest?

But previously let us attend for a moment to the specific teachings of the text, for all our reflections will be closely connected and interwoven with them. "A good name," says the suggestive sage, "is rather to be chosen than great riches." The sentiment is expressive, with truth stamped upon the face of it, and yet denied and treated with contumely, not in word indeed, for few would have the hardihood thus to deny it, but in the course and action of, I much fear, the greater part of mankind. In the fierce scramble to grasp riches in which the higher energies of crowds are absorbed, how little comparative regard is often paid to the matter of securing the prize of a good name. Not that men, for the most part, are indifferent absolutely to the possession of such a treasure, for the value of it, in every respect, is too palpable not to be generally desired. But in the eagerness to grow rich, in the desperate strife of competition, in the corrupting and deadening influence of a purely worldly and selfish pursuit and policy, through the force of earth-born maxims and the example and association of the unscrupulous, the peerless eligibility of an unsullied name is apt to be

lost sight of, and a valueless bauble chosen rather than a gem whose worth cannot be matched by all the riches which the earth's bowels or the ocean's depths have ever yielded.

The glitter of gold so dazzles the eye of him that gazes long and intently on it, that when it turns to look at other objects they seem involved in shadow or mist, if not altogether invisible. Thus a good name is undervalued because not distinctly seen in its true proportions. The hours of the day, and often the night watches, are consumed in laying plans or in executing them, to heap riches together, not knowing who shall enjoy them. Rushing on in swift and eager pursuit of—what often proves a phantom—gain, the mind suffers its energies to be tasked to their utmost to compass the fascinating object. The voices of the world's sophistry, chiming in with the passions of the heart, conspire to blunt all sense of reverence for a higher controlling agency—the marble tables of a holy and just God's law. The goal is reached perhaps at last. Wealth is won, but the good name is for ever lost. Then man yieldeth up the ghost, and where is he? And what monument to his honor has he reared for himself, or memorial of it does he leave behind him? What imprint of his moral character and heroic qualities is

stamped in legible and lasting characters upon his age, or on the community or society in which he lived? What legacy does he leave to his children, that they may rise up and call him blessed? Is it great riches that he leaves with a soiled name? Vain inheritance—filthy rags! beside that character for probity and uprightness which gold never bought, as its absence never obscured. It is not the largest accumulations of a man's most successful lifetime, not his fame as a rich man and nothing more, which, following him when he dies, the Scripture speaks of with commendation, but exactly the reverse. "For," says the Psalmist, "they that trust in their wealth, and boast themselves in the multitude of their riches, none of them can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him. Their inward thought is, that their houses shall continue for ever, and their dwelling-places to all generations; they call their lands after their own names. Nevertheless, man being in honor abideth not, he is like the beasts that perish." Like the beasts that perish! that is, without worthy memorial to proclaim the right use he made of his reason, and the dignified and beneficent moral aims to which he consecrated his talents and time, without having gathered the materials out of which a good name is constituted, to be

held in grateful yet sad remembrance by the generations following. Death comes, and, like the beasts, that is the end of him, so far as concerns any abiding influence for good, any solid benefit conferred upon society or the race, exerted by his character, principles, or works, either while living on earth or sleeping under it.

It is far different with those who have learned to prize, and labored to secure, an honored and unsullied name, regarding it as the worthiest of acquisitions. Though the object be never so difficult of attainment, the happiness of reaching it, over all obstacles, is only the more serene and immovable. It is rather to be chosen than great riches, because intrinsically worth more, being itself an incomparable treasure to its possessor. Not only can he move amongst his fellow-men, with bold tread, erect countenance, and unquailing eye, sure of their respect by being conscious of no act or design to forfeit it, but the related consciousness of upright intentions and deeds renders his mind calm, and his conscience quiet, and his nightly pillow free from thorns. In his seasons of retirement and self-communion, often so full of agitation and alarms to the guilty bosom, which cannot bear to have its hidden pools stirred and its secrecies explored, he finds no task more de-

lightful and refreshing than close converse with the powers and agencies hidden within his own breast. If riches increase—for this is no way inconsistent with the loftiest integrity—he prizes them no higher than they deserve, and his good name far more highly than they. If adversity lower, or calamity fall upon him, or friends desert and betray, or misfortunes come in clusters to overwhelm him, in every scene, in all emergencies, he can find in a good name both a bulwark and an asylum, affording him safety, comfort, and support.

And when he dies his name does not perish. The savor of his lifelong beneficence survives. His principles, works, character, influence—live. All that he was, all that he did, all that he undertook, and suffered, and accomplished for the good of others, remains, not to be obliterated, in the memory of those who come after him—descends to his children and his children's children, as a legacy more precious than rubies—the obtaining of which is counted the pride, the ornament, and the lustre of the house for generations to come; and if a man of mark and influence in the public councils, are enshrined imperishably in the heart of the nation. In the light of such considerations, how immeasurably is a good name more worthy to be chosen than great

riches; and with what admirable truth and point is the mighty difference stated, the broad contrast set forth, in the single significant sentence of the sage of Israel, "The memory of the just is blessed, but the name of the wicked shall rot."

I pass from this general view of the sentiment and teaching of the text, to a particular application of the subject to that honored name, which still lives, and will live, in the regard and affections of his countrymen, though he who bore it is now numbered with the dead.

If we consider him, first, as a *public man*, we shall find him bearing and preserving a good name in all the stations he filled, and in all the services he was called to perform.

The son of one of the most illustrious men that this or any other country has produced—a name fragrant with revolutionary reminiscences, one whose fortunate lot it was to rear and bear up, in common with his noble compatriots, the first pillars that sustained the fabric of our liberties—John Quincy Adams, enjoyed advantages of early education which very few, indeed, of the youth of our country ever possessed. Trained beneath his father's eye—aided by the rare lessons of his rich and varied experience, imbued with his principles, exposed to the influence

of his shining example—and through his father's rank, as well as lofty character, enjoying unexampled facilities for rising in the commonwealth, what circumstances can be conceived more favorable, not only for forming and developing his character aright, but for opening the way for his advancement to the highest and most honorable stations in the land? If true to himself, and not deficient in intellect, he could hardly fail, under such circumstances, to succeed in any laudable object of ambition. That he was true to himself, that he faithfully availed himself of these rare opportunities of improvement, his whole subsequent career is the decisive proof. And for this we specially praise him, and hold him up as among the worthiest examples in our nation's history—not that the advantages of education resulting from his birth and position were so great—not that the facilities for pushing his fortunes were so unparalleled—for this might infer less talent, or energy, or perseverance on his part to rise to distinction than those possessed by other sons of the Republic, who, without high birth, or powerful friends, or ample resources, or special facilities of any kind save those which the genius of our free institutions supplies to their own naked talent and indomitable energy, have risen step by step to posts as lofty and

honors as distinguished as he. Not for this do we specially praise him—but for the admirable use he made of the gifts of fortunate circumstances—for the nerve and the moral heroism with which he encountered and vanquished the dangers incident to his high position—for the skill with which he avoided the shoals and quicksands on which many youth, in circumstances somewhat akin to his own, have suffered miserable shipwreck. We praise him because neither his position in society, nor the gifts of fortune, nor the ample scope afforded to the gratification of youthful passion, nor the seductions of courtly but unprincipled associates, had the effect to render him haughty, or luxurious, or dissipated, or careless—since there existed no necessity to labor—of the culture of his mind. To steer clear of all these dangers, and achieve his high purposes in spite of them, implies strength of character and moral worth of a very remarkable kind, and because he tried this and succeeded, he is entitled to the highest praise.

If we trace him through the whole of his public career down to its extraordinary close, we shall find his more matured character and powers fully bearing out the promise of their spring. No man, in the history of this country, ever entered the service of government so early, or remained in it so long, or

resigned it under circumstances so affecting. A private secretary to a minister at a foreign court at the age of fourteen years; we find him in his seat among the representatives of the nation when upwards of fourscore. Extreme youth on the one hand, extreme old age on the other—and both extremes to a degree almost without a parallel in the life of any man of any nation, finding him honorably engaged in the service of the country. And the long interval separating these extremes, with the exception of a few years, which should, perhaps, hardly be called an exception, filled up with the various high and honorable offices to which he was called, including the very highest in the gift of our Republic.

Thus, during a term of years, which, taken altogether, may be looked upon as the fair length of a whole lifetime, we find that Mr. Adams was a public man, engaged in the service of his country. Nor is this fact more extraordinary than the creditable manner in which he bore the honors heaped upon him, and filled the offices in which he was placed—cheered by the admiration of his friends, and extorting, by his high character, the respect even of those whose opinions on questions of state policy differed from his own. For, whether we regard him as minister to a foreign court, or mem-

ber of the Senate of his own State or of the Union, or head of the American Commission to negotiate the treaty of Ghent, or Secretary of State, or President of the United States, or member of the House of Representatives, we find him bearing in each and all of these stations that "good name to be chosen rather than great riches." The integrity of aim—the conscientious wish and determination to do right and promote the interests of the country—the honest and liberal views, which, spurning the trammels of party, looked to the welfare of the many rather than to the petty interests of the few, are not claimed for him simply by his friends, but are frankly awarded him by the candid verdict of many, once most warmly opposed to his schemes and policy in conducting the affairs of the government.

It would, of course, be foreign to this place and to the character of this service to enter at all into the discussion of those principles of government and of public affairs, held by this distinguished man, on which the minds of men differed, and still to some extent differ. To the future biographer or historian will belong the task of sifting these principles, and assigning them their true place and value, as the calm judgment of posterity. I am concerned simply with the *morale* of his public life—with his name, so

far as it may illustrate the sentiment of the text. My design is to draw useful lessons from what is fair and upright in his character. Two points, however remotely connected with this forbidden subject, demand at least a passing notice, as throwing a fine light upon the character of his name.

The first is, the noble stand he took in behalf of the right of petition, at a time when the question of the abolition of slavery was agitating the Union from one extremity to the other; when, between the excessive sensitiveness of one portion of the Union in shrinking from this question, and the hot pertinacity of the other in forcing it before the country, the ark of our liberties, tossed by these adverse and threatening surges, seemed well nigh on the point of going down. From all parts of the free States petitions came pouring in, for Congress to legislate upon this delicate question, while the frowns and the scowls, the loud and angry remonstrances, the fierce invectives of those who refused even to hear petitions, which they regarded as a monstrous interference with their vested rights, proclaimed the exciting and ominous nature of the contest.

And there sat the champion of the right of petition, like another Neptune, calm amid the rudest commotion of the elements, shaping his course by

the great principles of freedom, truth, and right. Or rising in his place in debate, armed at all points by his ripe experience—his long and intimate acquaintance with public affairs—his profound and varied knowledge—the high ability to bring all to bear upon his argument—and more than all, the justice of his cause, the “old man eloquent” poured forth torrents of learning, logic, law, sound philosophy, the rich and varied treasures of his mind, and sometimes invective and sarcasm to overwhelm his adversaries. Nor could manly argument resist his force, nor sophistry evade his penetration; nor ridicule, nor sneers, nor threats move him one iota from his firm position. Year after year he continued the contest, planting himself immovably upon the Constitution which guarantees to the people the right of petition, beating down from his vantage ground the weak defences of his opponents; regarded by them with respect, not unmingled with fear, and (for such is human nature) even hatred of the man, in a conflict with whom no laurels could be gained.

And had John Quincy Adams done nothing more for his good name and his country than what he achieved on this stirring arena, he would have conferred enviable lustre upon the one, and deserved the lasting thanks of the other. Nor would the words

applied to Chevalier Bayard, "the man without fear and without reproach," be misapplied, particularly in reference to this struggle, if attached to his venerable name.

The other point I would advert to, is this. It has been said that it is derogatory to the name and dignity of Mr. Adams, after having filled the highest station in the gift of the people, to be found afterwards occupying a place so comparatively humble, as a seat in the Nation's Hall of Representatives. He should have retired after leaving the Presidency, as his predecessors had done, to the shades of private life for the remainder of his days, and there, afar from the bustle of active life, and the strife of tongues, have rested in calm and dignified repose upon his honors.

This question resolves itself into one of motives. There is certainly nothing undignified in serving the country, or desiring to serve it, in whatever rank or capacity, the lowest as well as the highest. Had the motive which drew Mr. Adams from retirement been the mere love of place or distinction for their own sake, his consenting to become a Representative of the people, would be every way unworthy and unjustifiable. But from all we know of his character such a supposition cannot be for one moment entertained. He accepted the station when offered, not because he

was covetous of its honors, much less of its emoluments, but because he was ever ready and anxious to do the state service when the opportunity was presented; because he believed that his abilities belonged to his country, and that whenever she called—whenever his fellow-citizens called, it was his duty to sacrifice his own inclinations and ease, by occupying in her service any station, however humble it might be.

So far, then, from acting an unbecoming part in pursuing this course, his name derives additional lustre from a circumstance so unexampled in the history of the Republic. In truth, his name had never been what it now is, but for the situation in which he was here placed, and the circumstances attendant on this memorable struggle. Heroic qualities developed themselves here, the possession of which his countrymen had not suspected before, and of which he appears to have been hardly conscious himself—but qualities none the less real, or sterling, or exalted, because they had lain dormant hitherto, and required the stimulating force of such a time and occasion, and such rough collisions, to awaken them to life and activity. Nor is it too much to say, that the most lustrous page in his history will ever be the very one containing his conflicts and his victories as one of the

people's Representatives. He accepted a lower office than the one he had held, in the spirit of that illustrious Theban, Epaminondas, who being in disgrace for a season among the fickle people he had served too well, and being appointed in contempt to some inferior city office, took the place, calmly remarking that, "instead of being disgraced by the office, he would confer dignity upon it." If it is sweet and honorable to die for one's country, no true citizen can lose dignity by serving her sincerely in any station to which that country may call him.

And Oh, how beautifully adapted to the whole course and tenor of this long life so filled up with services to the country, was its impressive close. With his harness on, all furbished, and ready as always to guard the interests of the state, and do battle for the right and the true; seated in that Hall, in which, for years, his voice had been uplifted in support of truth, justice, public faith, the great principles which lie at the foundation of a nation's freedom and prosperity—where the words of his wisdom had been spoken, and their influence felt; where his best energies had been devoted to the public good—surrounded by friends who venerated his character, and loved his person, and regarded his utterances almost as the voice of an oracle; the blow

from an invisible hand strikes him, and the venerable form bows before its force. And as he feels the fountain of life drying up, he murmurs his satisfaction. "This is the last of earth, I am content." Well might he be content. For he "died in a good old age, an old man and full of years," but not more full of years than of honors, which he honestly earned and worthily bore. And in all coming times, as our countrymen point with pride and admiration to the bright examples of our history, the eye will fondly linger upon the "old man eloquent," whose accents death hushed, while standing, his head all whitened with the frosts of eighty winters, at his post of trust and duty.

I pass from these notices of the public life of Mr. Adams, to glance at two or three features marking what I may call his every-day life and character; and which, if less conspicuous to the gaze of the world, are none the less important as constituent elements of a worthy name and example. We cannot indeed know a man well, unless we look in upon him in his retirement, in the bosom of his family, in the unreserved hours of social intercourse; when the stilts and the stiffness with which he appears before the public are laid aside, and he unbends himself from his formal state, and beneath familiar and uncriticizing eyes, or in the loved retreat of his home

sanctuary, becomes what he really is, neither less nor more. If we look at Mr. Adams at such seasons as these, we shall see in his social and individual life, the solid materials out of which a good name is composed. We see him a rigid economist of time, a man of earnest and laborious application, scorning not to bend itself to the smallest details of business, seemingly trivial, but really important, and all conducted in the most orderly and systematic manner. We shall find him regardful of his health, temperate and abstemious in his habits, the fair fruits of which were seen in a hale and vigorous old age, reaching quite up to fourscore years, and free from the "labor and sorrow" which the Psalmist assigns as the usual concomitant of such longevity. We shall find him loyal in his friendships, kindly in his intercourse and in the varied relations of social and domestic life, exhibiting warmth and steadiness of affection, and tender solicitude for the comfort and welfare of the humblest of those who might claim his love and sympathy, needed his protection, or sought his aid. While principles, derived from a source higher than earth ever opened, shaped his course, controlled his actions, dignified his aims, formed at once the ballast and the ornament of his character, and were the foundation on which rested whatever in his long and

eventful life was most comely and commendable. One or two of these points may be selected from the rest, as worthy of a passing observation.

The value he set upon time, and his unflagging industry, are important things, and specially worthy of remark.

How broad and almost hopeless appears the interval between the child learning his alphabet, and the man with his mind stored with the hoarded treasures gathered from all quarters of the world, and from every department of knowledge—between Newton the philosopher, spreading before the world the astonishing results of his “*Principia*,” and Newton the boy, toilsomely mastering the puzzling principles of his horn-book. And yet this man was once that little child, and all he has, to interest or instruct men, or excite their wonder, is the fruit of constant industry, the result of laying up, like the ant, grain by grain, stores for future use. It is incredible what accumulations a single mind can amass that uses time properly and bends itself to the work of gathering. There is little indeed of any acquired thing, that is greatly excellent without toil, and of learning still less. As soon will a man lay his hand upon the rainbow, and with his fingers separate its prismatic beauties, as become learned without labor. It was time

well spent, and vigorous and unswerving application, that enriched the mind of Mr. Adams with knowledge, not simply adapted and necessary to the public man, but classical, scientific, historical, and literary ; knowledge of widest range and most varied description. He was not only an able statesman and diplomatist, but a scholar of no unripe attainments—well versed in the science of government, and in the philosophy of history, as well as its details, with the latter of which, his familiarity, both as respected his own and foreign countries, was uncommonly extensive and accurate. He not only wrote well on political subjects, but on those of general literature. Even in poetry he was so well skilled as to write it with graceful fluency, and though putting forward no poetical claims, will compare not unfavorably with some who make noisier pretensions ; while a few of his pieces that might be named, deserve to rank amongst the most agreeable specimens of fugitive verse, flowing like water, and in numberless rills from the rhyming genius of the age.

Now all this required time and industry, and how continuous and systematic that industry was, may be inferred from the fact, I have seen stated on good authority, that it was his custom to preserve copies of all the letters he wrote, and to keep a diary,

during all his public life, in which entries were steadily made of all circumstances and passing events which he deemed interesting or important, illustrated by apposite reflections. When that diary is given to the world, as it doubtless will be, it will open to its possessor a treasure of interest and information hardly to be found elsewhere, relating to the men, manners, and sentiments of an age now passing away. Happy, if those who read, be led to imitate, as they must admire, the resolute industry of a hand now cold in death, perpetuating its daily exploits by so characteristic a memorial.

If we further survey him in the walks of domestic life, we shall find nothing to impair but everything to confirm the views already presented. As a son, a husband, a father, he bore himself in each endearing relation, with an exemplary regard to the requirements, interests, and wants of those with whom he was so closely associated. From the touching language in which his surviving partner bewailed her loss, while expressing her gratitude for the sympathizing attentions she received in her bereavement, we may infer how great she felt that loss to be. His paternal tenderness and assiduity, were the record before us, would be hardly less striking and

attractive. No spectacle indeed is more beautiful than to see the man on whose features public cares and burdens impress gravity and sometimes sternness, whose "out-door visage awes the crowd," laying aside delightedly as his foot presses his own doorstep, whatever of imposing dignity he had worn elsewhere, and entering with keen zest into the sports and diversions of childhood, becoming a child among children. It was Spartan Agesilaus, I think, a true hero among heroes, in an age abounding with such, who was surprised one day by an ambassador from a foreign state abruptly entering his room, and finding him riding a stick and curvetting and sporting with his boisterous juveniles. He quelled the accents of amazement which rose to his visitor's lips, by bidding him say nothing of what he saw, till he should himself become a father. This is admirable. Nor is it hard to imagine, how Mr. Adams, full of the sensibility of a warm and loving heart, could have sat for such a portrait as this. It delights us to place him side by side in this respect with the bold old hero of New Orleans, whose yearning tenderness towards his partner even after the grave had separated them, and whose gentle attention towards the children of a relative who dwelt under his roof, are among the proudest memories that cluster round his

name.* Not only are the tenderest affections perfectly compatible with the loftiest intellect, the most iron resolution and indomitable courage, but the union of these, in some degree at least, rarely fails to be found in those strong characters which most command, if they do not always deserve, the respect and homage of mankind.

But the foundation of all this excellence is to be

* "There was a deep-seated vein of piety in him (Gen. Jackson), unaffectedly showing itself in his reverence for divine worship, respect for the Ministers of the Gospel, their hospitable reception in his house, and constant encouragement of all the pious tendencies of Mrs. Jackson. And when they both afterwards became members of a church, it was the natural and regular result of their early and cherished feelings. He was gentle in his house and alive to the tenderest emotions—and of this I can give an instance, greatly in contrast with his supposed character, and worth more than a long discourse to show what that character really was. I arrived at his house one wet chilly evening in February, and came upon him in the twilight, sitting alone before the fire, a lamb and a child between his knees. He started a little, called a servant to remove the two innocents to another room, and explained to me how it was. The child had cried because the lamb was out in the cold and begged him to bring it in, which he had done, to please the child, his adopted son, then not two years old." (Col. Benton's "Thirty Years' View," p. 737.)

There is nothing in the brave old man's whole stirring career more characteristic and suggestive than this incident.

found, after all, in those moral and religious principles, drawn from a source higher and purer than this world ever opened, the well-spring of the Christian Scriptures. Where their influence enters the mind, there is light; where it touches the heart, it softens down its natural asperities, making it humble, teachable, gentle, merciful, humane, imparting elevation to its views, loftiness and directness to its aims, and investing the whole character, dignified and adorned by Christian sentiments, with robes of comeliness and grace. The path of him who takes the lamp of God, to lighten and guide his daily way, is the path of the just,—bright, safe, more easy and pleasant still as the goal is neared,—shining more and more unto the perfect day. His way, on the contrary, is hard and painful, with pitfalls, snares, and death, impending in the gloom at every step; who scorns the heavenly light, and leans for guidance upon the uncertain fitful rays proceeding from nature or the wisdom of man. Mr. Adams accepted the aid of the Scriptures, revered their matchless philosophy, and bowed before the simple majesty of their inculcations, and joyed in the advantage of their path-finding illumination. Nor need the orthodox believer start at this announcement, or shoot out the lip in doubt or derision, when it is said that

Mr. Adams was a Unitarian; as though the fact involved a necessary impeachment of his sincerity, or a halting, half-way embracement and following of the truth taught, and the example set, by the Nazarene. We are very much the creatures of education, habit, and circumstance. Not in a few isolated cases, merely, do religious opinions, engrafted upon the understanding and heart of childhood, become rooted too firmly and grow too thriftily to render it easy, if indeed possible, to change their after direction. Have we not seen—who has not seen—the father of several sons, mould them after the plastic influence of his own sentiments and example, unconsciously to them or even to himself, so that, as they reached man's estate, the opinions and course of the children with respect to subjects, political, social, religious, were a reflection and copy of those held and pursued by the father. This is so common a spectacle, that it scarce needs remark. No impressions can be deeper or more ineffaceable than those early religious ones, stamped upon the mind by a father's counsels and course, or burnt into the heart, as it were, by the gentler but more potential agency of a mother's smiles, tears, entreaties, prayers, her soul-utterance of solicitude and yearning for the honor and well-being of a beloved child. The

mind of the strong man, tossed by the tempests of life in after years, and almost led by unholy sollicitations to regard faith as foolishness, and religion as superstition, often strives and wrestles in vain against the influence of such impressions, keeping it directed still towards the right and true, like the needle towards the pole, in spite of occasional vibrations. The creed of Mr. Adams was the creed of his father. It was the creed to which the associations of his childhood and youth were grappled. His manhood rejected not the pleasing spell, and the faith in which he was nurtured, became the faith in which he died.

Now, though we reject at once, and decidedly and under all circumstances, the faith that denies divinity to the Saviour of men, while we regard the proper Godhead of the Christ as amongst the clearest propositions, and most susceptible too of demonstration, that the Scripture offers to the human mind, we are not forbidden to look with an eye that beams mildness and forbearance, upon those who illustrate the Christian religion in their lives, but conscientiously differ from us on certain points of speculative opinion and belief. We will not entrench ourselves behind the narrow bigotry which denies Paradise to all who view the Christian scheme with mind as

candid as our own, though with other optics, and from a somewhat different stand-point. But with that large charity which "suffereth long and is kind," we may at least hope the best in respect to such as receive the word of God as a divine rule of faith and practice, profoundly venerate its authority and teachings, love it, and strive with God's aid to walk in its light, and rest for salvation on the published gospel, sublime merits, and finished work of the Crucified.

That Mr. Adams did this, there is abundant testimony. It was only a few years ago that his voice was uplifted before a Bible Society in New York, advocating the divine authorship, the grand claims, the pure principles, the majestic character of the Book of Life, and urging upon men, if they would secure peace and happiness, here and hereafter, the necessity of following its celestial guidance. The Scriptures were to him the oracles of Infinite Wisdom and Infallible Truth; and, as such, the unfailing source of refreshment, light, and joy. It was his daily practice, continued through years of life, to resort to these "wells of salvation," and draw from them strengthening draughts. Writing to his son from St. Petersburg, he recounts this striking experience: "It is my custom to read four or five chapters from the Bible every morning, immediately after rising

from my bed. It employs about an hour of my time, and seems to me the most suitable manner of beginning the day."

Such a personal experience might well qualify him for writing the interesting series of letters—since published in a volume—to his son, on the truth, worth, and claims of the Holy Book; and setting forth the importance of daily reading and exploring it, in order to form, strengthen, and adorn individual character.

In reply to an invitation to attend the anniversary of the American Bible Society, in 1830, he gives utterance, among other things, to such evangelical sentiments as these :—

"The distribution of Bibles, if the simplest, is not the least efficacious of the means of extending the blessings of the Gospel to the remotest corners of the earth; for the Comforter is in the sacred volume; and among the receivers of that million of copies, distributed by the society, who shall number the multitudes awakened thereby, with good will to man in their hearts, and with the song of the Lamb upon their lips?

"The hope of a Christian is inseparable from his faith. Whoever believes in the divine inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, must hope that the religion of Jesus shall prevail throughout the earth. Never, since the foundation of the world, have the prospects

of mankind been more encouraging to that hope, than they appear to be at the present time. And may the associated distribution of the Bible proceed and prosper, till the Lord shall have made 'bare his holy arm in the eyes of all the nations, and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God.'"

He was the oldest Vice-President of the American Bible Society. And called to preside at one of its meetings held at the Capitol at Washington, in 1844, bore this decisive testimony in favor of the Bible:—"I deem myself fortunate in having the opportunity at this stage of a long life, drawing to a close, to bear at this place, the Capitol of our National Union, in the Hall of Representatives of the North American people, in the chair of the presiding officer of the Assembly representing the whole people, the personification of the great and mighty nation, to bear my solemn testimonial of reverence and gratitude to that Book of Books, the Holy Bible."

From his lofty position he thus rebuked the infidelity of the day, and proclaimed that his own intellect, with all his powers and influence, bowed before the simple grandeur of revealed truth, and that the Christian Scriptures are the only foundation of the order, prosperity, and happiness of states and individuals. Like John Hampden, he found honor and

profit in sitting as a learner at the Great Teacher's feet, and the lessons acquired there made him upright, wise, and true, imparted just proportions to his character, shaping out for him a good name to the coming generations. Nor did he content himself with a cold assent to the truth of revelation as a fair and wise theory, nor with a bare formal advocacy of its claims. He did more. He united himself to the church he preferred; and according to his understanding of duty, labored by example and word to promote the spread of Christian principles and the practice of the Christian charities. We may therefore leave him, where we must ourselves be left, when our mortal hour shall have passed, in the hands of Him who hath pronounced "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy"—adopting in his case, as others may adopt in ours, the sweet and impressive words of the noblest elegy in our language—

" No further seek his merits to disclose,
Nor draw his frailties from their dread abode;
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God."

In the view of such a career completed, and such a name and fame won, what remains to be spoken? What is the highest genius and skill? what the most

successful enterprise devoted for years and years to worldly and selfish schemes and aggregations? what the vastest hoards that ever man in this or any country called his own, beside the measureless value of such an acquisition? Mr. Adams had riches, and has left them to his heirs; but what would these be without his undying renown, based upon high moral worth, and perpetuated by veneration and gratitude? They would give him no distinction above others, dying in similar circumstances. They would inscribe no enduring tablet to his memory, either on the page of history or in the hearts of his countrymen. It would have been said that a rich man died, and with nothing more to be urged in his behalf, his name would soon perish from the earth. But his honored name now lives, and will live, embalmed in the brightening annals of our history, whose office is to record and preserve the heroic deeds of lives most singly devoted to the public service and the general weal; and so it would live, had his wealth, when he died, not been sufficient to buy the coffin in which he sleeps. His name is a monument that will outlast the granite, and a legacy to children's children, to his country and humankind, whose price scorns the aid of figures to set forth, and will not diminish with the passing years.

And he too, with all his fame and all his honors, is

now gathered to his fathers. These could not save him from the grave. Nature must have its course. "The mighty man, and the man of war, the judge and the prophet, and the prudent and the ancient, the honorable man and the counsellor, and the cunning artificer and the eloquent orator" fall equally before the indiscriminating scythe which mows down all with its remorseless sweep. In the present case, not the tender plant, nor the green grain, nor the branch white with the blossom-promise of the autumn has been cut down, but the stalk of corn, nodding with its golden fruitage "fully ripe in its season." And what is replete with peculiar and pensive interest is the fact, that in this death, neither unlooked for nor too soon, another of the few remaining links which unite the revolutionary period to our own has been sundered. Thus, one by one, the tomb is garnering the venerable forms of those whose eyes looked upon the struggle which issued in our national freedom. Soon the last link of this kind will be broken, and we shall stand, and live, and act among a generation born after the revolution. God grant that when the fathers of illustrious memory who lived in this great period shall all slumber in the dust, the mantle of their virtues may for ever rest on their posterity.

THE INCOMPARABLENESS OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

(Before the Ulster Co. Bible Society at Kingston, Feb. 1851.)

"For I testify unto every man that heareth the words of the prophecy of this book, if any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book; and if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and from the things which are written in this book."

REV. xxii. 18, 19.

WE have in this passage a distinctly uttered interdict, sanctioned by a portentous penalty, against the addition to or subtraction from the words of the prophecy of this book. What book, will it be asked? That book which the inspired revelator wrote in the lonely Patmos of his exile, and in which the words of the prohibition and the penalty are recorded? Yes; though not that book alone, which is only a part of the inspired volume, but every book, preceding it and associated with it, in the celestial record, springing from the same source, written by the same unerring pen, bearing the impress of the same Infi-

nite Mind, and coming to man with the same high testimonials to authenticate its character and claims. Every book, forming like the Apocalypse a part of the law and the testimony, whether written at the Spirit's guidance by patriarch or seer, by king or ruler, by prophet, or evangelist, or apostle, is fairly comprehended within the words of the prohibition before us. *All Scripture is given by inspiration of God. No prophecy of Scripture, in any part of the blessed volume, is of any private invention, is the product of man's ingenuity or cunning craft, or far-reaching sagacity, but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.*

The Scriptures, therefore, in their essence and integrity, owe nothing to man's faculty of contriving or power of executing. Man has not laid a single stone of the broad foundation on which the blessed volume rests. Man has not put a single beam, or rafter, or support of any kind, in the comely edifice which rests on this foundation, nor added a solitary outward decoration. It is the Lord's work, from foundation to topmost stone, and marvellous in our eyes. And being such, the work is necessarily not defective or different materially from what He designed and had the power to make it. It is not half finished nor badly finished, but finished in all

its parts perfectly and symmetrically, *the whole body being fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth*. Completed thus, there is room for no earth-furnished additions. God might add, but man cannot. He has given it to the world in the state in which the world itself, with man to dwell upon it, came forth from His own hands—very good, without deformity, or malformation, or vitiating imperfection—not susceptible of essential improvement, or better adaptation to the grand purposes for which it was designed, by adding anything or taking away anything—but sure to find damage and derangement from any presumptuous and foolhardy tinkering of man.

This, then, is the book of which such things may be safely and soberly spoken. The book composed of many books; the book of all books, scorning the paltry intellect of man that would make it better, and brooking no profane hand of mortal to intermeddle with it, or take a tittle from the consecrated treasures of its wisdom and its love; the book which God Almighty, after filling its pages with whatever he has seen fit to communicate to the species, has closed and sealed with His own hand and signet, and declared with all the authority of the Power who grasps the thunders of destruction, that no man

shall add to or take from the holy record, without exposure to the vengeance of Him, before whom conspiring kings, rebellious rulers, and raging heathen, *perish from the way when His wrath is kindled but a little.*

A book such as this, so matured and finished, its integrity so hedged round by solemn and imposing sanctions, must have bold characteristic features to distinguish it from every other; must have a mission worthy of its origin, and vindicate by its contents the matchless wisdom of its Author, and the amazing love that sent it forth on its sublime errand. All this it demonstrably has, as may be seen if it be asked specifically *what this marvellous book is, and whence derived?*

The answer simply and briefly is, it is a revelation which God has made to man for the benefit of man; a revelation of that which nature could not teach, nor the unaided powers of the human intellect grasp; necessary to man, therefore, to enable him to comprehend God, his attributes, his claims, his relation to the universe; his relation to man especially, the lord of this fallen world, *made upright and but a little lower than the angels*, but apostate now, and a rebel against his Maker, and exposed as such to a rebel's retribution on account of holy laws violated, and surpassing

goodness and love spurned; a revelation, putting earth in communication with heaven, man with God, and disclosing the plans and process by which this communication may result in the raising up of the fallen, the recovery of the lost, the restoration to the race of the Divine favor, and the priceless blessings consequent upon it; the soul's purification, the exercise of the Christian humanities, the triumph of truth and religion, the victory over death, and a blessed immortality!

To issue such a revelation is perfectly practicable. For He that sitteth in the heavens laughs at what man counts impossibilities; and to announce his will to man, and the terms on which fallen transgressors may be restored to his favor, were at least as easy as to fix yonder sun upon his throne of light, or lay the foundations of this little ball on which we tread, or heave the everlasting mountains towards the clouds. And if obviously practicable to reveal himself to man, there is no antecedent improbability against his doing so. If man had remained a sinless creature through all his generations, as his first father before his fall, would it be improbable that God would continue to visit him and hold intercourse with him, and show himself in the endearing aspects of Father, Protector, and Friend, opening, by means

of daily converse and intercommunion, precious fountains of refreshment and joy? On the contrary, it would have been a most strange and unnatural thing, for the creature, having so largely experienced the divine benignity, to have been left to himself after his creation—a being thrown upon a world, cheerless though never so beautiful, without higher companionship than the irrational tribes, or even his own species; a helpless child, bewailing in vain the absence of the Father's smiles and society, or those of holy angels sent forth to assure the child of the Father's love, and unfold the Father's counsels for the child's guidance, instruction, and comfort. And if God would most probably visit the sinless and happy thus, and reveal himself as a God of love, would he be likely to cast forth the sinful and wretched upon a thistle-bearing world, with no kind token of his fatherly recognition, no evidence of his guardian care, no condescending visitations of his mercy, no knowledge or intimation of the great purposes or principles of his moral economy?

The probabilities of visiting fallen man, appear to us, therefore, to be of the strongest. Indeed we find it hard to conceive the contrary, without picturing the Deity as a stern and remorseless Sovereign, not to be touched by the woes and helpless degradation of

his sorrow-smitten creatures. Were He such a Being, without tenderness and pity, man who had offended Him, might have been left without light, and without any mitigation of the circumstances of his awful condition.

But God is benevolent, and this nature teaches us, in the genial sunshine, the sweet and holy light, the gentle dews, the soft showers, the balmy breezes, the perfumes that breathe, the sights which are seen, and the harmonies which make melody around us. And is it *probable* that this benevolent and merciful Lord would leave his fallen, wretched, needy, weeping child, to grope his dark way through a world cursed through one man's disobedience; and then, after a weary life of darkness and woe here, plunge him into thicker darkness, and more hopeless misery hereafter? Is it *probable* that God, who mercifully hears the young ravens' plaintive cries, would be for ever deaf to the groanings of a sin-burdened soul, crying, "*Oh, that I knew where I might find him, that I might come even to his seat. I would order my cause before him, and fill my mouth with arguments!*" that He would persist in hiding himself behind impenetrable clouds, and send no ray of light, no beam of mercy, to show man how he might be justified and find the path of deliverance and salvation?

It is not probable, but on the other hand it is every way probable that God would reveal himself, his attributes, his laws, his will, the plans of his love, the fixed purposes of his compassionate heart. And the probability, we claim, has become certainty by the fact. God *has* revealed himself—has proclaimed his will, has shown what He is, what He claims, and what repentant sinners may hope, and the stubbornly defiant are to expect from Him. He has given us the lively oracles of His Truth; where man may learn mysteries which, but for this, had remained unknown and unfathomable still. He has placed in our hands the imperishable records—opening to us the counsels and plans of the Godhead—in their results at least; records abounding with the most wonderful and deeply interesting information and knowledge, upon matters by far the most important that can occupy the mind of man. The heaven-given book which contains these records, becomes, from its very nature and design, to the individual and to the race, a book of infinite importance—bearing the image and superscription of the glorious Lord God on every page—coming to us, thus, with the highest possible authority—revealing truths of the highest possible magnitude—proposing objects of the highest possible grandeur, and involving, in the embracement or rejec-

tion of them, consequences so vast, that all worldly losses or acquisitions are, when brought into comparison, but as the impalpable dust in the balances.

The inquiry next naturally arises—*Wherein consist the importance and value of this Book, so revealed to man, and finished so, that no impious hand dare take from or add to its perfected pages?*

As a book of cosmogony—setting forth how the worlds have been produced—its value transcends that of all other books. How vague, discordant, absurd, and preposterous, are the various uninspired accounts of the world's creation! We need not refer to them, for I would not move your mirth with detailing the ridiculous phantasies of heathenish brains. But the account we find of the world's creation as God's Spirit dictated it, is simple, concise, and plain. In the *beginning God created the heaven and the earth*. The existence of one only Lord is taken as an axiom. No words are used to prove it. No vain parade of language is employed to illustrate or enforce it. And this great Creator and ever existent Lord, the Maker and Father of all, standing forth as such, in the very first sentence of this world's written history, spake the universe into being by a word of his Omnipotence. He said, in respect to this ball which is become our habitation, "let the earth be," and the earth was. It

matters nothing whether the fiat went forth six thousand or six hundred thousand years ago. And a sceptical geology is welcome to all the trophies it has earned or can earn, in the attempt to show inconsistency between the Mosaic account of the creation, and the deductions of geologic science. The Bible should never be held answerable for man's crude deductions, springing often from precarious premises or ambiguous and misty theories. We should respect the labors, and encourage the investigations of the true science, knowing that truth in general must be thus promoted, and the highest truth in particular, certainly not retarded or its lustre dimmed. Truth from a given source is not antagonistic to truth from whatever source, for truth is one and ever harmonious with itself. And though geology, in its shifting progress, has struck from time to time, what was thought at the moment to be vigorous blows against the harmony of the Scriptural records, the effect were sure to be, to provoke more vigorous blows in return, warding off the threatened harm, and disabling the arm that struck for similar attempts. False science has ever found a counterpoise in the true, which, modest, reverent, patient, resolute, and unyielding, has disentangled the skein of human sophistries, brought order out of chaos,

bidding those of little faith, who were trembling for the safety of the ark of God, to dismiss their fears, and believe henceforth that God is really mightier than man. And thus the doctrine of "development from lower to higher," though not doing for some of its advocates exactly what they designed and hoped for, has at least "developed" more proofs, accumulating through all the ages past, of the consistency and credibility of the Holy Book. And so we may repeat safely, that the world sprang from creative power *in the beginning*. It was *when* God willed it. It was *as* God willed it. His might brought light out of darkness, harmony out of confusion. His hand placed the Sun in heaven to rule the day, and fixed the moon where she might shine by night, and confined the raging ocean billows to their bounds—and upheaved the tall mountains towards the clouds—and spread abroad the valleys and the plains—and covered them with various forms of animal and vegetable life. It is all God Almighty's work, and the record is found in his own Book. The earth is, because God made it, and all the wonders of its wonderful natural economy are to be referred to him alone.

The history of man is another element of surpassing importance in the Book which God has given.

We have many histories in various languages,

which treat of the origin of nations, of man, his achievements and his character, whether good or evil. We have profane records which trace back the history and exploits of man to a period of antiquity comparatively remote. The most ancient and reliable records are usually the most valuable, such as the histories of Herodotus, of Thucydides, of Josephus—colored, and even fanciful as parts of these undoubtedly are—and some others of kindred worth. But what records of any nation approach those of the Holy Scriptures in point of antiquity? They tell us not only of the origin of nations, but of the origin of man. They show us that the whole human race has sprung from a single pair. There is no preposterous absurdity in Scripture like that found in other books which profess to account for the origin of mankind. No nation is said to have sprung from a cricket or grasshopper, or from an oak, mushroom, or dragon's tooth; but man was first created by Omnipotent power out of the dust of the ground, and *God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul.* In process of time the race increased and multiplied upon the earth, and when their guilt grew rampant and heaven-defying, God sent upon them those devouring, remorseless floods, which no cries of mortal agony could

appease, the traces of whose presence and prevailing energy are found among tribes the least visited by the light of the Scripture Sun.

A single family survived, that the race should not become extinct. The earth was to be peopled a second time by the family of Noah. Not only have we in the Divine Word the record of this signal preservation, we have also the record of the species as thus perpetuated. If the heedless eye glance over the tenth chapter of Genesis, it lights on what may seem to it a dull and meaningless list of Scripture names, a genealogical table, tough and inexplicable, if not worthless. It is a record, in fact, of priceless value. It furnishes information for which all profane antiquity could provide no substitute nor equivalent. It sets forth no vague hypothesis to account for facts—inexplicable without the Bible—in the condition of various peoples, but gives us a tangible and coherent narrative, with truth stamped upon the face of it, of the generations issuing from the sons of Noah. Among the posterity of these sons, we find the names of Madai, and Javan, and Tiras, and Canaan, and Asshur, and Elam, and Lud, and no critical sagacity is necessary to identify these patriarchs as the originals of the Medes, the Ionians, Thracians, Assyrians, Lydians. Thus we are directly

pointed to the sources whence have flowed out subsequently the widening streams of great nations. These streams are traceable as they roll downwards, parting ever and anon into other branches, which are occasionally found to expand and deepen into a Mississippi's bulk and importance, resembling, however, the father of waters in grandeur and impetuosity, rather than in unexhausted resources and changeless strength.

Without the heavenly oracles the sources of nations would have remained, in spite of venturesome investigations, shrouded in Nile-source-like mystery. The study of races, often perplexing at best, the philosophy of their history and strange subdivisions, would be ever puzzling and unsatisfactory. Vague conjecture would take the place of certainty, and to him who longed and asked for facts, would be given in reply, airy fancies. As a book, therefore, whence reliable knowledge may be drawn regarding the earliest peoples, and the germs out of which they sprang, the Bible occupies, and must ever occupy a place which no uninspired book can fill.

Its value, moreover, consists in the displays it gives us of Deity, the great Lord God, Father and Maker of all.

We have spoken of the announcement made in the first verse of the Bible, of God's existence, unity, and

sovereign power, an announcement made without qualification, or preliminary statement, or argument, or explanation of any sort. *God* made all things in the beginning—the great *I AM*—without beginning of days or end of years—the Alpha and the Omega—the uncaused cause of all things. And this truth, so boldly announced, so inflexibly challenging our assent, is illustrated with great fulness and distinctness as we advance in the blessed volume.

What representations are made of the Lord Jehovah on the luminous pages of his own word? Is he a Saturn or Jupiter of the heathen mythology—a Hindoo Brahma, or Vishnu—an Egyptian Apis or Anubis—a Canaanitish Dagon or Moloch? * *But to*

* Whatever subject the “Paradise Lost” undertakes to treat, is straight invested with dignity and charming grace, and illustrated with a fulness and richness, betraying the matchless wealth and resources of the author’s intellect. Even the common-places of geography, are transformed by his touch into fascinating pictures. It is a fine conceit, and exquisitely wrought out, to give the chiefs of the revolted angels in hell, names derived from famous heathen gods, whose characteristics they bore, and whom, with their besotted worship, Messiah was to destroy. A similar thought pervades the majestic “Christmas Hymn,” as in these stanzas:—

“Peor and Baalim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice-battered god of Palestine;
And moonéd Ashtaroth,

whom will men liken God, and who among the gods of the nations is worthy of comparison with the great God of the Sacred Scriptures? He is no image of gold or brass—no grotesque or frightful piece of statuary carved with hands—no hideous monster shaped by the imagination—no likeness of anything that man's fancy may picture in heaven or earth, or sea, or hell—but a Spirit invisible, vast, incomprehensible, pure, the self-existing Lord, from eternity unchangeable, the maker of all things, the upholder of all things, the disposer of all things—Omniscient, searching the deepest depths of what to us is futurity, and dragging forth to the light the most secret and impalpable purposes and thoughts of human hearts—Omnipresent, pervading all space, every part of his broad domains by his intelligence and energy, so that should a creature fly to heaven God is there; should it dive down to hell he is also

Heaven's queen and mother both,
 Now sits not girt with taper's holy shine;
 The Libye Hammon shrinks his horn,
 In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz moan,
 And sullen Moloch, fled,
 Hath left in shadows dread,
 His burning idol * * *
 * * * * *
 The brutish gods of Nile as fast
 Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste."

there; should it take the wings of the morning and seek the uttermost lands, or the thickest darkness for concealment, all would be equally vain. His Providence, too, is ever exerted, and takes in all things, from the chirping sparrow and the hungry young lions, to the slave groaning in chains, or the outcast beggar sighing amid his penury and rags. He dwelleth in light inaccessible and full of glory, and has the elements, air, earth, water, fire, as well as holy angels for his ministers. He is infinite in justice, truth, mercy, goodness, wisdom, and power; and though the heaven of heavens cannot contain him, he deigns to dwell with men in their lowly habitations, comforting and blessing the righteous, and pouring his displeasure and wrath only against the transgressors of his laws.

These, in short, are among the representations which the Bible makes of God. He is set before us invested with every conceivable perfection, shedding forth from every glorious attribute the radiance of the infinite Godhead, worthy of all honor, and of the adoration of all hearts—the Great Jehovah, above all and over all, blessed for evermore.

And not only is the Great Jehovah unfolded in his perfections in the Scriptures, but man in his character and relations to God.

If we learn man's origin and primitive condition in the Scriptures, we learn there also his wretched fall. He no longer sustains to his 'maker the character of a sinless and gentle child. The crown has fallen from his head. He has become a rebel and an enemy, and the character of one man is the character of all the race. *Death has passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.* The posterity inherit the depraved dispositions of a guilty parent, and on every side, in every individual, are seen the fruits and evidences of original corruption. In what book but the Holy Scriptures is the phenomenon of universal depravity stated and explained? The phenomenon, indeed, of sin existing in this world at all under the government of a perfectly holy God, is one that no human powers can explain. We cannot reconcile the fact with God's purity and sovereign power, but the mysterious fact is clearly stated, though surpassing our powers to resolve, and nowhere else is it stated but in the lively oracles of God. Man was innocent, man was placed in a state of probation, man was tempted, man yielded in an evil hour and fell, and oh! disastrously great was that fall, bringing the curse, death, and all mortal woes and miseries in its train.

But man's apostasy is not only set forth in Scrip-

ture, his recovery is also unfolded. Not only the disease of his nature, but the remedy to remove it. *Is there no balm in Gilead, and no physician there?* Yes! in God's holy volume both may be found. The first Adam wrought our ruin, the second Adam has brought our recovery. We died in the one, in the other we live. Through the one, Paradise was lost; through the other, Paradise may be regained. Look at the pages of the Old Testament. See how luminous they are with the name of Immanuel-Messiah. From the first promise made to the guilty parents who cowered beneath the Divine frown which their rebellion provoked, down to the sweet assurances of the seraphic Malachi, how do the rays of evangelic light become at each advance more frequent and intense, until they concentrate in him sought after from afar and diligently by startled Magi, who, when they found him, poured out adoringly before him with their rapturous praises, their *gold, frankincense, and myrrh*. *Abraham rejoiced to see Christ's day, and seeing it was glad*, and other saints of the patriarchal age partaking a like precious faith, partook also the same lively joy. The "lion of the tribe of Judah" that Jacob saw, the "star" pointed out by Balaam—the prophet greater than Moses to arise—the marked and lofty

utterances of David, Isaiah, Daniel, and the rest of the evangelic brotherhood of seers; the blood that drenched the altars of Jewish sacrifice; the types, shadows, and ceremonies of the law, all point to him, and centre in him, who was by the shedding of his precious blood to magnify God's law, and make it honorable, and bring in everlasting righteousness, and secure peace and pardon for the guilty.

And now the great question, "*how shall man be just with God,*" is resolved. The Scriptures show how the vilest may find mercy. Christ *who knew no sin hath become sin for us, and whosoever believeth in him shall have eternal life, but whosoever believeth not shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him.* And thus, by disclosing and furnishing the means of securing salvation from the curse and death, does the Word of God commend itself as the most priceless of records—a book valuable and important beyond all estimation.

Again—the *value of this book, which God has finished*, and which man may neither add to nor take from, appears from *its unequalled code of moral precepts, proceeding from the highest source, and based upon the most awful sanctions.*

Man is addressed as a social being—as one individual of a vast brotherhood, as not only having a soul

to save, but as bound to conduct himself honorably, usefully, and well, in all the relations he sustains to society. He who was holy, harmless, undefiled, is proposed as a perfect pattern for man to follow. From his example, as well as from his precepts, we learn to love God; to honor and obey his ordinances; to love our neighbor as ourselves; to revere and uphold the institutions of civil society; to be charitable to the poor; to have mercy on the afflicted, the sorrowing, and distressed; to be kind and affectionate in our intercourse with those around us; to exercise the graces of meekness, forbearance, humility, forgiveness; to curb all rebellious and unholy passions and propensities that war against the spirit; to exercise a calm trust in an overruling Providence, and resignation to His wise and righteous decrees; to weep with them that weep, and pour the oil of comfort into all wounded hearts; in a word, to spend our whole life in doing the Father's will, which is to love God, and because we love him to do good to all mankind.

And if we look at the inculcations of the holy apostles we shall find this matchless code run out into lesser details, and enforced with a strength, earnestness, beauty, and pathos of language which, but for a stubborn and defiant will, would make their effect

irresistible. The reciprocal duties of husbands and wives, parents and children, masters and servants, kings and subjects, rulers and governed, those in authority and those under authority—the rich and the poor, the high and the low, are stated with so much clearness, and urged with such affectionate importunity, that it is impossible to misunderstand, and hard not to be convinced and persuaded to obey.

And such is the commanding logic and energy of these lofty inculcations, that they have changed the moral complexion, not of communities simply, but of entire nations. Certainly the most highly civilized and powerful nations on the globe are Christian nations, and no Christian nation is to be found whose laws are most equal, just, beneficent, and commendable, that is not indebted for the noblest of its statutes to the Christian code. Beyond controversy, the best laws of the most enlightened and vigorous nations are based not merely upon, but are often little more than transcripts from the Bible, and more particularly from the New Testament code; and they stand there like adamant, time and change defying—while those laws which remain still upon the statute-book, too rotten and feeble to support their own weight much longer, will be found to be the very laws which are

most widely separated from the spirit of true Christian morality.

Oh! what a priceless book is that which teaches government how to make laws, and men how to obey them—which instructs the nation, the community, the little neighborhood, the household, the individual, in the great principles and duties appropriate to all and to each—which binds them all together with the cord of authority, stretching from human hands to the throne of God.

I should not omit to mention the value of the Bible in the light of its literary merits. This is not so important a view intrinsically, as some which have been presented, especially that which sets it forth as bringing life and immortality to light. But the view is sufficiently important to justify a passing remark.

In what book shall we find poetry that will at all compare in sublimity with some of the sudden impassioned bursts of the bard Isaiah, or in gorgeous imagery, in animated description, tenderness, elevation, or pathos, with the sweet numbers uttered by the inspired singer of Israel? Where, in the whole range of uninspired literature, shall we find a book filled with such varied compositions of the highest order, as the book of Job—a book of which the con-

cluding chapters alone, where the Almighty answers Job out of a whirlwind, suffice to place it in point of dignity, grandeur, and magnificent description, at an unapproachable distance from all human compositions? What narrative so intensely interesting, so profoundly affecting as the history of Joseph, from his first entrance on the stage, through all the steps of his chequered and marvellous career, to his reunion with his venerable father! Often as we have perused it, it retains its charm and power still, and forces our eyes to overflow, however stoutly we may resist the fascination. Where shall we find pathetic lamentation so perfectly embodied as in David's grief-moving words on the deaths of Saul and Jonathan, and of his rebellious son Absalom? Where shall we find a nobler and more instructive proverbial philosophy, than that which Solomon's inspired pen has bequeathed to the world? If we seek for eloquence, what models are to be found among all the books of the world, nobler than some of those furnished by the Scriptures, such as Stephen's overwhelming address to his countrymen, or Peter's sermon at Pentecost, or Paul's address before Festus or the Areopagus? Where shall we find narratives drawn out with more simplicity and truthfulness, presenting pictures of the subjects treated before the

very eye of the reader, as those of the holy Evangelists do? In what uninspired book is there such an accumulation of the most appropriate and forcible figures and images, to illustrate the most familiar no less than the grandest truths? If we would find the most striking comparisons, the most lively similitudes, the most beautiful allegories, the most faultless parables, we must look to the Bible, for it confessedly bears off the palm from all compositions besides. It is indeed no exaggeration to say that there are, in the Bible, specimens of almost every species of excellent writing, and in a degree of excellence which no human productions can rival. So that in a merely literary point of view the Bible has claims upon the world such as no other book whatsoever can present. Add to this, the inexhaustible variety of its topics, and the transcendant importance and grandeur of many of its lessons, the intensely interesting character of its contents to people of all nations and every tongue, the perpetual freshness which its pages bear even on the most frequent perusal and the closest intimacy,—the profundity of its wisdom, which leaves room for the largest understanding to expatiate and learn more and more up to the very close of the longest and most studious life, while the understanding of the simple can easily apprehend

enough of its sublime truths, to edify, refresh, and strengthen, while the journey of life is pursued; consider all this—and all this is but a part of its incomparable value, its peerless supremacy—and then confess that the book of books is a treasure indeed, more precious than rubies, more to be desired than gold, and worthy to be the gift of Him who is the greatest and most glorious of Beings. Nor should we fail, in this connexion, to remark the influence, unique, purifying, all-pervading, of the Bible literature upon the nations, its hold upon them becoming firmer, and its living spirit more indelibly stamped with the rolling years. Its superiority, in this respect, to all human literature, is as marked and decisive as the superiority of the Great Teacher to the ancient philosophers, or his system to theirs. Christ's teaching was not simply the most perfect in its kind that the world ever saw; perfect for one age or era, and then to be removed to make room for another system. But it was perfect in respect to all time, and adapted to every age and clime, and every state of society, and the world. The schools of the Stoic, the Peripatetic, and Epicurean, where are they? Overwhelmed hundreds of years ago by the waves of Time and Change. But the school of the Nazarene lives and flourishes still. Nor has the lapse

of eighteen centuries lessened the number of its disciples, nor dimmed the lustre of its celebrity, nor rendered its celestial lessons obsolete, barren, or valueless—but its renown has risen, and the wondrous Instructor become more highly prized with the revolution of ages.

So with the literature which reflects and illustrates these teachings. It has not become effete. It does not rule like the ancient classics, “holding a barren sceptre in its gripe.” It does not live on through mere sufferance, or retain its hold on human sympathy like the *Iliad* and other wondrous products of Pagan genius, through the mind’s instinctive admiration of rare exhibitions of imagination and art, or through the amusement or delight found in scanning and studying curiously wrought and beautiful pictures; or because of the help furnished in forming scholarly tastes, widening the intellectual scope, raising the tone of thought, or reflecting the manners and opinions of wonderful but departed races—without at the same time increasing the stock of moral truth, by giving out one vital thought or grand teaching to inspire and elevate man as man, or one glimmer of light to guide him in the path of true progress. This pagan literature, therefore, so far as moral aim or elevation is concerned, is spiritless and

dead. Not so that of the Bible. It has not only life within itself, but the real life-giving power. It has stamped itself in bright and ineffaceable characters upon the literature of every Christian nation. It has moulded the intellectual and moral life of the last eighteen centuries. It has become inwrought into the mental constitution and aptitudes of those great writers, in whatever department, who have spoken to rouse and instruct the ages, and sway the human mind. It has colored their habits of thought, and of course shaped their modes of expression. The noblest utterances of human lips reflect the Bible most. Milton, without it, had been "mute, inglorious Milton," indeed—and Locke, and Bacon, and Newton, and even Shakspeare, voiceless or vapid. It has interfused its living spirit with the mental habitudes of all with whom it has come in contact, making "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" to owe this character, in great degree, to such contact, and often unconsciously to the speakers themselves. Nor is it too much to say, that were it possible to strike out from the literature of Christian nations, everything originating in or traceable to the Sacred Scriptures; everything reflecting slightly or palpably the life and teachings of the eternal Book; by far the greatest part of what is truly precious would disappear,

making what remained, seem as dross and rubbish compared with the gold and gems that were taken away.*

It is interesting to view the Christian literature borne side by side with the Pagan, down the troubled stream of the ages. The former growing, like the house of David, stronger and stronger, having within it the true elements of grandeur and moral power and expansion; the latter, like the house of Saul, waxing weaker and weaker by contrast, or the force of contact with the other, or inherent lack of energy to gain new trophies or hold those once won, or the absence of the Spirit that dove-like brooded upon the waters at the beginning. The one earnest, straightforward, hopeful, confident,—conscious that its mission is divine, and that a divine hand upholds it, and will make its course safe and successful; the other timid and irresolute, feeling that it stands by prescriptive merit merely, with no firmer ground than human taste and sentiment to rest upon, and without noble purpose or divinely-breathed soul to perpetuate its influence. The former disdaining to smile on vice, or encourage the exercise of gross and corrupt proclivities, or the bad heart's bad passions; the other

* The author of "The Eclipse of Faith" has expanded this matter with great ingenuity and force, in the section of his striking work entitled "The Blank Bible."

loving popular favor more than it hates vice, inculcating the loosest notions of virtue, and exemplifying its teaching by making the greatest of its heroes and even of its gods, the paragons of sensuality. The Pagan literature is ever viciously conservative. It has made no advance in morals, or elevated sentiment, or humanizing ideas—remaining stationary through all the periods of its life, seeming even to go backwards when viewed in the light of the ceaseless movement and activity around it; beautiful, indeed, and informing too, to gaze upon, as an exquisite piece of statuary, but as cold and motionless. While the Christian literature, having the principles of truth inherent in it, is buoyant and progressive evermore,—pouring fertilizing streams throughout society; awakening immortal thoughts and aspirations; stimulating the sluggish powers to virtuous action, and making many a stubborn waste to bloom and blossom as the rose.

And this it has done in spite of all opposition. No method that man's hatred could devise to dim its brightness, or paralyze its energy, has been left untried. Infidel science and philosophy have made it the object of their most determined and unwearied animosity. But it has laughed to scorn equally the spite of Celsus, the ridicule of Julian, the subtle acumen of Porphyry, the mockery of Voltaire, the sneers

of Gibbon, and the ribaldry of Paine. It has not only come out unscathed from every ordeal, but shines with brighter lustre by reason of these raging furnaces through which it has passed. And if the works of some great creative mind which have come unharmed through a single century of fierce hostility and criticism are deemed safe and immovable for the future, how impregnable must be the position of that literature, which for eighteen centuries has been subjected to trials more terrible than ever befell uninspired book? Can we shun the conclusion that the book which has done this must infallibly be from God? But I have dwelt too long upon this aspect of the subject, and pass to inquire once more—

For what specific purpose this marvellous book has been given? Why has such an inestimable legacy been bestowed upon a sin-cursed world, upon a race of rebels? Why has this treasure, so vast and precious, been intrusted to earthen vessels? The answer, in part, is implied in several of the points already surveyed, as for instance, God displaying his attributes and claims, laying bare the sinner's iniquities and exposure to condemnation—and sending forth his beloved Son, born of a woman, to atone for human guilt and open the way for man's recovery and salvation. The reason why the Bible has been given, is

worthy, however, of being considered in this place by itself, especially as I design to connect it with another point in the close of these remarks. Do you ask then for what *purpose* this peerless Book has been given to the world? I reply in one emphatic word—**SALVATION**. This is the comprehensive, all-telling word that expresses the whole answer—Salvation, in all its length and breadth—from the curse and its dire effects—from the wrath of God—from the impending sword of justice—from the intolerable stings of a guilty conscience—from the death that never dies—from the endless agony that has no mitigation.

It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. This single intensely significant passage expresses the whole purpose of the Bible, and explains the secret of its being in our hands. It declares that Jesus Christ has come, and the purpose for which he came, and that the saying is true and worthy of universal acknowledgment. Without the coming of Jesus Christ, there had been no Bible. Heaven had not demeaned itself to write for the world, simply a book of history, or philosophy, or poetry, or eloquence, or a book abounding with any kind of rare and wonderful excellences, isolated from Jesus Christ, and the sublime purpose of his coming. He is the central

sun whose rays penetrate to every part, and illustrate every part, and whose light extinguished every part is dark as darkness itself. Whatever the Bible contains that is interesting, valuable, and important; whatever gives it its unapproachable superiority; whatever invests it with a charm which raging enemies and rolling ages have been unable to break; is the fruit of that great purpose made before the worlds were framed, to give the beloved Son as a victim to divine justice. Christ absent from the Bible, the elements of its grandeur are resolved at once into nothingness—and because he is present there, all its blessed pages being effulgent with his name, we have the Book in its present dimensions—a book to which the finishing stroke has been given beyond human power of alteration; a book which has extorted the admiration of all ages, and poured in all ages the light of its heavenly wisdom and love upon the minds of docile inquirers who have gone to it for guidance and consolation.

And Christ—but for the stupendous fact of whose love, as sublimely shown in his ministry of sorrows and suffering, no Bible had ever blessed the world—came into the world to save sinners, and sinners are found everywhere. The distinguishing peculiarities of nations as respects language, custom, complexion,

manners, laws, reach not to their moral constitution. Every man is an alien from God, a child of wrath, an heir of woe. To every man there is need of moral and spiritual renovation ; to have the precious blood applied to wash the stains of a corrupt heart away. The Bible, therefore, is infinitely valuable to every man, as setting forth Christ, and him crucified, the only hope and refuge of the soul. All may not appreciate its historical and literary merits, the grandeur of its descriptions, the beauty of its images, the loftiness of its style ; but all may appreciate the force of the "faithful saying," that Christ died to save sinners ; that, in the depths of his loving heart, there is joy for the disconsolate, peace for the sin-troubled, rest for the weary and the heavy-laden ; and that as the end of faith and hope, there is for all believing souls a heaven of fadeless glory.

The Bible, then, is a book for the world, and it is our duty to circulate it. It proposes to lift the beggar from the dunghill, disrobe him of his rags, clothe him with fresh and costly garments, and place him beside princes, as a guest of the King of Heaven. Its light is not to be hidden ; its benefits are not to be restricted ; its untold wealth is not to be confined to a class. Like its author, its mission is one of universal philanthropy, and the blessings it scatters fall, like the dews and rains of heaven, freely upon high

and low, rich and poor. Wherever it comes, it bears with it good tidings of great joy. There is no squalid abode, no den of wretchedness, no hovel where lowly toil is hardly earning through sweat and struggles its daily bread, that it does not enter with a smile that inspires hope, saying to the degraded and the toil-worn, "peace be unto this abode." It is ours, at least, Christians, to see that every family around us, and as far as our influence can reach, is supplied with a copy of the Word of Life. If the religious enterprise of the present day had done nothing more than to cheapen and multiply the Bible, and effect organizations for scattering it far and wide over the land and over the world, it would have established a just claim to the gratitude of present and succeeding ages. The day of ignorance is passing away. The Scriptures are accessible to all who dwell in a Christian land. No household and no individual can say, as it might be said formerly, that the enormous price of the Bible places it beyond the reach of poverty; and, therefore, not to possess a copy is a misfortune not a fault. A paltry twenty-five cents will introduce a Bible to the most poverty-stricken abode; and lest even this sum should prove a barrier with any to obtain a copy, the benevolence of the age stands ready to give to every one that asketh, having

little means to buy, the book, "without money and without price," and hence every plea for not having the "lamp of life" in a dwelling is swept away, and the "condemnation," if it fall, will be this, that "light has come into the world, and men have loved darkness more than light."

I regard an efficient national Bible Society not only as a chief glory of a nation, but among the strongest of its conservators. Great Britain, with her ponderous, unwieldy, national debt, her social diseases, her cankerous crimes, her far-reaching oppression, the grinding inequality of her religious system—enough all of them to tumble any nation into ruins, stands on a foundation, of which her gigantic Bible Society, a perpetual stream of benevolence to millions, forms one of the principal stones. Let this be torn away from its place, and the swaying and tottering of the mighty superstructure begins. Our own country, free indeed from many of the political and social maladies of the parent nation, is yet following her with rapid strides in the march of impiety and heaven-daring crime. But our Bible Society lives, thank God, and with each healthy pulsation of its mighty heart, is sending a pure circulation of the word of God, in divers tongues and dialects, to the farthest extremities of the

system, the effect of which is to uphold the pillars of the state, through God's mercy on efforts to promote his glory by scattering his truth. May this tree, with its numerous branches, be fostered by the prayers and liberality of all Christian hearts, that its leaves may be for the healing of other nations, and for the preservation of our own.

We are an auxiliary of this good Parent Society. I trust we are dutiful children of so beneficent a parent, and that we shall prove a part of her family of which she shall have no cause to be ashamed. We have done something in years past to show our interest in her welfare. We have sent something to her treasury in the shape of contributions, to aid the wheels of her operations to work smoothly and well. We have received her agents with respect and cordiality. We have given them access to our families, and furnished them what facilities we could for the prosecution of their work, and bid them God speed, as they have gone forth to visit the habitations of the destitute poor and others around us. I know not what report they have borne of us to the General Society, whether they have spoken of us as enterprising, zealous, liberal in the Bible cause, or in terms less favorable than these. Probably, in the spirit of the book they circulate, they have spoken of us with

a kindness and forbearance we may hardly deserve. Be this as it may, *we*, at least, may say of ourselves, that we have not done all that we *could*; that the interest and zeal we have displayed, have not been proportioned to the *grandeur* of the work, and the magnitude of the consequences involved. Let our future activity show our earnest desire to repair any past delinquency; and though there were no family in our country calling for a Bible at our hands, the world is yet before us, filled with darkness and idolatry, and Christ bids us not to rest till every benighted habitation on the globe is lighted by the lamp of life.

HALL AND CHALMERS.

THE precious remains of the latter of these great and good men now rest where those of the former have long peacefully reposed, in the bosom of our common mother. Each at his death left a chasm not soon or easily to be closed, not simply in the immediate circle of a large acquaintance, not in the particular branch of the Church to which he belonged, but in the Church throughout its length and breadth—wherever, indeed, exalted talent, refined and controlled by devoted piety, demands and receives the worthy tribute of admiration and love from Christian hearts. Each fulfilled his course honorably, leaving the impress of lofty sentiments illustrated by a spotless character, upon his own and coming times. As it was said of the former, by one who knew him well, and was highly qualified to appreciate and describe his character and gifts, so may it now be said of the latter: “While ready to give due honor to all valuable preachers, and knowing that the lights of religious instruction will still shine with useful lustre, and new ones continually rise, we involuntarily and pen-

sively turn to look at the last fading colors in the distance where the greater luminary has set."

To compare justly the man whom the grave has recently closed upon, with him who has long slept there, is almost as difficult as to compare the latter with the living man. It requires time, in ordinary cases, to form a true and impartial estimate of human character. While a man lives, let him be as great and as pure as is compatible with our fallen humanity to be, his sentiments, actions, and character will hardly receive a fair and just appreciation. Prejudice and passion, envy and malice, sectarian bias and party spirit, the very imperfections and infirmities of the living man, trivial and insignificant, in comparison with his shining excellences, as they will appear when he comes to lie in the grave, detract seemingly from his merits, render opinions discordant, and constitute so many barriers in the way of that righteous decisive verdict to which men afterwards slowly but certainly arrive. The living man moves among his fellow-men with passions and infirmities like theirs. No superiority to other men can place him beyond the reach of unfair criticism. He is exposed to evil eyes and evil tongues, and the various influences which cause the judgment even of honest minds to differ; until, when he dies, it is found that the world

have yet to learn truly, and pronounce finally, upon his real worth. It would be easy to cite a host of examples, where genius and talent, working out for their possessors a world-wide reputation, were neglected and underrated by the men of their own generation. The great man, living, failed to be gauged aright by his contemporaries; but numbered with the dead, opinion, in process of time, became purified of its error and dross, and a verdict to his worth—honest, true, and destined to last, arose as it were from his grave.

This remark has its exceptions, and among these the name of Chalmers must be placed. He died in a good old age. He has been for many years prominently before the public eye. He was a bold, ardent, devoted champion of a cause to which his best energies were consecrated. He has done good service in defending the bulwarks and advancing the interests of our common Christianity. His "works," though they needs must "follow" him, now that he is dead, did follow him, defining and illustrating his character, "when he was yet with us." He is known as well and appreciated as highly, we had almost said, by the Protestant world generally, as by that section of the Church where he lived and labored, was idolized and died. The structure of his mind, the character of

his eloquence, the measure of his piety, the extent of his influence, are points upon which little information is needed. The idiosyncrasies of his character are so marked, stand out so boldly before us, that we appear to know him as well as we can know him. Nor do we scruple to express the belief, that the estimate in which the world held his character at his death, and had long held it, will, instead of undergoing any material change, be ratified by posterity.

In the character of these remarkable men, in several interesting and striking points at least, a close resemblance may be traced. To say that both were endowed with the highest order of talent, that their powers were rendered more effective by the sternest discipline, and by learning, at once various and profound, is not to mark a resemblance that deserves to be dwelt upon because there is anything strange or peculiar about it. Numbers of eminent men have borne, and bear, in these respects, a resemblance to each other. The fact is noticed chiefly for the lesson it suggests. We see how important these men considered large and various learning to be to the efficiency and success of their ministerial work. Had they discarded or neglected this, they had never been the men they were. They were not content with being simply theologians, fitted for the task of

expounding the scriptures aright by a thorough acquaintance with each branch of sacred science and literature. This skill is certainly of the last importance, and they prized it as it deserves to be prized. But they thought, that to explore sources of learning not purely theological, would, instead of derogating from their power as preachers of the word, increase it, and render it more effective for good. It was their settled conviction, that every species of knowledge might be made subservient to religion, and their studies accordingly took a wide range. We know from other sources than their printed works, what their sentiments were on this subject. But if we did not, we ascertain them there most decidedly. Nor can we fail to be convinced, as we read them, that a strong element of their power is found, under God, in the extent and variety of the learning which they brought to bear on the illustration and enforcement of religious truth. To win souls to Christ is indeed the grand object of the preacher's toils. But he, other things equal, will succeed best in this work who is most fully furnished, qualified at all points for entering on it.

But the lofty powers of these eminent men were refined and ennobled by the most lovely piety. This point of resemblance deserves to be noticed for its

own sake. The union of great endowments and warm piety is far rarer than it should be. Whenever it occurs, it is one of the most interesting and striking objects that the mind can view. What raises Newton to so lofty a height in our regard, as to see him sit an humble learner in the school of Christ, his noble powers brought all of them into childlike submission to the will of the Great Teacher ! The rareness of such a spectacle among men of philosophic pursuits renders it the more imposing. Even in the minister of Christ, piety, which, as a qualification for his work, deserves to be considered as indispensable to his usefulness—as that without which in a fair degree, every other sort of qualification is as “sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal”—is not apt to be proportioned to the degree of his mental powers.

Among the great names that adorn the annals of the Church, the greater part are certainly not men whose piety has kept pace with their other endowments ; or, to speak less equivocally, whose piety has been of the apostolic order. Baxter, Watts, Doddridge, Jeremy Taylor, Leighton, Rutherford, our own Edwards and Payson, and others of this class, are as broadly distinguished in respect to the *degree* of their piety from many distinguished men holding

the ministerial rank, as these are from the cold formalist or moralist. The ministry, as well as Christians generally, are too prone to rest content with a moderate standard of piety, as though that set up by the apostles were unattainable, except by a very few. Few, comparatively, it must be confessed, have attained it, and men of the largest endowments the least frequently of all; the very strength and compass of their intellect tending to render them self-reliant and vain-glorious, in opposition to that teachable disposition of a little child, without possessing which, heaven is lost—the assiduity of the pursuit of knowledge frequently absorbing the mind and time to such a degree as to preclude the necessary effort and space to “seek *first*,” as our Lord enjoins, “the kingdom of God and his righteousness”—the everyday professional familiarity with divine truth, resulting from handling and comparing it, and culling from it continually, with a view of bringing it to bear upon the minds and consciences of *others*, and growing gradually more insensible to its intrinsic power and application to the *individual* heart;—these are among the reasons why many exalted minds in the ministry fall short of the apostolic standard of spirituality, contenting themselves with a dull mediocrity. Hence, we repeat, that great

powers of mind, conjoined to lofty piety, is a spectacle as rare as it is beautiful.

In the subjects of this sketch we see this rare union in its fairest colors. Constant and close communion with Christ was the breath of their spiritual life. They loved, with John, to lean upon the Master's bosom, and drink in the whispered counsels of his love. They loved, with Mary, to seek divine wisdom at the Master's feet; and rising from this lowly attitude, they went forth, strong in the Lord, to the duties of their ambassadorship, ready, and rejoicing to convey to other minds that light which the Holy Ghost had imparted to theirs. This ardent piety was the fruit of cultivation. It was watered by secret tears. It was nourished and matured by the earnest self-communications, the sighs of penitence, the fervent confessions and prayers of their solitary hours. The charm of such a piety is indeed attractive, and the control it exercises over minds so powerful and temperaments so ardent, truly wonderful. What is more beautiful, for instance, than to hear Mr. Hall, after being greatly excited and carried beyond himself by some warm debate, ejaculate, in accents of poignant contrition, "Lamb of God, Lamb of God, calm my perturbed spirit?" Or to see him, as his custom was, kneeling with his daughter at the same chair,

the faces of both bathed in tears, supplicating the Divine protection and blessing on her as she was about to be absent for a season from home. Or to hear his earnest voice, as his family often did in passing his study door, calling the individuals of his household by name in his prayers to God for mercies on them all! These may seem unimportant matters individually, but as indications of character and the state of the disposition and heart, they are full of significance and weight.

Read the sermons of Dr. Chalmers—for we know less from actual record of the devotional habits of the man—and we are sure that the fervor of devotional feeling that pervades them is the transcript of the preacher's experience. Take, for instance, the sermon entitled "Heaven a Character, and not a Locality," the scope of which is to show that heaven must exist in the soul of man on earth, if ever it exist for *him* anywhere, and the reading of it will "shut us up" to one of two conclusions—either that the preacher is an accomplished hypocrite, or a man of ripe, experimental piety. The reader may make his election between them. For ourselves, the evidence of the devoted cast of his piety furnished by many of his printed discourses, is as strong as we desire. It is amply satisfactory, without the notices

to this effect that have so often reached us in various authentic forms—without the corroboration afforded by the commanding position he held for so many years in his own church, to which talent, however exalted, without corresponding piety, could never have raised him—without the last touching ejaculation he was heard to breathe before he slept the sleep of death, “My Father, my heavenly Father,” so significant of his soul’s close, habitual communion with Him in whose bosom he was soon to rest for ever. He was a good man—a devout, God-fearing man. So were they both. The great source of the strength and effect of their splendid ministry is found, beyond a question, in their devoted piety.

Great as their powers were, both appeared utterly unconscious of possessing them, as they stood up and uttered the messages of Christ before the throngs whom their eloquence attracted. As *they* spoke, the man was merged and lost in the ambassador to the eyes and belief of all who hung upon their accents. They betrayed no consciousness that *their* powers drew the crowds before them, or kept them breathless as they listened. The admiration they everywhere excited, instead of calling forth fulsome displays of vanity—more indecorous and out of place, Heaven knows, in the pulpit than almost anywhere

besides, yet seen, alas! too often there—had no effect to blunt the sense of what they were and whom they served, or cause them to lose sight for a moment of the grand end and true character of the preaching of the gospel. The height of their elevation could not render them so giddy as to make them vain-glorious. The same charming modesty, oblivion of self—humility the greater on account of the exaltation to which the Master saw fit to raise them—continued to shine brighter than the splendor of their eloquence, and undimmed by the adulation of the world. With them the great theme was everything, the speaker nothing. It filled the mind and heart so completely and manifestly, that there was no nook left for vanity to find a lodgment. “His absorption,” says Mr. Foster, speaking of Mr. Hall while preaching, “was so evident, there was so clear an absence of everything betraying sign of vanity, as to leave no doubt, that reflection on himself—the tacit thought, ‘It is I that am displaying this excellence of speech,’—was the faintest action of his mind. His auditory were sure that it was as in relation to his subject, and not to himself, that he regarded the feelings with which they might hear him.” The same remarks will apply to Chalmers. The entire absorption by his theme, and oblivion of self, as hav-

ing constituted one of his most marked characteristics, even in a greater degree, if possible, than in the case of Mr. Hall, is so well known as to need nothing but the statement of the fact. If ever uninspired preacher sank the man in the "legate of the skies," felt his own personal littleness as he swelled with the loftiness of his theme, and yielded all his powers with desperate earnestness to the work of impressing on other minds the truths which filled and roused his own, he is the man. And how becoming to the preacher is such a consciousness! How wonderful ought its absence in every case to be regarded! For what is grander or more awful than to preach salvation to men? The reflection of the utter unworthiness of "flesh and blood" to do it, if it were felt in all its length and breadth, would be perfectly overwhelming. Paul's strong expressions, "Oh, wretched man that I am;" "We have this treasure in earthen vessels;" "Who is sufficient for these things?" "I am not worthy to be called an apostle," show what thoughts he had of himself, and what of the dignity and responsibility of his office. Again and again does he present the theme of his utter insignificance, extolling the grace of God which alone made him what he was. We lose sight of the man, only as we see him in the servant and ambas-

sador of Christ. Such a disposition in the preacher is one of the most signal triumphs of grace over natural corruption, and the strongest evidence of fitness for his work.

The applause of the world is soothing to the heart. Even to the preacher it is apt to be vastly refreshing to hear lavish encomiums bestowed upon the composition or delivery of his sermons—to have the matter, style, force, and effect of his pulpit exercises highly extolled. And there are few churches, perhaps, in which some shallow, though well disposed saints, may not be found to apply the spark of flattery to the tinder of the heart's self-esteem, injurious in most cases, and often disastrous to the young man whose firmness is inadequate to the trial. The practice cannot be too loudly condemned, especially where the unwary youth is the subject of its insidious operation. What sight more painful—say to angelic bosoms, if they were capable of feeling pain—than that of a man invested with the most sacred office that a mortal can hold, whose mission is to win souls to Christ, losing sight of the grand aim of his work, and the sentiments and feelings which can alone give it dignity and success, as he is driven smilingly, and with scarce an effort to resist, before the light breath of popular applause? Among those earthly spec-

tacles which are said to make angels weep, we know not a more sorrow-moving one than this.

But if to resist wiles coming in so insidious a form, to oppose them at the outset, and inflexibly, be a most difficult achievement, not simply for the young preacher, but for him of maturer powers and riper experience—if the whispers of applause can gain a lodgment, and make a breach in the hearts of men not possessed of powers to distinguish them greatly from others, or where they fail to do this, a signal victory over temptation is won, and a high state of spirituality in the victor shown—what must we say of victory in such a contest achieved by men really and greatly superior to others—though men not exempt from the infirmities “which flesh is heir to”—to whose senses the incense of admiration and praise was constantly wafted from the speaking countenances of the multitudes who hung upon their accents. The struggle would be sterner, the danger more imminent, but victory more signal and decisive. Such are precisely the victories which these illustrious men achieved. Their humility exalts them more than their extraordinary powers. Happy for the ministry, happy for the Church and for the world, did shepherd and flock, in each department of Zion, tread more closely in the footsteps of such an example.

We love to trace a resemblance between these good and great men, in what we venture to call an absence of artificiality in delivery of their sermons. Both possessed a wizard's power over the audiences that filled the churches where they preached. Among Mr. Hall's hearers were to be found the most intellectual people in England, who found their way to Leicester or Bristol, often from a considerable distance, expressly to hear him, and who bore a nearly uniform testimony to his commanding powers. An honored minister of our own country informed the writer of this, that he had the pleasure, several years ago, being on a visit to England, to hear Mr. Hall in his own chapel. He represented the single sermon he heard as being richly worth a voyage across the Atlantic. Nothing, he remarked, during the first fifteen minutes of his preaching, was discernible in his discourse, either in matter or manner, which, divorced from the name of Robert Hall, would have been thought at all extraordinary. But then a sudden change passed upon the preacher. He seemed a different man from what he had been, so complete was the transformation. And rising and glowing as his subject expanded before him, his rapid, burning words fell like a succession of thunderclaps upon his audience till he closed. Our informant declared

himself glad—he experienced a feeling of relief—when the preacher ended, for the shocks were too frequent and heavy to be much longer endured. Such was the effect produced upon one, himself an excellent judge of eloquence, on hearing him for the first time. Dr. Chalmers was not less forcible and overwhelming. Few preachers ever possessed a vehemence and energy so *telling* upon an audience. He held his hearers spell-bound, as with a giant's tread he strode onward with an impetuosity which nothing might withstand. Once fairly kindled in his theme, wrapt up in it, the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled, while the effect was visible in the breathless interest, the flowing tears, the awe-struck faces of those who heard him.

Now what was the secret of this amazing power? Was it the importance of the subject, the loftiness or vigor of the thoughts, the originality or splendor of the composition? All these have existed in equal completeness, perhaps, in other preachers, who have yet failed to make any particularly strong impression on their hearers, who at least have never been run after as men of commanding and extraordinary eloquence. With a dull, tame delivery, the discourses of Hall and Chalmers would read as well as they now do, but their fame as preachers had never

been achieved. There is something potent, then, about delivery. The greatest of ancient orators assigned to this the first, second, and third rank in the order of qualities requisite for eloquence. The men in question were great in the thoughts of their compositions, but it was necessary to be great in delivery also, before they could become world-renowned as preachers. The stalest common-places are often redeemed from insipidity and rendered even impressive, as most have had occasion to observe, by a forcible manner of utterance; while, these lacking, discourses really of a superior order, embodying the strongest efforts of the mind, are received with listless indifference. The great orator of antiquity was, therefore, not far from right in the stress he laid on delivery. This must be present in eloquence, in at least a fair degree of excellence, whatever else is absent. Without it, strength of thought, a vivid imagination, elegance of diction, however valuable, pass for nothing like their real worth. It is only where they are joined, as they were in Hall and Chalmers, to overpowering energy in the delivery, that the *great effect* is witnessed—an effect for the most part proportioned to the degree of harmony and completeness in which these elements are mingled.

Now what we say is, that in neither of these wonderful preachers do we discover anything labored or artificial in the manner of their pulpit utterance. They seem to have heartily despised the aid of meretricious adornments in giving effect to their words. All is simple, unstudied, natural. Our opinion of the men, it seems to us, would undergo a sudden and painful change, if the conviction were forced on us, that much of their attention and time had been given to the work of appearing well before an audience. We could not believe, without a revulsion of feeling towards them, that they labored much so to pronounce and accentuate and make their gestures, as not to offend the fastidious taste; that, in a word, they were studious of acquiring the graces of a polished elocution. We have gauged the men amiss, if taste and habit, the very structure of their mind, masculine and robust, did not impel them to regard as mere trickery and gewgaw in the preacher, what was artificial, and designed simply for the eye. They were men of large, open, honest hearts, acting without disguise, without desire chiefly to please men, anxious above all to tell the truth, that the conscience might be reached and roused, and the soul saved. It is no undue exaltation to place them in this respect side by side with Luther, Zuingli,

Calvin, Knox—of the first of whom Thomas Carlyle thus speaks, and the words may serve as a general portrait of the whole: "I will call this Luther a true great man—great in intellect, in courage, in affection, in integrity—great, not as a hewn obelisk, but as an Alpine mountain, so simple, honest, spontaneous, *not setting up to be great at all.*" We adopt this without erasing a word, as a true description of Hall and Chalmers in the pulpit. They were "*so simple, honest, spontaneous*" there, seeking not from the schools the adventitious aids of a polished or effective oratory, on which so much stress is laid and labor bestowed by others. They elaborated their theme, it is true; but then standing up, they left it to nature and the heart's feelings to bring it out effectively. Not a gesture studied, not a look or an attitude assumed—nothing in the whole manner put on for effect—they yet came out with a vehemence and power, the result of strong internal workings, that produced an irresistible effect. Compared with these, the mere orator of motion, sound, and the graces, is as the beacon on the hill-top beside those living, rolling, spontaneous fires which Vesuvius belches from its bosom.

Not that a finished elocution, the work in great measure of art and toil, is to be decried as a worth-

less thing. It may merit all the pains that many take to acquire it. Certainly, in the absence of higher endowments requisite to move an audience, it may subserve the useful purpose of keeping out of view those deficiencies, which but for it would stand confessed. The proper mode of raising the arm, of disposing the fingers of the hand, of varying their motions, of conveying impressiveness to the aspect and grace to the attitude, of throwing force or pathos into the voice, and nicely regulating all its articulations, is no doubt worthy to receive the preacher's most profound and laborious attention. All is proper and useful if it really increase the effect of his words upon the heart and conscience. But to do this the appearance of art must be concealed. If his industry in this department shine through his performance, he will be fortunate if the sacred place where he stands, and the sober matters of which he treats, save him from the pity or contempt of the staid portion of his hearers. Few things are more utterly nauseous and offensive to the heart of piety, to say nothing of the world's opinions on the subject—than a mere pulpit *display*, where each word, look, and gesture betrays the labor to show off. Without decrying art as a most useful adjuvant to the preacher, we love nature in the pulpit better, in all the roughness of

her attire. There is a majesty, a sturdy strength about her, which, while it cannot be mistaken or disguised, imparts additional dignity and robustness to the strong thought or glowing sentiment. The position of the preacher and the circumstances under which he appears before men, would seem to render a recourse to art, to enforce his words, unnecessary—would seem enough to impart to his words and manner the glow of intense feeling and earnestness, the highest requisite of eloquence. It is this earnestness which genuine feeling can alone produce in its native strength, that the preacher too often lacks. Hence the tameness that marks the delivery, and the indifference that marks the reception of so many excellent discourses. The reply which Garrick is said to have returned to a certain Lord Bishop is anything but pointless. “How is it that you actors so affect your audiences, moving them to tears with mere fiction, while we, who utter the most important truths, are listened to with apathy?” “Because,” replied the great tragedian, “we make fiction appear as truth; you make truth appear as fiction.” It is but here and there at long intervals that a Garrick springs up, with skill to make fiction appear as truth, but many, alas! succeed more easily in making truth appear as fiction. Happy for the pulpit if a Gar-

rick's power to move could be transferred there without the Garrick—that is, the actor's *skill and power* without the *actor*. The truths spoken there certainly deserve to be uttered, and should be uttered, with a power far surpassing the most forceful utterance of fiction. This may not be without the fire from heaven. Not all, like Hall and Chalmers, can draw this fire from its hidden source. Strange fire may be resorted to by those who feel their lack of the true, and would supply it. But the contrast between them must ever be palpable and strong. It is the living fire, glowing in the preacher's eye, quivering on his lips, informing each look and tone of motion, before whose presence rapt audiences, which would not be charmed by any less potent charmer, have bowed and melted in all times.

We pass from these resemblances to notice as briefly as we may, one or two other qualities in these distinguished preachers, in which contrast rather than resemblance is to be marked. If their delivery was eminently inartificial, the style of their composition has very little of this character. The works which follow them are not destined speedily to die. They have long held a distinguished rank among the most admired and eloquent productions of the pulpit. With widely different characteristics we dis-

cern in each glowing page the hand of a master. We assign them no obscure nook on our bookshelves, but place them involuntarily side by side with those favorite divines whose works we "delight to honor." That the judgment of posterity in regard to much of what we admire in their writings, will undergo no change, it would be rash, perhaps, to assert. But we have little doubt that after the severest sifting much will still remain that can only perish, when this species of literature ceases to be read.

The sermons of Mr. Hall—those prepared by himself for the press—have suffered no injury as yet from the ordeal through which they have passed. We cannot fail, as we read them, to be struck with the severe labor their preparation must have cost him, taking into account only the mechanical part of their execution. To say nothing of the noble thoughts which pervade them, each word is carefully chosen; each period and member of it adjusted and finished with the most scrupulous elaboration. He could not polish enough what he intended for the public eye. "He had formed for himself," says Dr. Gregory, "an ideal standard of excellence which could not be reached. His perception of beauty in composition was so delicate and refined, that in regard to his productions it engendered perhaps a fas-

tidious taste. And deep and prevailing as was his humility, he was not insensible to the value of a high reputation, and therefore cautiously guarded against the risk of diminishing his usefulness among certain classes of readers, by consigning any production to the world that had not been thoroughly subjected to the *labor limæ*. Hence the extreme slowness with which he composed for the press; writing, improving, rejecting the improvement, seeking another, rejecting it, re-casting whole sentences and pages, often recurring precisely to the original phraseology, and still oftener repenting when it was too late, that he had not done so." This uncommon scrupulosity is apparent in all his discourses prepared for the press. The labor required *thus* to finish them, may seem to many unnecessarily severe. But the fruit of it is some of the most elegant and highly finished discourses ever given to the world. Take the sermon on "Modern Infidelity," the one entitled "Reflections on War," that on the "Discouragements and Supports of the Christian Minister," and that on the "Death of the Princess Charlotte," the most exquisitely finished, perhaps, of all his discourses, and where shall we find, in the compass of the English language, as many sermons, the product of one mind, that in respect to composition, to say nothing of

other and higher qualities, may be said fairly to rival them? The compositions of Mr. Hall have been placed by one of his warmest admirers even higher than those of Addison, in respect to the purity of their diction and exquisiteness of their finish. It may be so. But no candid admirer, however ardent, will refuse to admit, that this very nicety of elaboration is a serious blemish, compared with the easy, graceful flow of the sentences of the latter, who had no horror of ending his periods with an insignificant word, when he found it desirable. Unlike Mr. Hall, he chose to retain the easy and the natural in his style, even at the sacrifice of the sonorous. If he lost anything in this way in dignity, as he certainly lost little in elegance, he made amends for it in increased strength. The general effect of Mr. Hall's sentences would be greatly enhanced, if their formality and stateliness were somewhat abated—were they formed a little more after the Addisonian model. We grow weary in tracing from page to page so unbroken a succession of elaborately rounded periods. The very monotony of so stately a style leads us to sigh for something more unstudied—so that after reading one of his discourses, magnificent though it be, we turn to one by Atterbury or Leighton, feeling the same kind of relief by the transition,

that would be felt in passing from the highly-wrought pages of Gibbon to those of Robertson or Hume.

The style of Chalmers, great and glaring as its faults are, is certainly less objectionable on the score of excessive nicety of finish. If Hall erred in bestowing too much pains upon his sentences, he errs as manifestly, and a good deal less excusably, in bestowing too little. As respects the elements of a good style, the latter will bear no comparison with the former. It has features, however, marked and peculiar to itself. In fact, it is a style as completely *sui generis* as any that we have ever met. Given anonymously, a dozen sentences taken at random from any of his sermons, to a person at all familiar with what he has written, and he must be a bungler indeed, if he fail to identify their author. There is the exuberance of words bearing a slight proportion to the ideas which they embody. There is the same idea repeated, turned round again and again, and presented at each successive turn, like the ever-varying images in the kaleidoscope—to use Mr. Hall's expressive simile—under a new and beautiful form. There is a “rhetorical march, a sonorous pomp, a showy sameness,” faults which cannot be imputed to the style of the other. The words are

not always the most happily chosen. Words indeed occur, whose use it would be hard to justify on any principles of rhetorical propriety or correct taste. Fantastic, uncouth words, downright Chalmerisms, meet us not unfrequently, to many of which, however, as in Carlyle's very dissimilar phraseology, we cannot refuse to yield the credit of possessing extreme aptitude and force. A whole page and more the reader is forced to struggle over, sometimes, before he reaches the breathing-place of a full pause. From all which we infer, though we remember not to have seen it stated authoritatively, that, like his gifted countryman, Sir Walter Scott, his habit was to write *currente calamo*, with extreme rapidity, and that what was thus written was seldom destined to be re-written, or even subjected to a very searching revision. Be this as it may, the sentences so abound with redundancies, that the aid of the pruning-knife must have been very sparingly applied. A moiety of the pains expended on the compositions of Mr. Hall, had made them immeasurably fitter for the public eye.

Yet his style, with all its defects, has an indefinable attraction. There is about it a glow, a richness of coloring, a frequent happy combination of words, a copiousness of diction, and above all an

aspect of intense earnestness, which taken altogether, force us to follow it with interest and pleasure. We remember no instance in any other preacher, where the glow of earnestness that lit up the eye of the orator is so happily transferred to paper in "words that burn," and communicated to the mind and heart of the reader. And we will venture to declare—though the confession may stamp us as sadly deficient in taste and judgment—that when disposed to devote an hour or so to the reading of sermons, we feel strongly inclined to give Chalmers the preference to Hall. Mr. Foster remarks, in his criticism on Blair's sermons, that when about to peruse a sermon, the reader turns instinctively to the end, to see the number of pages it contains. If this remark be just, and he appeals to each reader's experience for the truth of it, nothing will be found in the number of pages in Chalmers's discourses to startle him, which cannot always be said in regard to those of Hall. Mr. Hazlitt assures us that he read the entire series of "Astronomical Discourses" through, with unflagging interest and at a single sitting. Many readers will bear a similar testimony, as the result of their own experience. But we doubt greatly whether any reader ever achieved a similar number of Hall's discourses with similar perse-

verance, or would have done so had the number of pages been nearly equal in both. We take up a volume of Chalmers on miscellaneous subjects now, and such is the splendor of the diction, the play of the fancy, the felicitousness of illustration, the animation and energy that pervade the breathing pages, that we feel borne along, as on the bosom of some resistless torrent, that, disdainful of all obstacles, rushes along to disembody itself, until, before our interest flags or our attention grows weary, sermon after sermon has been begun and ended. It is easy, indeed, to criticise a style like this; to point out particular faults and blemishes; but where an effect of this kind is produced, so superior to that ordinarily produced by the most admired writings of this sort—there must be merit of a high and commanding kind. The particular defects are merged and lost in the general blaze of excellence.

Such being the general features of their style, any comparison between them, in respect to condensation of thought, must result greatly to the advantage of Mr. Hall. We have read writings more unsparingly pruned than his of everything redundant, where the thoughts of the writer were expressed, and completely expressed, without the least obscurity or ambiguity, and at the same time without the least at-

tention paid to ornament. "Butler's Analogy" may be cited as an example, a model work of this sort of composition, where language is used for no other purpose than simply to convey thought. But while Mr. Hall falls far short of him in this respect, as every writer must who pays so much attention to the structure of his sentences, it must be conceded that he has very high merit in this respect. Rarely, indeed, may a sentence be found which would be bettered by being pared, or in which the vigor of the thought is sacrificed to the beauty of the language. In a style so ornate, this is indeed wonderful. Each thought is fitly, fully, and energetically, as well as beautifully expressed. This is owing in part to his evident mastery over language. Not the slaves of the lamp in the Eastern tale were more obsequious to their master's will. It comes at his call and performs his bidding, which is, not to divert attention, by its glare or splendor, from barren thought, but to act as the most proper medium for conveying thought that is really solid and profound. We are acquainted with no modern divine in whose writings what is massive and precious is blended in such just proportions with what is ornamental. So that we hardly know which most to admire in his discourses, the vigor and compactness of the thoughts, or the

sparkling and beautiful medium through which they are conveyed.

His immeasurable superiority to Chalmers, in respect to conciseness, may be strikingly seen by bringing together the sermon of each on the death of the Princess Charlotte. That of Dr. Chalmers was written, as he tells us, under circumstances which precluded even the ordinary amount of care in its preparation, and therefore is not to be regarded as a fair sample of his powers. Mr. Hall's, on the contrary, bears internal evidence of having received the most scrupulous attention before it was given to the world. It is, in truth, a master-piece, sufficient in itself to stamp immortality upon its author. Bring the two together, though for the reasons stated the comparison is hardly fair, and the degree of merit possessed by each in respect to condensation will be apparent. Few contrasts can be stronger than that between the diffusiveness of the one, and the compactness of the other. We rise from the perusal of the one with a feeling very like mortification, certainly disappointment, in our expectations of what the occasion and the man should have produced—from that of the other, with the impression that no great occasion, like that which shrouded a nation in mourning, was ever improved by a more solemn,

dignified, and weighty religious service; one calculated to produce a more salutary and lasting influence upon all classes of society.

Both these great preachers possess rare merit in the conduct of their discourses. Mr. Hall's subject has evidently taken full possession of his mind, is broadly delineated there, in all its harmonious proportions, before he gives it expression. In the discussion of it, he presents for the most part two or three points, the dependence of which is clear, and leading to the most obvious conclusions. These are sometimes divided into subordinate branches, but the *unique* of the argument is so preserved, that the mind of hearer or reader is in no danger of being distracted by a multiplicity of topics, some of which seem no way related to each other. This is the fault of many of the old divines—and truth to say, some modern ones have not escaped it—of crowding a multitude of topics, some of them irrelevant or far-fetched, into a single discourse, as though its excellence must be in exact proportion to the number of points embraced. We greatly admire the ingenuity displayed by many of these fathers and great men in the Church in their pulpit exertations, but we cannot fail to remember that their hearers were but men; that the memory of ordinary mortals is not

infinitely retentive; that what is not retained, is no better than a waste of labor and of words—*vox sparsa in auris*—that, in short, to bewilder the mind, by placing too many good things before it, can scarcely be expected to nourish it more, than the various delicacies of the table can the body which they fill to repletion. Two or three, or even four points, seem sufficient, without many subdivisions, for the most part, for the discussion of any single topic that may task the preacher's powers, at least on any single occasion. The most admired sermonizers seldom, it will be found, have taken more. Mr. Hall found these sufficient to give form and expression to the most brilliant and elaborate of his discourses. Dr. Chalmers employs, for the most part, fewer still. In each discourse he has a single point that he desires to illustrate and enforce. In most of his sermons, not more than two formal divisions will be found. The leading topic of his discourse is brought out again and again, is held up to view in various attractive and striking forms, is presented with a clearness and urged home with a power, that force the most unobservant to apprehend it, and the most stolid to feel. For giving to each sermon a broad individuality, for so distinguishing from all others his one grand idea, illustrated by the greatest variety of

other ideas and images, all tending to fix his conclusions firmly in the mind, he has no superior, and we know of no man that may be fairly called his equal. This has been called a great defect. "His mind turns as on a pivot," it has been said; "there is revolution without progress." We could never feel the force of this criticism. For as *we* have followed him, we have found light dawn upon and conviction fastened on us, as in each revolution we have met the constant evidence of progress. There is revolution, but it is that of the wheels of an ocean steamer, each one of which, in spite of wind and waves, urges the vessel nearer to the destined port. The very amplification of his theme, the repetition of the same idea, has the effect in his case of impressing that idea with a force which nothing can resist or evade.

The propriety of using written sermons in the pulpit, a question on which much breath has been spent and some paper wasted, may not be thought too trivial to receive a little attention in connexion with the distinguished subjects of this very imperfect sketch. Mr. Hall, it is well known, never used them. While Dr. Chalmers read so closely that his left hand was for the most part useless as an aid to gesture, the fore-finger of it being employed in tracing the lines of his manuscript. Nothing appears

to us more absurd and puerile than sober controversy about the use or disuse of notes, as a matter of propriety or duty. It were no doubt well, if all preachers had the faculty of addressing their fellow-men with point and effect without the use of the manuscript. We find no trouble in conceding this to have been the apostolic mode, and that for obvious reasons. But we hold the prejudice against them in certain quarters to be as stupid as it is ridiculous. If we look at the subjects which the preacher is expected to discuss Sunday after Sunday, we shall see at once how widely different their character is from that of most subjects on which men are in the habit of speaking fluently, without writing or reading their discourses. Take the advocate, for example. He has his facts drawn from testimony, something palpable and tangible, which he makes the basis of his speech, and to which he is obliged constantly, in the course of it, to appeal. There are circumstances about each individual case, which invest it with more or less of interest, enough generally to secure attention for the advocate, if he only plead with tolerable ability, to the facts which have been elicited. It requires no very commanding power of intellect to do this. In fact, practice may soon render the *mediocer*, if he possess judgment, expert in

arranging his evidence, and making only from his briefs a speech of respectable argumentative power. Aided in this way by facts, which appeal to the outward senses of men, one of the first difficulties which the preacher has to encounter, that of securing attention, has been met and vanquished. The subjects presented by the preacher are more of a didactic than of a practical character. He must secure attention to them, if he get it at all, not by appealing to matters of personal knowledge and every-day experience, but to those which rest on faith, and are beyond the reach of the outward senses. Besides, he has not, as the advocate has, a new array of arguments and facts applicable to each successive case, and no other, and possessing, on this account, the force of novelty. The very iteration of subjects, removed as their character is from matters with which men are experimentally conversant, begets familiarity, and thus insensibility, so that the attention becomes more and more languid. Hence, to overcome this inattention is the preacher's great aim. To do it, and retain a hold upon his hearers, it is necessary to prepare his pulpit utterances with the utmost care—to make amends for the lack of tangible facts by the wide variety of topics that he enlists in the service of truth. Far greater pains and skill are

requisite to interest an audience on the Sabbath-day, than the advocate finds necessary to interest his. And he whose preparation best effects a result so desirable and important, is the workman who has the least cause to be ashamed.

Now we are far from saying that this variety is inseparable from writing out discourses for the pulpit. We know there are minds so constituted as to be able to prepare for the pulpit with as great fulness and accuracy by dint of the mental operation, as by the use of paper. There are some who prefer this mode of preparation to any other, and whose attempts to preach from written notes would be a sad failure. This was the case with Mr. Hall. His power of abstraction, by virtue of which he could shut himself out from all surrounding objects, and pursue his theme uninterruptedly till he had mastered it, adjusting not simply the general train and current of remarks, but the very sentences and words in their proper places, is one of the most extraordinary features of his mind. It cost him not only labor, but pain, literally, to commit his thoughts to paper. He had been a Samson short of his strength, had he been forced to the manuscript as the medium of addressing an audience. But of Dr. Chalmers the reverse was true. He chose to write his preparations,

and to give them from the paper. Had he been forced to throw his paper aside, and rely upon his mental laboratory, as the other did, we will not say that his failure would have been ignominious—but we have not a doubt that there would have been a sad falling-off in the overwhelming energy that so remarkably distinguished him. There is no Procrustean bed to which a preacher should perforce be fitted. That mode in which he can prepare best and preach most effectively, *is* best. They who can elaborate their theme maturely, and produce most impression without notes, or who discard them out of choice, for reasons satisfactory to themselves, are certainly wise in doing so. While they who possess no enviable gift of abstraction, or who, after writing their discourses, are unable or unwilling to commit them to memory, or who have not the gift of preaching well from analysis, and will not, by frequent extemporaneous speech, incur the risk of having their discourses degenerate into jejune common-places—a Scylla on which many an anti-note man has fatally struck—should certainly be permitted to choose that mode by which they can most effectively set forth God's counsel before men. If Chalmers be worth anything as an example, it must be confessed that a man *may preach*, even though he *read*. An ac-

quaintance with the practice in this respect of the most *noted* divines, both at home and abroad, will go far to conduct us to the same conclusion.

But we must close. The world will look upon the faces and hear the voices of these eloquent great men no more. The mighty leveller consigns to the worm the strong man equally with the feeblest. We mourn as we witness the sad effect of his doings. We exclaim, "How are the mighty fallen," in accents of bitterness that would seem to proclaim our conviction that such men lost to the Church, all is lost. But the ark is safe, though the strongest arms that upheld it are paralysed. The Church and the Truth live on just the same, though the brightest ornaments of the one and the ablest defenders of the other, fall into the grave. God identifies not the prosperity of Zion with the labors or the life of particular individuals, however distinguished and important may have been their services in its behalf. He condescends to employ such men, as he does humbler ones, to accomplish his designs. When their work is done, *He* still liveth, to preside over the affairs of the world, and of the Church especially—to guard his heritage—to raise up the proper persons to defend it—to infuse light into their mind and strength into their arm.

Nor may the men to whom this work is in great

part intrusted—the “ministers of his who do his pleasure”—sigh in despondency, as they remember how feeble is *their* strength, compared with that of those whose talents and eloquence the world have honored. We have our mission to fulfil as well as the most rarely-gifted preachers who have ever attracted the admiration of mankind. If the five talents have been withheld from us, we will not be required to account for five. We are answerable only for the improvement of that which has been given us, be it less or more. To improve this gift well, is to fulfil our mission well. While to such truly great men as those who have been before us, the worthy tribute of a world-wide esteem and applause is accorded, a time is coming when the distinctions of eternity will swallow up all minor ones—when to the humblest laborer in the Master’s vineyard who has done what he could in the noblest of services, improving his single talent, if only honored with one, with all diligence and sincerity, as beneath the Master’s eye, will be awarded this decisive and ever-abiding title to distinction, “Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord.”

THE REFUGE FROM THE PESTILENCE, AND THE DUTIES OF THE SAVED.

(A Sermon on the Disappearance of the Cholera, Oct. 1849.)

"I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress—my God—in Him will I trust. Surely He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler and from the noisome pestilence."

PSALM xci. 2 3.

THE summer now past and a part of the fall, have together formed a season which will be memorable in the history of the country, as the season of 1832 is memorable from a similar cause. God has again been abroad in the land, by the presence of one of those dire scourges which He so often makes the ministers of his wrath—to execute deserved punishment upon nations that grow forgetful of his laws and of his claims. The season has been one of fear and gloom, of sadness and mourning. Those communities more particularly which have felt the shock of the pestilence,—where it has enrolled among its victims many, who a few months ago were rejoicing in firm health

and fair prospects, as we now rejoice, have been most affected by this gloom, this sadness, and these fears. But the whole land has had reason to share these feelings, for where a scourge is abroad so fatal and undistinguishing as the cholera; where places remote from each other were found liable to be simultaneously attacked, and from no traceable cause; where no quarter of the country, no district, no city, no town, no village, has been able to count upon absolute immunity; and where, even to those who remained in apparent safety, the constant tidings were borne of the sufferings of other places and the anguish of other homes,—it were almost impossible for any heart of sensibility not to have trembled and mourned, on account of the ravages of so terrible and un pitying a foe. While in the midst of a community where the death-strokes fast and heavy, have actually fallen, as they have in our own,* not to have felt any dread at the mighty power of God, which was so impressively displayed, or any grief for the bereavement and sorrows of others, would argue a heart so cold and unfeeling, as to be beyond the reach of the softer emotions.

* Some sixty deaths occurring in the place of the speaker's residence, Sangerties, N. Y., from this fearful visitant, out of a population of 3,000 souls, exhibit a degree of mortality without many parallels in the land.

Such stolid insensibility, I trust, has occupied its icy throne in the bosoms of very few. It may be safely assumed, I hope, that all of you at least have shared in the sober and pensive feelings of which I have spoken—feelings creditable to our humanity, and showing that man is not utterly abandoned. Many graves have opened in the midst of us since the summer dawned. Many are lying there, the cold and still dwellers of these narrow houses, who looked with gladness as we did, upon the opening buds and flowers of the spring, who inhaled with us the sweet perfumes of the fresh season, who hoped to see and gather the fruits of autumn, and enjoy them in the winter. But alas!—the promise of their spring, like that of many an early frost-nipped flower, is blasted for ever. And so all over the land. The newly closed and crowded graves near at hand which glare upon the passer-by, repeat the same story that is told by the graves heaped during the season, in a thousand other localities; and that story is the blasting of human hopes with human life, by the hand of this destroyer. It is a sad story and fruitful, if its lessons be rightly heeded. I purpose this morning to ask you to attend with me, to some considerations connected with this subject, to revolve some of the sentiments which we should entertain in view of the

painful dispensations of Providence, during the season past, and in view of our having survived, through the Divine Mercy, those blows, before which so many of our fellow beings, both here and elsewhere, have fallen.

We have reason to congratulate one another that we are alive to-day—that we have not fallen suddenly before this “noisome pestilence.”

Though we may cherish the hope that, had death stricken some of us, we should have met him not unprepared for an exchange of worlds—though our individual departure as Christians falling asleep in Jesus had been a transition from a world of misery to one of joy—yet we seldom rise so far above the world’s attractions as to be careless of life, or as to wish for death. It requires the very highest pitch of spirituality and deadness to the world to enable us to soar with the apostle above sense and sight, and respond to his heart-desire *to depart and be with Christ, which is far better*. We wish to linger still among our friends—to rejoice in the endearments of family and home—to preserve the pleasant associations of various kinds which we have formed—and to be useful to our kindred, the Church, and Society. We desire to live longer, lest perchance our work, if it should cease now, may be found unfinished—we desire to

live that we may *recover strength before we go hence, and be upon the earth no more.* And we desire to live that we may spare for awhile yet the pangs of those who survive us, who love us, and who, by our departure, may be thrown unprotected and helpless upon the cold charities of the world.

Call not this love of life that is so strong within us, the evidence of a feeble piety, or a too powerful attachment to a world that is not our "*abiding place,*" in which we are *but pilgrims and sojourners, as all our fathers were.* Call it rather the evidence of the strength of mortal infirmity—of the imperfections of a heart whose native corruptions lead it to vibrate between earth and heaven, and which grace alone can wean, as we trust it is gradually weaning it from all that is grovelling and base.

The joy at our preservation should be proportioned to the tenacious hold we have on life. And thus even to the Christian who relies with unfaltering trust and tenderness upon the merits of his Lord, is it a source of heartfelt satisfaction that the storm of the pestilence has swept by, and he is not numbered among its victims. But far more should the worldly man rejoice, whose hope is confined to the present, that his span of life and season of mercy have not been suddenly interrupted together by the bursting

storm. In addition to all the considerations just presented, which render life sweet even to the pardoned child, there are in his case the vastly significant ones of an offended Father to be reconciled, a long neglected Saviour to be sought and found,—the inveterate habits and experiences of a rebel's mind and career to be supplanted by those springing from the life of God in the soul. Well may intense congratulations be exchanged by this large and interesting class of worshippers that they are "yet alive" to-day—that while the arrows of *the pestilence that walketh in darkness* have been falling thick and fatally on every side, and the groans of the stricken have blended with the wails of the bereaved, the Lord has been their "Refuge and their Fortress," and has not suffered the plague to invade their dwelling. Exemption from the rough sundering of the closest ties which unite heart to heart, is, I am sure, a theme of profound rejoicing to Christian hearts this day. Exemption from the doom of those who die unwashed of sin, and the prospect that many days of healthy life will furnish and repeat many opportunities for wandering sinners to return, should expand and overwhelm the impenitent bosom with a far livelier joy.

2. *Mere joy at our escape from death were barren*

and contemptible indeed, if dissevered from a sentiment of profound awe of the Supreme Ruler's might and majesty, and of profound gratitude to Him whose mercy has been our "shield and buckler."

God sends the pestilence. The Scriptures expressly assert it. And if they did not, the knowledge they give us of God and of nature, constrains the belief that it could not be otherwise. Who but the God of nature can control and impel nature throughout all her departments—that great and mighty Lord, *who covereth himself with light as with a garment—who hath stretched abroad the heavens like a curtain—who has laid the beams of his chambers in the waters—who maketh the clouds his chariot, and rides upon the wings of the wind—who maketh his angels spirits, his ministers a flaming fire!* Yes, the flaming fire, and the rolling waves, and the raging winds—all the elements of nature are under his control, are thrown into commotion or lulled into repose at his command. When he utters his voice the earth quakes and groans, and the mighty city with its swarming population is swallowed up—the horrid fire from subterranean caverns is belched forth to appal the stoutest heart, and overwhelm the habitations of men—the fierce tornado tears along its impetuous way—the ocean lashes itself into fury, now sending the affright-

ed mariner to the clouds, and anon plunging him into the yawning abyss—the sands of the desert arise, follow the tracks of the trembling traveller, or hurl themselves upon the shrinking caravan, burying man and beast indiscriminately in the most horrible of graves. The simoom's poisonous breath sweeps by, and the poor wanderer in the desert who inhales it falls and dies. And the "noisome pestilence" too, *the destruction that wasteth at noonday*, comes forth from its lurking-place at its Master's nod, and rushes from point to point, horror and havoc attending it, to execute its mission, whether of wrath, of warning, or of woe.

O God! how great and terrible art thou! How vast thy power, how awful thy majesty, as seen simply in the elements, when thy voice rouses them into rage! *Who can stand before thee when thy wrath is kindled but a little*—when thou goest forth to judge and smite the lands! Worms that we are and not men, when measured by thine infinite grandeur, may the depth of our humility and the earnestness of our adoration show that we have some sense of our insignificance, and of the amazing mercy which still suffers such feeble dying things to crawl.

And "the sacred seals that bind the pestilence" have been broken by His hands. His voice has bid-

den it to go, and it is gone—to smite, and it has smitten—to cease, and the bloody sword has been returned to its scabbard. What fearful effects, alas! have attested the severity of the visitation. What hopes have been blasted—what homes have been made desolate—what pangs of body have been endured—what countless hearts have been wrung, and what weeds rest and will long rest upon many a sorely stricken mourner, who, with bowed head, refuses, like Rachel, to be comforted, because the loved are not. But *let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of him.* It is His hand, and let survivors fear Him. Though some have been taken, the many have been left. It is the divine mercy which has kept the fatal strokes from falling still more thickly. But for the divine forbearance, the wail of anguish had risen from every household in the land, as it did in Egypt, *when there was not a house where there was not one dead.* What is any *man whose breath is in his nostrils*, that the plague should put a difference between him and others who have perished like the moth before it? While we bow, therefore, before the majesty of Him *whose way is in the sea*, and who does according to his good pleasure *among the inhabitants of the earth*—let the full hearts of the spared pour the tribute of gratitude to Him who has been

their "refuge and fortress" in the hour of danger—who rebuked the "noisome pestilence" which threatened to devour, saying, as he encircled our bosoms with his arm of love, *hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther*. How rapturous the song of Moses as he looked back upon the tranquil waters which covered the baffled and death-struck foe, and how fitly at this time may our hearts respond to its majestic opening sentiment of gratitude and praise, *The Lord is my strength and song, and He is become my salvation*.

But the God-sent pestilence has not come and smitten without a purpose. The ministers of justice or of wrath draw not the sword for naught.

What that purpose is, in so many words it were presumptuous for man to say. So ignorant are we of the secret counsels and designs of the Almighty, that we must shrink from expressing a decided judgment upon the design of those developments of Providence which are transpiring around us, except in cases where all uncertainty is removed by express revelation. This is not granted us in the case of that pestilence which having pursued its strange erratic course in various countries of the old world, victims, like the falling leaves of autumn, everywhere strewing its path, has again found on our shores the theatre of its unequal warfare and dire victories. Who shall

declare the specific purpose of the spoiler's approach and devastations? Who can enter the council chamber of the infinite and learn it there? *Man is of yesterday, and knows nothing*, and least of all of the *secret things that belong unto the Lord our God*.

One purpose, however, of sending forth the ministers of destruction may be assigned without hesitation, for it is one which again and again, as revelation assures us, has caused the axe of judgment to be wielded and laid vigorously at the root of the tree of guilt and folly. *It is to rebuke and punish sin.*—Sin, which drowned a world, brought the devouring tempest of fire and brimstone upon the guilty cities of the plain—caused the avenging sword to drink the blood of so many nations of antiquity whose calamities stand out upon the pages of Scripture, as beacons to warn us of their fate and bid us beware how we follow in their footsteps of rebellion—upheaved the foundations of mighty cities and empires—brought angels down on anxious messages to men—and caused the wasting pestilence to be sent forth to proclaim that God and his laws are holy, and the sinner vile and his rebellion odious, ever inviting the full contents of *the cup of the Lord's right hand*.

And are our sins, whether national or individual, so much fewer in number and smaller in bulk than

those of the Jews, as to exempt us, on the score of *merit*, from those special heaven-sent inflictions, by which they were so often scourged into obedience? Are we more grateful to God for his distinguishing mercies than they—more habitually impressed with the sense of his overshadowing presence and power, less prone to lapse into rebellion—more pleased with his service, more anxious for his glory? Who will rise up and say, that we deserve more favor and less punishment than the covenant people of old? Rather let us say, as we certainly shall, if we know ourselves, “let the rod fall, we deserve its strokes,”—and were they to come tenfold thicker and heavier than they have fallen, we should still be, and must ever be, insolvent debtors to the Divine forbearance.

Though the punishment of sin has been chiefly or in part the purpose for which the plague-storm has been sent, it is certain that we—no worthier than many who have not escaped—have escaped it. And for what? May we not humbly seek the purpose for which we are suffered in health this day to look around upon the graves of the fallen, feeling that no evil has overtaken us, because the Most High has been our refuge and defence? Those undeserved dispensations or interpositions which save man from impending calamity or death, are at once the evidence

and effect of the divine love and mercy. Life redeemed from the grave, is the continuance of the opportunity of its being saved for ever. When the tree is not cut down, it is suffered to stand that it may peradventure bear fruit. May we not therefore call God's purpose in saving man from the pestilence to be, that the reckless rebel may profit to his own salvation, by the deeply solemn and affecting lessons springing from the divine judgments? And more than this, that not the dead in sins alone may be made alive, but that a languid faith and love and zeal may be stimulated in Christian bosoms, and that the sear and drooping graces of a formal piety may be made to bloom afresh? Among the lessons which should be graven as with a pen of iron on the heart, may be mentioned these.

That God now demands the life consecration of the spared. It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God. But for the mercy which has saved you alive amid the havoc of the plague, ye men of perverse minds, the awful experience of these words would now be yours. No more shall the accents of invitation to the cross, the soft murmurs of the streams flowing from the Fountain of Life, fall upon the ears of the many who have gone down quickly to their graves. Their work here is done, whether well or ill.

No space in the spirit-land whither they have gone, can be found to repair what was wrong, to complete what was unfinished. But to the living, the voice both of entreaty and command speaks. The body and soul are the property of Christ. They have been bought with the costliest sacrifice, whose savor has ever reached the skies. The noblest powers and services of human hearts and lives are his, and should now be devoted to Him, who claims them as the reward of His agonies. No life, indeed, is long enough to pay the vast debt which each soul owes, but no point of time is too early to begin its acknowledgment. The divine entreaty and command unite to enforce the spared sinner's attention to the worth and importance of the eventful present. *Now is the accepted time*—the future is veiled in darkness and doubt. Though the plague has spared, scores of diseases which may not spare, wait to stop the heart's pulsations. The stroke from any of these is as decisive, and may be as sudden, as from the hand of the noisome pestilence. The voice from heaven, in the light of all these considerations, thus speaks :—

“ Let the time past of your lives suffice you to have wrought the will of the Gentiles, and no longer live the rest of your time in the flesh, to the lusts of men,

but to the will of God." Oh, may you hear and heed this earnest, loving voice!

If, after hearing what God the Lord has spoken, you turn again to folly, abuse his sparing mercy and provoke his wrath, the guilt will be greater, and the blow soon to fall, heavier.

Look at Pharaoh. Each plague sent upon the land produced apparent recognition of God and humility of spirit, which vanished with the removal of its cause, leaving his heart flintier than before. Mere contempt and insensibility rose into defiance and mad opposition, which ended only with his decisive and terrible overthrow. Trace the chosen of God themselves after their signal exodus, through the successive degrees of ignoble fear and doubt, of unmanly lamentation, of faithless murmuring, of brutish idolatry, of foul fornication, of God-defying crimes without a name—their carcasses strewing the devious path of their wanderings, two only of the liberated host escaping the horrors of the way, and pressing the soil of the promised land. Well might the apostle propose these things as *examples written for our admonition*. The heart relenting under affliction and hardening under its removal, becomes, through each process of this kind, less liable to relent than before. It is a *treasuring up of wrath against*

the day of wrath, to despise, when the calm returns, the terrors and resolves which the storm inspired. The whole magazine of nature, full of fatal maladies, is under the control of Him who sends and who recalls the pestilence. The least feared and most despised disease, if He command, quenches the eye's light, and consigns man over to the worm. Let the stiff-necked beware. *If he turn not, He will whet his sword; He hath bent his bow and made it ready. He, that being often reprov'd, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.*

Nor will the lessons inculcated by the recent visitation have their perfect work if they fail to kindle in Christian bosoms a spirit of confession, of thanksgiving, of zeal, and of trust.

Of Confession. When the royal mourner bowed himself in the dust before a wronged Father, pouring forth from the depths of heart-feeling the tenderest and noblest strains of penitential devotion that mortal lips ever uttered, how fragrant may we not suppose the sacrifices of his broken spirit to have been.

And though our crimes may not appear to have been so great, because not so glaring—they are surely great enough to prompt, day by day, the like manifestation of profound sorrow. We have sinned, and deserved the Almighty's wrath. Our coldness,

and wretched formality, and barrenness of the fruits of the Spirit, and conformity to the world which is our worst foe, and love for its applauses, are enough to have brought the sword out of its scabbard to smite the land. Shall we not humble ourselves before the powerful hand that has lain so heavily upon us, and with true penitence confess the sins and shortcomings which may have clamored long and loudly for punishment, ere punishment came? Had the mighty scourge smitten the land and its inhabitants precisely according to their deserts, could any of us have escaped with our lives? *If thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquities, O Lord, who could stand?* We are spared, not because we have no sin, nor because it is not great enough for punishment, but because the Infinite mercy is a hundred fold greater than our greatest guilt.

Of Thanksgiving. A thankful spirit should accompany and illustrate a contrite one. In the worst extremity, when sorest troubles press, there is room for its exercise. David, in his "great strait," had cause to thank and praise God, and did it. Job blessed the name of the Lord even when the rolling tide of his fast-falling sorrows seemed mighty enough to overwhelm, for the time at least, every sentiment of devotion. And since the insatiate pestilence has

simply slain its thousands where it might have slain its tens of thousands, the thankful spirit should display itself with peculiar vivacity. When the sword was waving over the land and falling in fury upon thousands, there was mercy to make us thankful; now that the calamity is overpast, and we are saved, there is mercy to make us thankful; and thankful should we be, when we reflect that the number of the slain bears but a small proportion to the multitudes that survive. Nor can our feelings more appropriately express themselves than in the sweet language of one who was often exposed to death and danger, and as often saved: "*Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name, who redeemeth my life from destruction—who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies.*"

A spirit of zeal and life consecration, longing to love our Deliverer more, and to serve him better, should warm every heart.

Zeal, to be stronger and more effective, requires not the display of sudden and spasmodic exertions to prove its increased earnestness or depth. These, like the mountain torrent, chafing and raging for a time, and then seen no more, will quickly exhaust themselves, leaving the channel dry. It should rather resemble the river fed by unseen, far-off springs, calmly

and ceaselessly rolling, with an ever-widening and deepening current, till it mingles with the mighty deep. Such a zeal, purified by love and directed by knowledge, was that which the greatest of the apostles had, and which he exemplified to the close of his heroic course. Its lustre was heightened and its strength proved, by all the dangers, hardships, and trials, which signalized his illustrious ministry. Happy, if our zeal resemble his! If the rod that smites, instead of prompting discontent and reluctant obedience, quicken our footsteps in the path of duty—if the dangers which surround and the storms which blow, instead of disheartening, awaken new resolution to disdain the terrors of the way—to *forget the things which are behind and reach forth to the things which are before, and press towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.*

Finally, the spirit of Trust, implicit and unquestioning, should be ours.

They who make the Lord their refuge and fortress, are ever calm and ever safe. *They who trust in the Most High are like Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever.* The ways of the Lord are a "great deep." And though no great or useful purpose were apparent to us in the calamities he sends,

faith will certainly infer, from what is known of the nature of the Divine administration, that such purpose exists, though mortal eyes may not behold it. No sentiment deserves to be more deeply cherished in the Christian heart than this, that *the Judge of the whole earth can do no wrong*. While the men of the world, when dangers threaten, are often agitated with distressing fears, rush to vain refuges to shelter them from impending harm, or poorly disguise their uneasiness by a forced, indecorous levity, the Christian well knows in whom he trusts, and his eye, lifted towards "the hills," views the gathering clouds without dismay; nor can their bursting move him from his calmness, because they cannot move him from his firm foundation. The Father's will is the child's security and happiness; nor can any accumulation of horrors, resulting from the Divine dispensations, disturb the fervor of the sentiment—*it is the Lord, let him do what seemeth good to him*.

Nor is the future dark to the eye of such a trust. He who delivers once can deliver always. He who calmed the waves of Tiberias, can still the waves of doubt and terror whenever, or from whatever cause, they are thrown into agitation. *The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion and out of the paw of the bear, will deliver me out of the hand of*

the Philistine, said David, with a most intelligent and comprehensive trust. The form or pressure of danger or trial is indifferent, so long as the Lord is our helper. Though the pestilence should be poured periodically, and with increasing violence, upon the land, the result would be the same so far as calmness and courage on the part of the Christian are concerned,—and safety too, if He wills it, who hath said, *neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling*. And as with the pestilence, so with snares, dangers, and foes, of every form and name and degree—the same lofty Trust lifts the soul above the influence of their power or their rage. They may attack, but they cannot conquer; they may do their worst, but they can neither appal nor harm the sheltered one, *for thou, Lord, wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee. Therefore comfort one another with these words.*

INTEMPERANCE AND WAR.

WAR, Famine, and Pestilence! The direst words in our vocabulary, the bare utterance of which arrays before the mind repulsive pictures of wasting, wounds, mortal agony, death, and desolation, on a scale of terrific magnitude. It were not easy to decide as to which of this grim and remorseless trio is, in itself, the most deadly and appalling. Israel's offending king had his choice between them, but found himself in a "great strait;" unable to come to a decision, and glad to refer the matter to the All-Wise Disposer, content to bear meekly whichever He might inflict. On the whole, however, war must bear the palm on the score of greatest destructiveness. Its visitations are more frequent, and its sway more enduring. The theatre of its operations is wider, and its victims incomparably more numerous. Of the three scourges, war clearly is first, mightiest, deadliest. But there is a fourth evil, which, though not usually enrolled among the others, well deserves to rank with them. It is Intemperance. It has no early written records,

like the others, to set forth its frightful ravages, but an unwritten history it has, and of many bulky volumes too—every one of whose lines is traced in tears and blood, or like Ezekiel's vision-scroll "written within and without, with lamentations, mourning, and woe." It towers "in shape and stature proudly eminent," high above the highest, as a desolator of mankind. To make this appear is the purpose of the present parallel.

If we consider these evils in respect to the multitudes of victims falling before them, we shall find intemperance to be vastly the more destructive.

I say *falling before them*, designing, by the phrase, to limit the comparison to the present age, or at least to the latter ages of the world. It would be rash to assert, that in the earlier ages of the world strong drink has been more destructive than the sword. When drunkenness was produced simply by the use of wine, and before the disastrous ingenuity of modern times furnished to the world so great a variety of intoxicating drinks as now exist to curse the race, the number of deaths from this cause was doubtless far less than at present. Besides, no temperance societies having existed, no records or statistics having been preserved by which the mortality from drunkenness can be seen, it is impossible to draw a just comparison

between the ravages of intemperance and those of war in former times. War, however, has stained and defaced the annals of every age of the world. The records of its ravages have been carefully preserved. Each battle-field has its tale of glory and of woe. Many of the great battle-fields of antiquity, which ran red with human blood, are as familiar to us as the battle-fields of our revolutionary history. Hundreds of thousands, and these multiplied by hundreds of thousands more, have fallen in the countless sanguinary battles of ancient times. So frightful has the carnage been at various periods of time, such incredible multitudes have been offered up to the Moloch of war, that it has been estimated that no fewer than fourteen thousand millions* in all ages of the world, or a tenth part of all the inhabitants of the earth from its creation, have perished from this single cause.

Leaving antiquity, then, out of the question, we are at least competent to present and urge the comparison in reference to the present times. Take the last half century to serve as an example, and it can easily be shown that vastly more victims have been offered up at the shrines of intemperance than at

* See Dick's *Philosophy of Religion*.

those of war—that more bones of those who have lost life by its dire scourge, during this period, exist, than could be found were all the battle-fields of the last fifty years dug up, and their sad relics exposed to the gaze of the world.

Napoleon was appointed to the command of the army of Italy in 1796. From this period till the battle of Waterloo, in 1815, which closed his brilliant though bloody career, the most frightful scenes of carnage and destruction were enacted. His wars, from his rise to his fall, are said to be the direct or indirect cause of the loss of seven millions of human lives. With his downfall, wars in Europe have ceased, with a few inconsiderable exceptions, down to the present time.* So that if we adopt this estimate as probably near the truth, and add one million more as the number of lives lost by all the other wars of Europe since Waterloo, we shall have eight millions of lives sacrificed to the god of war during a period of fifty years.

Now, I profess not to be thoroughly acquainted with the statistics of intemperance in Europe during this period—but I think that an estimate may be formed upon this subject, which, whatever its literal

* Written in 1848.

inaccuracy, cannot fairly be chargeable with being placed too high. Nor should it be forgotten, that this period embracing the wars of Napoleon, is hardly a fair average of the havoc wrought by war for any given period for the same number of years—for no twenty years in modern history can furnish a parallel in scenes of blood and carnage to those which preceded the final defeat and downfall of this extraordinary man. But not to insist upon this circumstance, let the number of eight millions be taken as a reasonable estimate of lives destroyed by war for the period in question.

How many during the same time has intemperance destroyed? Europe contains a population of at least two hundred and twenty millions. Christian civilization prevails there for the most part, as well as in our own land—the use of intoxicating drinks prevails there as well as here, and in some parts of Europe even to a more lamentable extent. It is well known that for several years from thirty to forty thousand drunkards among us have gone down to drunkards' graves. Our population is twenty millions. When we were fifteen millions, the mortality from this cause was hardly less appalling in extent. Then, to be perfectly safe, let us suppose that instead of thirty thousand drunkards dying every year, as among us,

but half this number, but fifteen thousand, that is one drunkard to every thousand souls, have been cut down in Europe in the course of every year. This, out of the two hundred and twenty millions of Europe, would give two hundred and twenty thousand drunkards perishing every year, while for fifty years at the same low rate the number of victims would reach the awful sum total of eleven millions, or three millions more than were destroyed by war for the same period.

If, however, we raise the estimate as high as it is in our own country, it would appear that upwards of twenty-two millions had perished within fifty years. Nor is anything said in this estimate about the vices of children, and others whose deaths are wrought by the hands, or occasioned by the guilty practices of drunkards. Nothing is said about the various collateral evils springing from intemperance and causing death, although this matter is embodied in the other estimate touching the loss of life by wars. The frightful mortality is confined to the intemperate victims alone. If we should embrace *their* victims, how much longer and blacker would the awful catalogue become. Instead of twenty millions, fifty millions of deaths would hardly suffice to stand as the grand climacteric of mortality from this dire

cause. There can hardly be a doubt, that where the sword has caused or occasioned one death, strong drink has caused or occasioned *five*. So much for Europe. In the United States, where wars have been so unfrequent and vastly less bloody, the difference is proportionably greater, so broad and palpable indeed, that to indicate the fact without dwelling on it, is enough.

2. Intemperance is a worse evil than war, because more *continuous and lasting*.

War is an evil every way. Not only by the loss of life it occasions, and the woe and desolation which follow in its train, but by its enormous cost, and the mighty burdens it imposes upon nations. It is well for mankind that wars do not last always—that a stop is put to the “battles of the warrior.” Had Napoleon’s wars lasted till now, and been waged on the same wholesale scale, and in the same sanguinary spirit, Europe had been well nigh depopulated. Had our Revolutionary struggle continued till now, supposing such a thing possible, instead of twenty millions of population, we might number now perhaps as many thousands. The sword—blessed be God—does not devour for ever. The hurricane sweeps over the nation and is succeeded by the calm. And when the shock has been felt, and the time of rest from

war ensues—then may the battle-wearied nations recruit their exhausted energies. Then may a wise government devise measures to recover the crippled nation from the effects of the blows received. Then may an enlightened public spirit, and a stern industry, and an indomitable perseverance, uniting with the natural increase of population, bend their energies to the work of healing the nation's wounds, and, ere long, returning prosperity is seen to smile where these evils scathed and blasted.

The same with pestilence and famine. They strike heavily, when they strike, but the blow is not perpetually repeated. A whole province or country may pine and lament for bread as Ireland lately did. The mighty populous city may feel, through all its arteries, the awful shock of the "pestilence that walketh in darkness," as London did in the great plague of 1665, but, in both cases, though death, horror, and despair follow closely behind, by and by these grim destroyers, having as it were fully glutted themselves or wrought mischief enough, take their departure, and permit the stricken and surviving sufferers to recover from their anguish, and rejoice in prospect of exemption from similar calamities.

But the case with intemperance is different. The storm rages continually—without cessation or suc-

ceeding calm. In times of peace as well as war, its victims fall and its ravages extend. Its poisonous fountains are always open—always flowing—always supplying the thousand streams which roll over the land, carrying into every extremity of it wasting havoc and death. While war is passive, and ceases to molest and destroy at times, intemperance is active, and never pauses in its terrible work of inflicting wounds and desolation upon society. Like burning streams of lava poured forth from the crater of some volcano, for years and centuries together—like some brooding famine lying upon a land, not for a few months or a year at a time, but for a long and unlimited term of years—like the devouring pestilence raging, not for a season, but from year to year, with no prospect of ending its death-dealing career, intemperance pours its burning streams over the land and the world, with apparently no limit to the duration of its Reign of Terror. It is a perpetual war, a standing pestilence, an ever-devouring famine—stretching on its way from year to year, from age to age; a gigantic power of evil and ruin, wounded but not destroyed, struck down often by the well-aimed and well-meant blows of its adversaries, but rising again ever with renewed life and energy for fastening itself, like the old man of the sea in the

Eastern tale, upon the shoulders of men, so tenaciously, that the most earnest efforts seem insufficient to shake it off, and consigning its tens of thousands to an unhonored tomb, every time the earth performs its revolution round the sun.

There seems literally no discharge from this war of desolation: no stopping in the circuit of those horrid wheels, which, more bloody than those of Juggernaut, mangle and crush human bodies without number at every inch of their remorseless progress.

3. Intemperance is a greater evil than war, because it inflicts more actual hurt, suffering, and misery, both upon its victim and those connected with him.

As respects the drunkard. The death which he dies is for the most part a lingering one—a death protracted sometimes to ten, twenty, and even thirty years and upwards. Much of this period is filled up with bodily diseases, and especially mental pangs, arising from shame, remorse, and terror, and the disgrace and contempt he encounters from society—his worldly prospects blighted, and still more blighted the prospects of a future life. Let a man be once bitten by this serpent and stung by this adder, and his whole life, be it longer or shorter, is one of suffering and woe. The drunkard may seem a happy man indeed, while under the influence of his drink—but

when the fumes of his debauch have passed off, and the time of sober reflection comes, and conscience resumes the throne which rum had usurped—then is the hour of the heart's agony. Then the poor bosom feels the stings inflicted by the body's criminal excesses, and the mind, forced to turn round and round the dreadful subject which *will* be uppermost in it, finds reflection so insupportable, that the bowl is rushed to, to drown care and yield a transient oblivion of sorrow.

Do the victims of war suffer pangs fearful and lasting as these? I am not insensible to the privations, hardships, and sufferings of war—and God forbid that I should say one word to diminish the heart's horror of this practice and sympathy for its victims. But the soldier, supposing him to be a sober man—which he often is not—and supposing him to be engaged for years together in toilsome marches, and exposed to all the hardships incident to his calling, is yet a happy man compared with the drunkard. He is freed from that inward gnawing, which preys upon the guilty mind as well as body like a canker. He is often impressed with the justice of his cause—feels proud of carrying forward to victory his nation's standards, and is stimulated by the love of glory and sometimes of gain. So that when

the mighty struggle comes, he can stand up in the serried ranks of war, with erect countenance, and dauntless mien, and when the signal is given for the battle to close, can rush with an eye of fire and shout of enthusiasm up to the very cannon's mouth. If he falls and dies in battle, the bullet, or sword, or bayonet that pierces him, gives often but a momentary agony. He might compare his death with the lingering one of the drunkard, almost with words of triumph:

“ While gasp by gasp, he falters forth *his* soul,
Ours with one pang, one bound, escapes control.”

Even if wounded, maimed in limb, and so disabled as to be forced to drag out life in an enfeebled and shattered body, he has yet the recollection of his glory, and his country's gratitude and substantial rewards, to cheer his heart and solace the decline of his days. How enviable, therefore, in comparison, does the soldier's lot appear!

And more enviable still, if we regard the two in the light of family and other relationships. It is as honorable to die fighting for one's country, as to wear through life the badges of wounds and scars, gained in her defence. And amid starting tears of a whole family circle, copious gushing tears, drawn from

them by the intelligence that a much-loved member of it, a brother, a son, has fallen on a far-off battlefield, an emotion of pride, of gratified sensibility, would be felt at the farther announcement that the soldier fell gallantly doing his duty in the service of his country. Mothers and fathers, I may safely put the question to you. Which would you choose, were the alternative offered, forced upon you? To have a beloved son, in the vigor of his first manhood, enlist as a common soldier in the army of Mexico,* following his country's flag from point to point, enduring terrible hardship from heat, and thirst, and laborious marches, and hard fighting, and then falling bravely amid his foes, lying there, thrust through, mutilated, trampled upon, in his last gory bed; or have him remain at home, first sipping at the wine cup, then becoming fond of the sparkling joy, then spending the night-watches in carousing and dissipation, then giving unmistakable proofs that the lurking adder had stung him, the manly form decaying, the innocent open countenance of youth displaced by the glare of guilt or the dark scowl of malignant passions, the tottering gait, the stuttering speech, the bloated face, the shaking hands, and by and by, perhaps, the

* The war with this power was in progress at the time this paper was prepared.

ravings of the trembling delirium, the shrieks of mortal agony, and then the last mournful act in this tragedy—the grave closing over the remains of a drunkard? No right-minded parent would ever hesitate a moment “which of the two to choose.” Better, far better, for surviving friends to have a son and brother enlist, and fight, and die, in wars even from which no laurels might be gained—to die dishonored abroad—than perish step by step at home, beneath the eye of relations who are involved in the erring one’s disgrace, and by his folly and errors are pierced through with many sorrows.

4. Intemperance is the greater evil, because so sly, crafty, and insinuating in its character.

Look at war. Those who engage in it cannot fail to know that theirs is a business of great danger as well as hardship. An army must know, that when the actual conflict comes, no man is secure from frightful wounds or from sudden death. Each soldier, it is true, may hope that he shall escape unharmed, but he must know, that by the very chances of the fight, he is, perhaps, as likely to die as to live. So nations, when about to go into war, cannot be blind to the consequences which generally follow it. They know that each declaration of war will result, probably, in the loss of many valuable lives—and

that a great amount of human suffering and woe, and national treasure, and other losses, are well nigh inseparable from its prosecution. No government, therefore, save a bloodthirsty or imbecile one, with this fearful array before its eyes, and in an enlightened Christian age, *could*, we may certainly believe, precipitate its people into war, until every argument had been used, every expedient to maintain peace and prevent bloodshed exhausted—until, in fact, war had become unavoidable—a thing of stern, absolute necessity. And the reason is clear. War is an evil, open and above board; palpable as the sun in heaven. No muffled drum proclaims it. No recorder or dulcet Æolian harp breathes its name in tones so delicately soft as to deceive the senses which it charms; but the clarion's peal, the trumpet's clang, "the cannon's deafening roar," sound out its true character to the ends of the earth. All men and all nations know perfectly what it is, what evils follow in its train, what evils spring from it, what evils, but for it, had never existed. The alternative, therefore, is before them. To avoid war altogether, and by doing so, avoiding its evils; or rushing into it, and by doing so, encountering them. And the fact that these evils are so glaring, so clearly seen by all, is one grand reason why wars, frequent enough already,

have not been more frequent still, to scathe, and deface, and desolate the world.

Not thus openly, by the sun's light, are recruits raised to swell the army of intemperance. I grant you, that the effects of this blasting evil are palpable to every eye. No man who sees at all can fail to see them. But not to the drinker as he first commences the practice, as to the soldier enlisting for war, is there the same probability of receiving wounds or of perishing. The dangers that lurk in the wine cup are not seen by him who takes it for the first time, as the dangers of war appear to the thoughtful soldier, when he goes forth to battle with his country's foes. The incipient drunkard feels himself perfectly secure from hurt, though he must see all around him the fruits of drinking habits in others. There is not to him, as to the soldier, a *contingency* in prospect, of falling dying or wounded. He scouts all idea of danger. He regards the sparkling wine as his friend rather than his foe. No trumpet-tongued tones of caution startle him, or put him on his guard. Thus the very delusion he labors under, in respect to his safety, becomes the occasion of his fall. The wine cup is worse, more to be dreaded than the rattlesnake, which alarms before it strikes. Happy for the young man, about to raise the rosy wine to his

lips for the first time, could he hear the rattling sound warning him that he held a reptile in his hand—that he might be safe from its fangs by dashing the poisonous thing to the ground.

Hundreds and thousands of young men are, at this moment, sipping the wine-cup utterly unconscious of the least peril, who, ten or fifteen years hence, will be among the sots of the land, or among its unhonored dead. The reflection is an appalling one. It is because intemperance is so sly and insidious an evil, that it is so much more terrific and fatal than the other—for an open enemy is ever less to be dreaded than a secret one. In the one case, men see the horrible array, and prepare for the attack; in the other, surprise increases the effect of the unsuspected blow, and renders it often decisive and overwhelming.

5. Intemperance is a worse evil than the other, because harder to cure.

War is hard enough to cure, as the bitter experience of all ages can testify. It is a disease upon the body politic, which all the remedies of past generations have as yet failed to remove entirely. Whether a perfect cure is altogether practicable, is a problem which remains still to be solved. Prophecy, indeed, points to the period when the sword

shall be beaten into a pruning-hook, and nations shall cease from war—but this consummation remains still a prophetic one—a period to be looked, and waited, and prayed for, till God in his own good time and pleasure, bring it to pass. Though a perfect cure has not been wrought as yet, something, however, has been done towards it, some approximation towards a cure has, we fondly hope, been reached. The war spirit is less rampant than formerly. Sentiments in favor of peace have been gaining ground and taking root in the heart of the nations. The spirit of the Gospel in respect to bloodshed and strife is more extensively active and influential. A disposition to have peace and preserve it, to loathe war and to shun it, is, we will hope, exerting a noiseless but more wide-spread influence than before. Since the slaughter of Waterloo, the temple of Janus throughout the world, almost may be said to have been shut. With a few exceptions the nations have enjoyed a profound exemption from the horrid din and blood-curdling butcheries of war. And the aversion to breaking up this repose, to rushing into conflict, seems to be growing stronger and stronger—while the disposition to settle controversies between nations by negotiation, mediation, or convention, appears to be regarded

with increasing favor. This is right. This is a cheering sign of the times—a happy augury for the future. And just in proportion as this disposition prevails and gains strength, does the prospect of curing this evil brighten, and the actual cure advance towards a successful issue.

But Intemperance—what progress has been made in arresting and curing it, and what prospect of its complete eradication or removal opens before us? Seated in the very vitals of society—strengthening itself by the aid of custom, habit, corrupt sentiment, and evil example—assailing its victims not with open, manly attack, but creeping stealthily and tiger-like towards them, till within the distance of its fatal spring—the ranks falling before it, as constantly filled up, like the ranks of some hotly-contested battle, by others who press forward from behind, laughing to scorn all the arguments, efforts, organizations, and hopes of its strongest foes—yielding for a time to the tremendous blows struck against it, but rising again to renew the struggle and win back the ground which it had lost—heedless of all the restraints of law, the blood of its victims, the anguish of the countless bosoms wrung by its enormities, the agonized feelings of humanity—standing up still in unbroken might, notwithstanding all its past bruises

and wounds, and grinning exultingly as it proclaims defiance to every foe, and every combination arrayed against it,—what prospect is there of removing this giant malady—what remedies can be used which have not been resorted to already? Do you say that some progress has been made in effecting a cure? Thank God, there has been. We may indeed shudder as we think, what had been the condition of the land, had the insensibility of twenty years ago continued, and had not the God-sent Temperance Society, with healing in its wings, come forward to the rescue? The alarm has been taken, the destroyer met, and his terrible progress partially arrested. But notwithstanding all that has been done, the prospect of a perfect cure seems almost as far off as ever. The thousand fountains of intemperance continue still to pour forth their streams of death all over the land. The young still look upon the wine when it is red, and sip it till the adder stings them, and thus the ranks of the victimized are so well and constantly supplied, that no sensible reduction in the total annual loss of life has yet been witnessed. Fast as one year carries off its thirty or forty thousand victims in this country, as great a multitude come forward to take the gloomy plunge into the regions of darkness the next.

It is thus far more incurable than war. War, at worst, is an intermittent disease, while this rages and burns, without the least cessation of its fury. The fountains of war, supplied by men's evil passions, are deep and bitter enough; but those of Intemperance, fed and kept full by the unexhausted supplies already named, are deeper and bitterer still. What, save an Almighty arm, can dry them up?

In this very reflection is our hope and undoubting confidence of success. When Elijah poured forth his soul to God that he would display the might of His power to abash his foes, and magnify His name, and render truth triumphant—the gracious answer was revealed, “the fire of the Lord fell and consumed the burnt sacrifice, and the wood, and the stones, and the dust, and licked up the water that was in the trench”—so that the very idolaters were forced to acknowledge “the Lord He is God—the Lord He is the God.” Such prayers of faith that will not be refused, must still be wafted to “the hills,” where the Holiest has his dwelling-place—their sincerity proved by earnest persevering efforts, which neither opposition can daunt, nor obstacles turn aside from their purpose; and He who answered Elijah by fire will not fail to bless the efforts and prayers of those who are engaged in this great work

—causing the fire of truth and light and the Spirit's energy to descend, drying up to their very fountains the streams which have so long borne death and desolation through the world, and extorting even from unbelieving lips the acknowledgment, "the Lord He is the God."

THE FOUNDATION OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

DISCOURSE AT THE DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

“And I say also unto thee, that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.”

Matt. xvi. 18.

THIS verse and the one that follows it, have sorely tried the patience and ingenuity of biblical critics. And not without reason, for on the interpretation of it depend two classes of doctrines or opinions widely variant from each other; the one lying at the foundation of one of the darling dogmas of the Romish Church, while the other is interwoven with the spirit and integrity of the Protestant evangelical faith. The Church of Rome bases upon this passage mainly, the supremacy and infallibility of the Pope, and the power of that hierarchy which professes to recognise in the Pope a true successor of Peter, invested with all the authority with which, it is alleged, Peter was invested by his Lord. If our Lord addressed his disciple on this occasion as the rock on which His Church was to rest in all coming times—if

the Master's declaration must bear and be restricted to this meaning—if Christ designed to convey this specific idea, and to clothe his disciple with this authority, not to be afterwards revoked or annulled; then it is hard to see how the conclusion to which the Romanist has come can be avoided. The Church, in this case, must have been builded and now rests on Peter, for what the Lord declares authoritatively He will do, is final and beyond appeal. His successor—if the descent be truly derived and without flaw—now sits in his chair, and wields no usurped or undelegated authority. He is what he is claimed to be, the vicegerent of Christ, having the keys of the kingdom at his girdle, with power to bind or loose, to remit sins or not, as may seem most fitting to his supreme and indisputable will.

But this interpretation, however consoling to the faithful, has flaws and defects about it to Protestant eyes. It asserts a principle which can never be admitted without demonstration,—for the principle, though sounding plausibly, involves consequences revolting to our reason, and derogatory to the claims and authority of Christ. In an issue of such moment, we require something more than a single unsupported text, though never so explicit, to satisfy us that our blessed Lord designed to found His Church upon

an apostle, and to invest him and his successors with powers so vast and irresponsible as those arrogated by the Pope and by his adherents. The words, however, in their connexion, furnish a wide margin for exegesis, that will neither rob the Master of the honor and glory due unto his name, nor exalt a mortal, weak, frail, and erring, and with all his weaknesses and errors often full blown about him, to a seat higher than angels occupy.

Our Lord had been asking his disciples the question, "Whom do men say that I, the Son of man, am?" The reply was, "Some say that thou art John the Baptist, some Elias, and others Jeremias, or one of the prophets." He saith unto them, "Whom say ye that I am?" And Peter, who was the impetuous out-spoken disciple, always foremost of the twelve to answer questions put to them all, at once responds, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." The Master replies—"Blessed art thou Simon Barjona, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven—and I say unto thee that thou art Peter, and upon this rock"—that is, upon this confession of thine, thus divinely revealed, of my true Sonship and Messiahship—a confession embracing the cordial reception of the divine plan for saving man, through the Gospel of

reconciliation, to be afterwards preached by you to the Gentiles—upon this confession, the badge, as it is, of a true apostleship, will I build my Church. In other words, Christ declares, “I will build my Church on thee, Peter, as one of the preachers of my Gospel, confessing now, while others disallow and deny me, that thou recognisest my claims, and art ready to go forth at my bidding into all the world, and offer the discipleship of the Gospel everywhere to sinful and benighted men.” Or, if we make the epithet refer directly to the disciple rather than his confession, then, “Thou art Peter,—Rock—as thy name imports, and corresponding with this name shall thy work and office be, for upon thee—upon thy ministry as upon a rock—shall the foundation of the Church be laid.” And the promise here made was accordingly fulfilled, by Christ’s using Peter’s ministry in laying the foundation of the Church both among Jews and Gentiles, he being the first and most successful preacher to them both, and making from them the first proselytes to Christianity. At the Pentecostal effusion three thousand were received into the church on confession of faith and baptism, while the first mention of a Christian Church is found in the same chapter that records this marvellous outpouring of the Holy Ghost. Among the Gen-

tiles also, the conversion of Cornelius, through the instrumentality of Peter, signalizes the foundation of the Church being laid, the comely superstructure that should arise upon it being composed of idolatrous throngs from various peoples, no longer "strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints and of the household of God."

If, then, any pre-eminence were given to Peter, by the language in which the Lord addressed him, it is a pre-eminence growing out of the position he was to hold, as first preacher to the wandering and sin-blinded—a preacher whose labors should, with God's blessing, be productive of larger and more signal results than those of his apostolic co-workers in the missionary field. His doctrines and preaching, with the Master's promised presence and aid, and the doctrines and preaching, none the less, of his fellow "ambassadors for Christ," were the rock on which the fair and well compacted fabric of the Church should securely rest.

This rock, this foundation, thus characterized in general terms, deserves to be considered somewhat more particularly. The Church was appointed to rest upon the apostles, and those who should come after them in the rightful exercise of their high and heaven-derived functions—that is, upon the order of the Christian ministry, which, by Christ's direction

and decree, was to be perpetuated "alway, even to the end of the world."

In the arrangements of God's house, the institution of the Christian ministry is essential to the extension and well-being, and, so far as we can see, to the very continuance and existence of the Church. "For," asks the apostle, significantly, "how shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent?" as it is written, "How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel, and bring good tidings of good things;" that is, Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God, and the word of God by the lips of the preacher, and the preacher from Him who called him, raised him up, qualified him by breathing the Spirit on him, made him an accredited minister from the court of heaven, gave him favor in the sight of the people, and crowned his words and labors with the promised success. We thus see the important relation which the ministry sustain to the Church—how necessary they are to the accomplishment of the distinctive objects for which the Church exists. Strike this link from the foregoing series, and the whole chain is parted—the

interval between Christ and the soul, between heaven and the sinner, is boundless and impassable. The sinner indeed might have been saved, perhaps, on other terms and by another process. Christ Jesus might have announced his Gospel everywhere miraculously. A perpetual miracle might have introduced converts into the pale of the Church, and supplied her with what is necessary for her subsistence and expansion. But God, in his wisdom, hath ordered otherwise. He hath ordained the salvation of souls through the "foolishness of preaching," and through the agency of "earthen vessels," men of "like infirmities" with those whom they labor to instruct and win to Christ. It is obvious, then, to see how the Church may be said to be built on Peter, as one of the apostles, and by certain deduction on the preachers of Christ, who perpetuate the sacred order. And in view of all this, the apostle's emphatic language to the Ephesian Church is as intelligible as it is decisive: "Ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints and of the household of God, and are built on the foundation of the apostles and prophets."

But the Church is built on this foundation only *relatively*, and by no means in an absolute and unqualified sense. For the apostles and preachers of

Christ crucified are nothing in themselves. They have not the power of remitting sins, of giving absolution, of breaking the stony heart, of pouring celestial illumination upon the darkened mind, of driving out the unruly demons of inborn lusts, of establishing within, holy principles and dispositions, or renewing the frame and temper of human souls. They are nothing without the pure word of God, the blessed Gospel of Him who spake as man never spake. "But though we or an angel from heaven preach any other Gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed." If they go about, therefore, with their own vain utterances, with the enticing words of man's wisdom, or words issuing from the "cunning craftiness of men," or with the barren dogmas of "philosophy, falsely so called," what they speak—so far as any radical renovating effect is concerned—is "as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." They are shorn of all power, and are weaker than Sampson when his glory was departed. It is the genuine message of the cross,—Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever—the way, the truth, the resurrection, and the life, which constitutes the essence of the heaven-sent good tidings of great joy, and is made the wisdom of God and power of God unto salvation. And just

as they honor and obey the Master by thus announcing Him, and showing themselves loyal and faithful ambassadors, by setting forth His word and gospel, and nothing beyond nor short of this, can they count upon His approbation, and find their work prospered and the Church enlarged, and the high object of their mission successful.

Nor is it the preaching of the doctrines of the cross alone, by the true ambassadors, that makes their labors savingly powerful and efficacious. Unless the Spirit be poured upon them from on high, they toil in vain, and spend their strength for naught. Peter, with his rugged and indomitable courage; Paul, with his burning zeal and utter consecration; Apollos, with his fervid and melting eloquence, may unite their gifts and efforts to make the moral wastes as the garden of the Lord—but except the increase come from God, all remains an unbroken scene of barrenness and desolation. No strength of towering logic, no splendor of imagination thrown around words of melodious sound, no energy of the most persuasive and overwhelming oratory, no self-abandoning heroism, which, in Christ's service, counts pains, perils, snares, enemies—what Job's leviathan counted the darts that rained upon him as stubble—with the address and skill of disarming

prejudice and hostility, and forcing error to bow before the majesty of truth—none of these can move at all the dry bones, nor the flesh that covers them, while as yet no vital spark divine warms and animates. Not until the breath of the Lord is invoked to breathe upon these slain, and the Spirit, responsive, quickens the inanimate clay—not till then is activity displayed, and the sinewy arm uplifted, and the buoyant shout heard, and all the power of the living body put forth. It is the spirit that awakeneth from the dead—that accompanying the word preached by Christ's ministers, makes it pungent, convincing, piercing, and cleaving, like a two-edged sword—bringing the proud into the posture of the publican, causing the wayward feet to be arrested, and the stubborn will to bend, and the stout heart to relent, and the dry eyes to overflow, and those at ease in Zion to groan and utter the burst of agony, "What shall we do?" And thus men are made willing in the day of God's power, and come thronging as weeping penitents to the door of His house, with tremulous hand and voice, knocking and saying, "Lord, open unto us;" while the gracious promise, "Knock and it shall be opened unto you," is speedily verified, and lo, the Church, the Lord's holy tabernacle among men, is filled with weeping, wondering, rejoicing guests!

Thus you see, dear brethren, the beautiful concatenation. The ordained preacher, called and sent forth on his noble mission, the word of God which he preaches, to take hold on the understanding and heart, and the Holy Spirit to direct the arrows of truth and make them *sharp in the hearts of the King's enemies*. No link of this chain can be spared, and each link is kept together in its place by Him who sits at God's right hand, and the whole chain held in His omnipotent grasp, so that whatever thing it embraces and upholds, is firm and secure as His own eternal throne. The Church is built on the foundation of the apostles, but the apostles are nothing without the truths which they preach, and these truths devoid of all efficacy without the Spirit's life-giving power—while Christ the Lord sits supreme on his royal seat, originating all, informing all, guiding, controlling, and prospering all, as the head rules the body, and is essential to the vitality and health of all the members. And hence you will easily infer, that Christ himself in reality is the foundation of His Church; that it rests on him when said to rest on His apostles, and you will understand the significant import of St. Paul's striking expression, "built on the foundation of prophets and apostles, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."

II. I pass to consider the building of the Church—the raising and finishing of the superstructure. Here there is nothing difficult or perplexed, but all is explicit and plain. The builder is Christ, according to his express declaration: “On this rock I will build my church.” The expression is not only unmistakable, but strongly indicative. It denotes not only resolution, but power to will and to do according to His own good pleasure—power to gather materials for the edifice, such as will be most suitable for its construction—power to make it as spacious as well as beautiful structure; to give it just and harmonious proportions, and to adorn it with comeliness and grace; and power to impart to it strength and durability as well as capacity and fitness. His determination is, to rear the building His Church, and adapt it in all its parts, for the grand purposes of its construction. And all might resides with Him to make it just what he designs it to be, for with Jehovah the Christ, to will is to do—to purpose and determine is to effect and execute. Since, then, our Divine Lord is the builder—the great Master-builder, we may fitly call him—we may rest assured that the structure will be possessed of these things,—suitableness of material, fitness, and grace, both of proportion and appearance, sufficiency of dimension, and

enduring strength. I will touch upon these several articles.

1. *As to its materials.* They will be stones, rough, rugged, and unsightly, when first seen in their native quarry, appearing stubborn and intractable as they lie there, covered with dirt and excrescences, and seemingly not worthy to be looked after and sought; but in fact costly and precious, like the marble for the building of Jerusalem, sought afar off, quarried and brought to the holy city with infinite skill and labor, because just adapted for the purpose in view, and a material not to be dispensed with in the rearing of the imposing fabric. Sought out thus from afar, these human stones, by Him who came travelling in the greatness of His strength, bowing himself to the attitude of one who serves and labors, that with struggling, toil, groans, and sweat, He might tear them from their bed, smooth off their roughness, hew and shape them dexterously, and polish them till beauties unsuspected before became disclosed to the eye. And they appear there totally changed and ready to form an useful not less than ornamental part of the building. Yes, and these stones thus fitted for their place and office in the edifice here, will become also fitted for a nobler building—a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For, as Leighton

finely remarks, "the stones that are appointed for that glorious temple above, are hewn and polished and prepared for it here, as the stones were wrought and prepared in the mountains for building the temple of Jerusalem." Such are the chief materials employed in this great Christian temple, the Church. Each sinner a stone in its rough and stubborn state, but each new-born rejoicing convert, each blood-ransomed member of the one true body of which Christ is the head, a lively polished stone, occupying its place in the sacred structure, and aiding in the enlargement, compactness, and completion of the work.

2. But there is grace also and comeliness about the edifice.

The Architect has master-skill and ingenuity. He loves beauty in the products of his hands, and loathes defect and deformity. His fingers spanned the graceful arches of the sky, blended and harmonized the delicate tints of the rainbow, stamped order and concord upon the countless orbs which twinkle upon us from the vault of heaven, spread beauty over all this earth in infinitely various forms, impressed it on the mountain's brow, on the rolling flood, on the greenwood's quivering leaves, on the "thousands hills" where rejoicing cattle feed and

gambol, and on the little lily of the vale, more glorious than Solomon in all his glory, with its bright-hued companions everywhere exhaling their fragrance, and tuneful in the praise of the hand that robes them in splendor.

And since beauty and harmony are a fixed law of his empire, shall his loved building, the Church, reared with his own grace-scattering and order-shaping hands, lack them? Shall this work arise mis-shapen, disjointed, disproportioned, unseemly—an anomaly amongst the products of his skill and power—an eyesore to those who pass by, so that all who behold shall mock and deride? Shall the natural temple shine with splendors all around us, and be adorned with garments of loveliness and grace, and the spiritual temple stand unsymmetrical and attractionless? No; but this building, “beautiful as Tirzah,” shall stand forth, arrayed in transcendent charms. “Awake, arise, O Zion, put on thy beautiful garments, O thou chosen temple of the Lord; for thy Maker, thy builder, is thy husband, and thou shalt be adorned as a bridegroom adorns his bride, decking her with ornaments, putting bracelets on her hands, and a chain on her neck, and a jewel on her forehead, and ear-rings in her ears, and a beautiful crown upon her head; and thy renown, saith

the bridegroom, shall go forth among the heathen for thy beauty, for it is perfect through my comeliness, which I have put upon thee, saith the Lord God."—Ezek. xvi.

This is the building which, "fair as the moon," shall arise beneath the eye and the plastic power of the great Master-builder. It is the Lord's work, and marvellous in our eyes. And as Solomon's temple, reared by divine direction, the fruit of long years of stupendous industry and toil, glittered as the sun's rays fell upon it, with intolerable brightness, awakening the pride of the Jewish heart, and the admiration of surrounding peoples, who gazed upon its incomparable proportions and majestic outline,—so the Church, constructed with consummate skill and for a nobler purpose, without wrinkle to mar its symmetry, or spot to deface its beauty, the New Jerusalem coming down from God out of heaven, as a bride adorned for her husband, will stand the wonder and joy of beholders, prompting each glad and grateful heart to utter the burst of rapture—

"I love her gates, I love the road,
The Church adorned with grace
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show His milder face!"

3. Its dimensions shall be ample. There must be room in it for all the ransomed of the Lord who shall come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy. "Come, for all things are now ready," was and is the gracious invitation to the wayward and ruined. And when many of the bidden came not, the command issued, "Go forth into the lanes and highways, and compel the blind, and halt, and outcast to come in, that my table and my house may be filled." Think of the vast number of the wretched, houseless, trouble-burdened needy of our world, to whom this blessed invitation still is made, and who will not refuse to come at the call of the Lord—ready and eager to exchange hunger for plenty, the frowns of men for the smiles of Christ, human neglect for divine attention, scorn for honor, rags for comely garments, and a paltry pittance doled out by the reluctant hand of charity for a free and welcome hospitality. There must be room in the grand edifice for all these; and though the servants have done as their Lord commanded, and have continued to do so since, and the poor invited guests have come thronging at the Master's urgency, the house and table are not full. But *yet there is room*. Spacious, indeed, must the inclosure be that shall contain them all. But the invitation is not withdrawn, nor have

any who applied been refused admission, or sent unsatisfied away. They enter still from the lanes and by-places—the blind, the way-worn, the miserable, come and find accommodation. And so they will find it till the time comes when the feet of Christ's servants shall no more appear beautiful upon the mountains, as they come publishing salvation, preaching good tidings of good.

Happy for the world that the Sovereign Messiah is the builder of the Church! His power and love guarantee the spaciousness of the building to be fully adequate to all the demands for accommodation made upon it, and assure each trembling applicant that the door shall not be shut against him, but that he shall find ready access, ample room, and a hearty welcome.

4. The enduring strength of the building. This also is a necessary part of it. Beauty is not always found conjoined to strength, and great extension is sometimes incompatible with solidity, in structures reared by human hands. But in Christ's building, —the Church—proportion, beauty, extension, and strength go hand in hand together, illustrate each other, and give finish and majesty to the whole.

The materials that enter into it render it strong. For though there are many varieties of stone,

taken from all nations and peoples, yet each individual has received its shaping and polishing from the same hand, is a tried and approved stone, and well adapted to the place and purpose assigned it, and without weakening the work by connexion with others, giving, by variety, a more striking beauty to the whole. Something like, if I may use such a comparison, those various stones and blocks of marble presented by different States and Associations for the great National Monument, each varying from the other, bearing its own mark and inscription, but all prepared and adapted, and accepted for the use designed, and, without detracting from the strength at all, adding to the picturesqueness, beauty, and effect of the fabric. The component elements that go to form the Church are, moreover, cemented with blood, more precious far than that which drenched the altars of Jewish sacrifice, so that no powers on earth or in hell can start them out of their place. And besides all, the piercing eye of Him whose hand reared, is ever fixed on His prized building, the Church, so that no fragment can be broken off without detection, and no lurking danger can be near without discovery; and because of the sleepless vigilance and tremendous power that guard it, no tongue that shall rise against it in judgment shall prevail,

and no weapon that is formed against it can prosper. But this will lead me more particularly to notice—

III. *Its Security.*

The gates of hell shall not prevail against it. Without going into any disquisition upon the critical meaning of this phrase, which is also variously interpreted, I shall take the signification to be that which it bears upon its face, which is usually attached to it, and which is most accordant with the spirit of the whole passage. I understand it to refer to the stability of the church, founded as it is upon a Rock, and built as it is by the great Head and Ruler of it—and that its security is pledged omnipotently against all assaults and foes whatever, until its glorious mission shall have been accomplished.

1. It is secure against the force of change and nature. The fashion of this world passeth away. All things around us are full of fluctuation and decay. In nature the grass withereth, the flower fadeth. The green foliage of the spring gives place to the sere and yellow leaves of autumn; and the trees, adorned with beautiful garments, are disrobed and stretch forth their naked arms toward heaven. These natural changes, however, go on in an unvaried round, the decay and death of autumn forerunning the renewed freshness and blooming resurrection of

the following spring. Not so with man. Infancy, childhood, mature years, and old age, quickly succeed each other; and then comes the gathering of man and of generations to their fathers. Age follows age; cycle, cycle. A nation rises up, becomes mighty, and then passes away. Another takes its place, and occupies large room in the world's eye, to have in turn its period of decadence and downfall, and make way for its successors. And all this while, mankind bustle, struggle, plot, groan, weep, rejoice, and play their little fantastic parts, with more or less of renown or infamy, and then retire from the stage; while rumors of wars are heard, and stern collisions between rival nations take place, and fierce conflicts of opinion agitate and work commotion, and revolutions and convulsions upheave society from its foundations, changing the face of empires sometimes in a day.

Yet amid all this concussion and tossing to and fro of the angry billows of human passions, the ark of the Lord is safe. Truth is imperishable, and the Church is true, and Christ is in the Church. No change in the physical system can make it decay, no revolutions in nations can move it from its fast foundations. It is fixed in the Rock—it is moored to the eternal throne. Heaven and earth may pass away, but my word, saith the Lord, shall not pass

away. And that word declares and repeats, with iterated emphasis, that Messiah shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied—that the heathen shall be His inheritance—that His foes shall be His footstool—that His Church shall live and His truth triumph. And accordingly, like the bush all on fire but not consumed, it has survived all the tumults, animosities, dire and deadly ragings, and conflicts which have been all around it, and which have set their mask deeply upon, and spread desolation over, everything besides. But this conducts to the remark that

2. The Church is secure against the wrath and malice of man.

If man's frenzied rage could have prevailed against it, it would long since have been destroyed, for no method or means that human ingenuity could devise, or malignity stimulate, or the utmost tension of mortal power marshal against it, have been left untried. Has not the Moloch of persecution in various ages raised its blood-stained banner, and led on its slaughter-breathing hosts against it? Has not the blood of God's martyrs been spilled like water over the face of the earth, for no other crime than loyalty to Christ, and cried out from the drenched and drunken soil against the fury of the oppressor?

Have not the saints had trial of scourgings and tortures, of bonds and imprisonments, been stoned and sawn asunder, tempted and slain with the sword, been forced to wander in sheepskins and goatskins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented? Has not a subtle infidelity exhausted its quivers of poisoned arrows in every age, to pierce it to the death—labored by every foul art and expedient to scatter its adherents to the winds, undermine their integrity, and make faith in Christ the badge of infamy or of an imbecile mind? Has not the false prophet marshalled his intolerant legions against it, and sought by the fury of a flood, by brute force, the sword and fire, to extirpate it, leaving no trace of its existence behind? Have not error, and corruption, and irreligion, and a blighting philosophy, combined with every sort of “deceivableness of unrighteousness,” sought to compass the final overthrow of the rock-founded and Christ-guarded fabric? And have they not all been foiled, discomfited, rolled back, leaving the object of their attack unharmed, having the principles of life, activity, and expansion within it still? This is wonderful, my brethren, passing wonderful; the safety of the Church maintained against assaults so frequent, so ferocious, so often varied, so subtle and long-continued. It is a standing

moral miracle, invoking the astonishment of every beholder, and the tearful gratitude of every saint. "O, our Redeemer, we see thy wondrous love, the might of thy arm, the wisdom of thy counsels, the truth of thy pledged word, in this great and signal preservation. We adore and praise thee while we wonder and rejoice. Write, Lord, we humbly pray, our names upon the palms of thy hands, that when our brief course is run, and the fight fought in the Church militant below, we may rise and glorify thee among the members of the Church triumphant in heaven."

3. The Church is secure, I again remark, against the arts and fury of the infernal world.

Satan is the adversary of the Church, and must needs continue such, for the Church aims to cripple his power, overturn his empire, rescue souls from his ignoble dominion, and raise them from the degradation of being children of the Devil to the dignity of being sons of God. Satan is the enemy of the Church, because the enemy, bitter and implacable, of its Head, the enemy of truth and righteousness, and of everything that tends to make men wiser, holier, happier. And he is an enemy whose might and resources are greatly formidable. Whatever he possesses of craft and energy is enlisted in the war-

fare waged by him against Christ and his Bride. Every fallen spirit that owns his mastership is made an agent to execute his fierce desire to wound the peace and mar the beauty of Zion. The world, with its pomp and show, its glory and honors, its flatteries and deceits, its pleasures and vanities, is an ally constantly employed by him, to advance his designs, and aid him in effecting by insidious arts what cannot be effected by open assault; while the heart of man, keenly susceptible to impressions from without, and having a volcano of lusts slumbering within, is the great citadel against which every attack is waged, and is prone to yield to the dexterous onslaughts made upon it with unceasing vigor and skill.

The Church is composed of its members, and each member, with the same nature, sustains the same relation to external things. When, therefore, Satan prevails against the members by his seductions, he prevails to that extent against the Church, and with his restless zeal, and fell determination, and wide resources, and the native weakness of the human heart to resist, we can scarce forbear wonder that he has not prevailed in every case, and enticed away from the faith, and ruined beyond recovery, the sacramental host of the Lord. God's grace in Christ, given largely, as pledged, to believ-

ers, has prevented their hopeless fall, enabling them to resist unto blood, to stand fast in their allegiance in spite of all dishonoring solicitations, and overcome each most easily besetting sin, in the name and strength of their ascended Lord.

Thus the Church has been preserved by grace given to its members, and this grace has flowed down from Christ the Fountain. He overcame, and His people through him overcome. He vanquished Satan, not only in the wilderness, but in the garden and on the cross; and seeing him fall like lightning from heaven, announced to His disciples, that he was thenceforth a conquered foe, and would be impotent to ruin His heritage or harm His chosen. And the declaration has been verified. All his malice and machinations have been baffled. The Church has bidden defiance to his power—has gone forward in her progress to victory, led and guarded by her Lord, and will yet go on conquering and to conquer, till the kingdoms of the world shall have become the kingdoms of Jehovah and of His Christ.

You see, then, Christian friends and brethren, in the light of these considerations, how it is that the bush burning has not been consumed, how the ark of our hopes, rocked to and fro by the swelling and rolling waters, dashed against by the descending

floods, with tumult, agitation, and dismay all around, has floated securely upon the bosom of the chafing billows, and as they have subsided at the voice that made them rage, has found ever an Ararat to rest upon, sending forth from it hope and consolation to the world. You see what God's hand hath wrought—how tender his mercy, how wakeful ever his vigilance, and potential his guardianship—how abiding his faithfulness, how sacred the pledges of his covenant. The Church, encircled by his arm, has not only stood fast but made progress, not only remained firm and on the defensive against the onsets of its foes, but been actively aggressive, following on the track of her routed assailants, and carrying the warfare into the enemy's country. The missionary spirit of the apostolic age, smothered at times to appearance, has been kindled afresh at the altar of Him who still commands, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." Obedience to this mandate has unfurled the banner of the cross, before the eyes of rude, blinded, and pagan peoples, and planted churches into which weeping penitents have been gathered out of the throngs of the idolatrous, to the glory of God's grace. This broad continent, which a few centuries ago was covered with the pall of Paganism, is now redeemed from the curse of idol-

worship and superstition, and the Church rooted here in weakness has sprung up into strength, the mustard-seed has expanded into the tree, the little leaven has leavened a whole mass. The lines are now fallen to us in pleasant places, and we have a goodly heritage. We may worship the true divinity as our instructed convictions of duty prompt, and none dare molest us, when we come up to bow before and praise Him, as we have done this day. The vine of His own planting has taken deep root and put forth countless branches, bearing fruit, and these are increased continually by others, as the dews and rains of divine grace fall from heaven, fertilizing the soil, cheering the vine, infusing fresh vigor into it, and encouraging it to break forth on every side and fill the land.

A new offshoot from this true vine greets our eyes to-day, and we are here to commend it to the care of the good Husbandman, and invoke in its behalf the fostering influences of His protection and love. There are few spectacles indeed more interesting and impressive than the setting apart solemnly a Christian temple reared for the worship and to the honor of the Lord Jehovah. The object is one of the worthiest, I may say grandest, that can occupy the mind or fill the heart of the congregation it calls

together. The edifice reared is not for secular purposes, not to compass any worldly or ambitious project, not to aid in carrying out selfish schemes of temporal aggrandizement, or the amassing of wealth, or the strengthening of mortal influence; but the end is to glorify God by furnishing wider facilities for the proclamation of a free Gospel, in the opening of a sanctuary where the means of worshipping him publicly and statedly may be enjoyed—where the humble poor and the stately rich man, the lowly obscure and the person of mark and position, may equally appear before God, who is no respecter of persons, and sing those praises which God loves to hear when the heart makes melody, and offer those supplications which all men have need to pay, and implore that mercy without which every man is undone, and hear from the lips of the preacher that blessed word expounded and enforced which points to heaven and instructs in every duty.

This is the true end for which the house of worship is reared, and the office to which it is dedicated. It is a house which, as we look upon it, reminds us of a brighter and better world—speaks of the destiny of man as bound to the judgment-seat of Christ—points to the vanities of this passing state, as too unworthy to occupy much that mind which should be filled with immortal aspirations—preaches with still

small voice indeed, but persuasively, the marvellous condescension of Him "who though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might be rich," and sets forth the claims of that religion which His own voice announced with authority and His own spotless life illustrated.

In short, this house, as you look upon it and enter it, seems the Jacob's ladder connecting earth with heaven, on which the eye of faith may see bright angels ascending and descending—the latter bringing down to rebels the divinely free offer of pardon; the former bearing up the report of its acceptance or rejection. It seems to stand on the boundary between this world and the next. The rays of the heavenly glory, issuing through the gates of paradise, reach it and play upon it; while the feet of poor wanderers, soiled through contact with this defiling earth, pass its threshold, where the languid and wayworn sit and are cheered with the voice, "Come unto me, ye laboring and heavy laden ones, and ye shall find rest for your souls." Here the voice of angry passion is hushed, and all the clamors, strifes, and acerbities which separate man from man, and proclaim the bitterness of the curse, subside in the awful presence of Him to whom vengeance belongeth. Here all artificial distinctions which divide men into high and low, rich and poor, honorable and base,

vanish before the oracle, "To this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word." Here the character, temper, and disposition of the soul is the chief recommendation, and every one that brings the sacrifice that God requires will find his gracious benediction.

This, therefore, is God's house, reared for Him, and to be dedicated to Him. And in the light of these sacred and tender associations, when an assembly meet to consummate the act which sets it apart for ever to these high purposes, the spectacle is beautiful and imposing. We stand as it were with one foot on the earth, and the other on the threshold of heaven. We are beneath God's eye. Holy angels are around us. The glory of the Lord is in this place. What we do is pregnant with momentous and lasting consequences. The act is to be recorded on high, and we shall meet the record and the sentiments which prompt and characterize it, on that great day when the sea and death and hell shall deliver up their dead, and "every man shall be judged according to that which he hath done, whether it be good or bad." *

* The Service for the Dedication, as partaking the nature of a formula, and containing what, in part at least, is usual on similar occasions, it is not thought material to insert. Though the discourse closes abruptly, the coherence and unity of the argument are not impaired.

ENGLISH DICTION A MEANS OF PULPIT EFFICIENCY.

TAKING up one of the back numbers of the *Princeton Review* the other day, my attention was arrested by a sprightly article bearing part of the above title. The ground taken by the writer in it is, that the Presbyterian ministry—and the remark may hold good in respect to those of our own Church—though thoroughly educated, and possessed of an aggregate of talent at least equal to that of any ecclesiastical body in the land, are yet surpassed by some others, having a less carefully trained ministry, in the effect with which their ministrations tell upon the people. He quotes a passage from the *Edinburgh Witness*, relating to the then recent discussion in the United Presbyterian Synod of Scotland, and in the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, of the practice of reading sermons, as a probable cause of crippling the power of pulpit discourse, and infers that the very agitation of the question proves that there is something wrong, for

people are not apt to have recourse to medicine without feeling themselves unwell. The reviewer, however, regards the medicine proposed by these venerable bodies as not at all adapted to the disease; indicating, in fact, if applied by synodical prescription, a sad ignorance of the diagnosis of the case. He scouts the idea that the disuse of written sermons would restore or give to the ministry the efficiency they are said to lack, and brings forward a remedy of his own, which he thinks might compass the end in view, and which in few words may be thus described:

The ministry often fail in their addresses to the people, because they use a language which the people do not clearly understand. Their studies have made them familiar with a vocabulary removed from the range of ordinary conversation, and containing many words which convey to a plain hearer no distinct idea. The racy idiomatic Saxon of our language, in which people talk and express their earnest sentiments, is displaced by a bastard mongrel dialect, very intelligible no doubt to those who teach, but very mysterious to the bone and sinew of their hearers. Instead of using words which everybody understands, they use those whose meaning is clear to the initiated alone. They wonder, perhaps, that

their labored and finished discourses are listened to with apathy, and give no sign of an impression made or an interest awakened. The truth is, they have not been understood; and he who speaks in an "unknown tongue" to the people, expecting to persuade, arouse, or melt them thereby, would do well to remember that the thing is impossible, unless a repetition of the Pentecostal miracle should liken his hearers to the Parthians, Medes, Cretes, and Arabians, who heard with astonishment the gospel preached at Jerusalem.

This theory is plausible, and a good deal more. It is certain that many an ingenious and learned discourse is shorn of its power to convince or edify because people fail to comprehend it. Much of the inefficiency of pulpit discourse is, no doubt, traceable to this source. We believe, that in regard to many a sermon looked upon by its partial author as pointed, pungent, and plain enough too, if Philip's question to the eunuch were put with a slight variation to many individuals of the audience, "Understandest thou what thou *hearest*?" the honest reply must be, "How can we, except some man guide us?" The interpreter of Scripture must have an assistant interpreter at his elbow before his meaning can be plain. Such an expedient might do good, especially in the

case of those Coleridgean treatises sometimes put forth for gospel at the present day, whose metaphysics are of a character so intensely subtle as to leave speaker and hearer equally befogged.

Nor would this expedient, if resorted to, be altogether startling from its novelty. Mar Yohannan discoursed very plain and passable Anglo-Saxon to his hearers, through the lips of Dr. Perkins. And other unknown tongues have been rendered intelligible through similar channels. Why might not those discourses, which the vacant look and half-closed eyes of an audience plainly declare *transcendental*, be rendered on the spot into the English of the people? The object of discourse is avowedly their edification and profit. Why should not this object be certainly attained, even at the risk of a little contortion of the muscles of an audience? If men cannot hear without a preacher, it is equally clear that men cannot be instructed, if the preacher clothes his message in words too high for their capacity. Where the interpreter of Scripture needs himself to be interpreted, whatever other things may come from the "hearing" of his words, "faith" will hardly be among the number.

Dr. Johnson had two modes of conveying his thoughts—the natural and the artificial. The one

was employed in conversation, and when he wrote at his ease and to his friends; the other adapted for the public eye. To use the words of an eminent reviewer, "When he wrote for publication, he did his sentences out of English into Johnsonese. His letters from the Hebrides to Mrs. Thrale are the original of that work of which the *Journey to the Hebrides* is the translation. Sometimes Johnson translated aloud. 'The Rehearsal,' he said, 'has not wit enough to keep it sweet;' then added, after a pause, 'It has not vitality enough to preserve it from putrefaction.'" The strength of the former version as compared with the latter is obvious enough, and yet the famous lexicographer was perpetually committing the fault of preferring the sonorous to the natural, and words drawn from the Latin or Greek to those nervous and sinewy Anglo-Saxon terms, whose meaning, often in the very utterance and sound, strikes the mind of the hearer with the force of a shock. How immeasurably his style is depraved and his energy weakened by this strange choice, has been commonly remarked. Robert Hall, who confesses that at one period of his ministry he was a zealous follower of Johnson in the matter of style, and rejoices that in maturer years he had succeeded in breaking loose from the trammels of his early and fond admiration, furnishes evidence

throughout his works that the victory he prided himself on was never perfectly achieved. In his great sermon on Modern Infidelity, the copy of which was laboriously doled out to the printer page by page, and at slow intervals, the sentence ending with, "What are those enterprises of guilt and horror that, for the safety of their performers, require to be enveloped in a darkness which the eye of Heaven must not *penetrate*," was altered by the substitution of *pierce* for *penetrate*; the author remarking, as he directed the alteration, that "no man who considered *the force of the English language* would use a word of three syllables *there* but from absolute necessity." It would require no curious research to detect in his really vigorous, though somewhat too stately language, many words and even sentences which might by substitution and change be equally improved. We have little doubt that a more natural and simple flow of his thoughts had rendered his ministrations far more edifying and efficient with the bulk of his hearers. Indeed, it is expressly stated by a writer who knew him well, that the plainer sort of his hearers, composing the majority of most congregations, seemed to listen to him without clearly apprehending the scope or appreciating the influence or strength of his thoughts, and that only towards the close, as

in his earnestness to impress, he threw aside the measured and elaborate construction of his sentences, and clothed his thoughts in words of transparent simplicity, the hearts of the audience warmed and throbbed to the accents of the Christian orator.

In reading his works, we discern and feel the same lack of simplicity. Much as we admire his intellect, the vigor of his thoughts, his mastery of language, the propriety and strength of his analysis, his evident capacity to grapple successfully with deep subjects, we must confess to having read many sermons and treatises which, with less thought and force, were less wearisome in perusal than those which he has furnished us withal. The words are fitly chosen and the idea not darkly expressed, but excess of elaboration has wrought a stately monotony, which seldom fails to be irksome to the reader. In speaking, simplicity is still more important. The hearer, unlike the reader, cannot pause upon the expressions and study out the meaning of an ambiguous term or an involved sentence, but, borne along by the current of words, if he fail to apprehend instantly, there is no remedy. And where a goodly number of words occur "too high" for the bulk of a congregation, though the sermon containing them is ingenious, profound, well conducted, and all that, the element of persuasive

power must be looked for in vain. The orator's blows, manful though they be, instead of striking home, are but the barren beating of the air.

And what is thought to be "great plainness of speech," sometimes is really far from being such. Many of our hearers are unscholarly persons, unacquainted not only with the technical terms of theology, but with very many words whose meaning to an educated mind is perfectly transparent, and, as we may hastily suppose, can hardly be misunderstood by people of ordinary intelligence. And yet, if put to the test, it would be found that the idea received was extremely vague, or amounted in fact to no idea at all, or one very far removed from the true. A clergyman in England being about to preach for one of his brethren, was expressly requested to use the utmost plainness of language, lest a plain people should fail to be edified. The preacher agreed, premising that he always made himself intelligible to the simplest hearer. On asking his friend after sermon whether he had succeeded, he was surprised to hear him answer in the negative; and inquiring what word in the sermon could possibly have been misunderstood, was told that the word "inference," several times used, was a puzzler to many. As a proof, he called in his man John,

who had listened devoutly to the discourse, and abruptly inquired, "John, can you draw an inference?" "Can't say, sir," replied John, "that *I* can draw one, but I have a yoke of oxen in the field that will draw anything you please to put behind them." Honest John's intelligence perhaps was hardly up to the average, but a similar test instituted in many other cases where the preacher fancies himself limpid as a brook, might produce similar results. Dean Swift is said to have read his sermon, before delivery, to an old housekeeper, and if any word or sentence occurred beyond her comprehension, to simplify till the idea grew palpable. Perhaps the severe simplicity of his language is owing to some such process. The fact certainly proclaims a sound philosophy, for the humblest need to understand as well as the highest; their interests are as precious; their numbers are greater; their worldly comforts are fewer, and religion more an "all in all" matter to them than to their superiors in station. They are entitled therefore to the full benefit of a public instruction which they can fully understand; and to restrict the meaning of a discourse, through an ambitious style or swollen verbiage, to the more enlightened, is to treat the rest with injustice, and bar their approach to those health-giving waters which sweetly

murmur, as they flow, joy and a free welcome to all.

Nor is entire simplicity any way incompatible either with force or elegance. Swift's style is simple and forcible, though his language is transparent. Addison is natural and simple, and though intelligible to every person of ordinary understanding, is not the less elegant on that account. The Pilgrim's Progress will hardly be cited as a specimen of elegant composition, yet so far as force, the effect of employing the simplest Anglo-Saxon words is concerned, it is not surpassed by any uninspired book in the language. A modern writer thus characterizes it, nor is the high praise unfitly applied: "The vocabulary is the vocabulary of the common people. There is not an expression, if we except a few technical terms of theology, which would puzzle the rudest peasant. We have observed several pages which do not contain a single word of more than two syllables. Yet no writer has said more exactly what he meant to say. For magnificence, for pathos, for vehement exhortation, for every purpose of the poet, the orator, and the divine, this homely dialect, the dialect of plain working-men, was perfectly sufficient. There is no book in our literature on which we could so readily stake the fame of the old unpol-

luted English language; no book which shows so well how rich that language is in its own proper wealth, and how little it has been improved by all that it has borrowed!"

This is well and truly said. And the Bible was the book from which John Bunyan formed his style; the book which imbued his spirit, colored his sentiments, and varied his plain working-day language into occasional sublimity. Let our pulpit harangues have less elegance, if it must be so, but more of the forceful simplicity of the greatest of models, and their increased power will at once appear. "Plain working-men" form no small part of almost every audience, and, what is more, they form the most devout and earnest part, intent to know what those things are which the religious teacher professes to explain. They deserve not to be disappointed in their anxiety. And if we would not have the pulpit illustrate in fact the sarcastic remark of Talleyrand, the courtier and diplomatist, that "language was given for the purpose of concealing our ideas," if we would edify every class of hearers, strike strong blows upon the conscience, and win souls to the cross, the language used in discourse before the Church, should be such as the simplest may understand. The "enticing words of man's wisdom" may

do well enough for the world, but seem sadly out of place in the pulpit. The "ambassador for Christ" should so utter his message, that its full meaning is lost on no hearer whom he beseeches in "Christ's stead to be reconciled to God."

DISCOURSE OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF HENRY CLAY.

(Delivered July 4th, 1852.)

*Pascitur in vivis livor, post facta quiescit;
Tunc suus, ex merito, quemque tuetur honos.*—OVID.

“How are the mighty fallen.”—2 SAMUEL i. 19.

THE lament of David over Saul and Jonathan, of which this brief sentence forms a part, is one of the most tender and pathetic that human lips ever uttered, or that the page of written book ever contained. It occupies, by common consent, the first place in the catalogue of elegies. Dignified, simple, mournful, and overwhelming, it appeals to all that is sympathetic within us, and demands of the reader, even at this distant day, and notwithstanding the impairing effect of a translation into a language which must fail to give the full spirit and force of the original—the tribute of aroused sensibility and tears. If the Bible had no other claim to the attention and homage of the world, it well deserves to receive such homage

on account of its high and incomparable superiority to all other books ever produced—its superiority in every kind of composition calculated to interest the mind, move the better passions, excite admiration and respect, stimulate to deeds of honor and virtue, and improve the heart.

Saul and Jonathan were dead, fallen in battle with their foes. The relation which David had sustained to these two men was in several respects dissimilar. Towards Jonathan the warmest and most devoted friendship had sprung up, and had become stronger with the lapse of years. It was not mere friendship which he felt for this noble and heroic young man, but love, cemented by many sore trials, to which himself had been subjected, and which served to keep them apart from each other—and cemented by the misfortunes, too, which had begun to fall upon the house of David, in which Jonathan, though innocent, was forced to participate. Though they seldom were permitted to rejoice in one another's society, their mutual affection remained unabated, and it had now grown, through years of constancy and faith, into so firm a texture, that nothing earthly could dissolve it. It feared nothing from the assaults of coldness, or scorn, or misfortune, or distance, or separation—for it had been weighed in all these

balances and never found wanting, and was sure of standing steadfast "till death should them part."

Conceive, then, the agony which the intelligence of the death of this more than brother must have produced. What pangs it shot into the heart of the survivor; what anguish too great for language to speak adequately, it occasioned. Is it wonderful that we hear the words burst from him, "Oh, Jonathan, I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women?" There is nothing strange that a friendship so unusual and ennobling should, when roughly broken off by death, elicit such intense and harrowing grief.

But with Saul the case was different. He had long been the open and determined enemy of David. He was at first envious of his rising greatness, and of the evident favor with which the people regarded him; and as envy is closely allied to hatred, he soon came to cherish towards David this darker sentiment, and to hate him with all the fierceness of a little and malignant heart. David's prowess in war, the Divine favor which manifestly attended him, the humiliating comparison drawn by the women of Israel as they sang, "Saul has slain his thousands and David his tens of thousands," fanned the flame of

his passions, and he cursed David, and cursed Jonathan for the steadfast favor shown to him whom he now recognised as a formidable rival, destined at no distant day to wear the crown and occupy the throne which he now called his own. And in his rage he hurled his javelin at the stripling harpist, as he sought with cunning melodies to exorcise the evil demons that lacerated his royal heart, and hurled his javelin at another time at his own son, for his resolute ardor in taking his rival's part; and afterwards, when David fled for his life, cheered on his servants to join with him in hunting the hapless fugitive, forcing him to seek asylum among a strange people, and in dens and caverns of the earth.

What might we suppose the feelings of his heart to be, at hearing of the death of such an enemy and persecutor? Would we think David most likely to feel grief or joy—melancholy or lightness of heart? He could hardly love Saul—he had reason, perhaps, to feel dislike and enmity towards him—and at his death to feel that a burden of care and uneasiness was removed. What was the fact? He experiences profound sorrow at his loss. He bewails Saul as though he had been a bosom friend: "The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places—how are the mighty fallen! Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in

the streets of Ashkelon, lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph. Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul, who clothed you in scarlet with other delights, who put ornaments of gold upon your apparel." All traces of any past unkindness on his part, of any feeling of hostility and resentment, disappear. He remembers not Saul the persecutor, Saul the envious, hating, unjust man, but remembers only Saul, the Lord's anointed—Saul the unfortunate sovereign of a people defended by the Lord—Saul the mighty warrior, whose prowess had been proved in a hundred fights—Saul, the father of his beloved Jonathan—and Saul, whose kindness had been shown to himself on former occasions, and shown to his family, and shown to the families of Israel, over whom he had presided, leading the daughters of Israel to bewail him, when he fell harnessed in the battle. He remembers now only the best parts of Saul's character, and thinks tenderly and sorrowfully of the loss, of all that endeared him to his people, and made him honorable and illustrious. Death puts a veil before all the blemishes of the fallen monarch, and brings out in stronger light all his virtues and all his generosities.

And this is no unwonted spectacle in this our

fallen world, to see those who are dead receiving justice, and sometimes more than justice, at the hands of the living. It is a redeeming feature in human nature, that harsh judgments, sentiments of enmity and hostility, the sway of unruly passion, and the license of unbridled tongues should be arrested by the grave, and should bow abashed and tamed before the power of the great destroyer. There lies the object who once excited resentment and rage—the man who crossed our path; defeated our plans; opposed our principles; secured a larger measure of popular applause and favor than ourselves; carried his own ends successfully by the superior weight of his talent and energy, in spite of all opposition; raised himself to honorable places, while we were left in obscurity;—the man who, in various ways, excited stern opposition against himself, and stirred up within us the foul pool of envy, wrath, malice, and uncharitableness. There is the man whose motives have been impugned, whose character has been assailed with detraction, whose footsteps have been dogged by the hootings and revilings of the evil-minded. There is the man, we will suppose, who has actually entertained wrong principles, and committed wrong deeds; who, in his intercourse with men, has been proud, overbearing, and scornful; and

has, by his demeanor, not less than by positive injuries, excited the ill-will and hostility of many of his fellow-men. There he is—fallen before a stroke which no mortal can resist or evade. He lies there tame, quiet, and unoffending enough. The fire of his haughty eye is quenched; the vigor of the stalwart arm is paralysed. The ingenious plans of the fertile and acute intellect can no more be developed, nor carried forwards towards fulfilment; the voice of authority and command is never again to be heard. He shall no more inflict injury, or defeat his neighbor's plans, or excite animosity, or by moving adroitly and popularly among the active hive of mankind, become an object of the envy or malice of narrow and envious minds. There he lies—gentle and harmless as a sleeping babe! He sleeps well, and so soundly, that no earthly din or concussion shall awaken him. And when they who may have envied him, feared him, hated him, and labored in every way to thwart and lacerate him, and pull him down from his high elevation, approach, and look upon his pallid face, and the placid or perhaps painful expression which it bears, and see the motionless limbs, and the slight bands which are now enough to bind them—oh! it is hardly in human nature not to find those feelings of antagonism—long

and deeply cherished, perhaps—insensibly soften, and vanish before this plaintive spectacle. What heart, save that of a fiend, could retain its malignity while gazing upon the face of the dead, or inwardly exult that the mighty had fallen, and thus an obstruction to survivors' progress been taken out of the way! The best parts of our nature would then be likely to vindicate their existence and their power. And even the unsanctified heart, awed and melted by such a spectacle, would lay aside its unholy animosities, and think with poignant regret upon their former undisciplined and lawless exercise, and the sad excesses to which they led; and while feeling mournfully that the wrong done to the poor sleeper there could never be repaired to *him*, would remember, in this time of strong reaction, all the bright points in his character—how just, and kind, and magnanimous, and heroic he had been, and how skilful to plan, and how efficient to execute, he certainly was. No slur or reproach would be cast upon his name or memory, but everything spoken would redound to his credit and honor.

Now, we repeat it, this disposition on the part of man is a redeeming point in his character, showing that he is not altogether lost to justice and humanity. In the case of David, indeed, weeping over the death

of Saul, his enemy, and mentioning only his good deeds and kindnesses, and saying not one word to his disparagement, it is not quite so remarkable. For David had a gentle and tender heart, pervaded by fervent piety, which led him to lie as a frequent suppliant before the Almighty throne, and sue for that mercy which he felt none needed more than himself. But in those who have no piety in particular, who are led to feel and act as I have described, the remark is very noticeable—that resentments and antipathies are forgotten, as it were, in the presence of the dead, and buried, as they always should be, in the grave. There is an inward monitor, whose voice will be apt to cry aloud at such times, and say to the persons who may have pursued a man with clamor and revilings to the grave—"With what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged, and with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again." It is therefore creditable to our humanity, that when the grave is about to close over one of our fellow-mortals, his failings and errors (as far as possible) should be forgotten, and his virtues and good deeds only remembered. And it is certainly the dictate, not simply of humanity but of justice, that he who has been wrongfully and maliciously assailed and traduced, should have, when death closes the

scene, his merits and virtues truly stated, and his reputation vindicated, in the sorrowing and remorseless confessions of those who have done him wrong. This remark applies more directly to the great man, "the mighty man," than to one in obscure life; for in the former case the mark is broader and more shining, and the arrows aimed at it more likely to reach and pierce. The wrong is committed on a larger scale, and its effect, unless counteracted, likely to be more injurious and enduring. In the case of such a man fallen, it is peculiarly refreshing to witness the wrong of many years righted—in a measure at least—by the voluntary acknowledgments and cordial applauses which spring from that sentiment, that beautiful and kindly impulse which has been surveyed.

The principle here set forth is susceptible of a wide application. I design to apply it to the case of a single individual. A mighty man among our fellow-citizens has recently fallen. A great name, which for almost half a century has shone with distinguished lustre, in the galaxy of our country's honor, will no longer be inscribed on the catalogue of living men. A statesman, an orator, a patriot, a benefactor, than whom no citizen of the republic, of this age at least, has received and deserved a warmer

and a wider admiration, and devoted his high powers with more unwearied fidelity to the public good, is now enrolled among the illustrious dead. He sleeps where the voice of praise or blame, honor or reproach, adulation or detraction, can reach his ear no more. His name has long been a household word over the length and breadth of the land, familiar to every home as the names of nearest kindred, parent, wife, or child. And where that name has been pronounced, there have been no hateful or dreaded images associated with it, such as the tyrant's frown, the oppressor's wrath, the enemy's and avenger's license; but rather those pleasing images which the mind loves to have presented and to dwell upon—the eloquent voice uplifted for the cause of Right, Justice, and Truth—the sagacious and patriotic counsels aiming at the peace, welfare, and prosperity of the country, and those of the families and individuals composing it—the bland smile and address, and the large, generous soul, all whose impulses were genial and kindly, all whose energies were consecrated to honor, liberty, and humanity. He is fallen; the mighty is fallen, and all that now remains for those who revered and loved him, is to bewail the loss they have sustained, honor his character and services, and properly cherish his memory.

Few of our greatest men, whose lives have been devoted to the service of the country, have been assailed with greater acrimony and fierceness of denunciation, and have encountered in every stage of their public life a sterner opposition, aided, or sought to be aided, by an unscrupulous resort to the most reckless and calumnious accusations. Mr. Clay has been, in certain periods of his life at least, the best abused man in the country. One might have supposed from the clamorous representations made and reiterated in certain quarters, that he was the worst and most dangerous man among all his compeers—that he could stoop to any dishonor—was adequate to the commission of any crime—that his professions of patriotism were a trick and a sham—and that to advance his own vaulting ambition, he stood ready to make any sacrifice of truth and principle. We state this as a melancholy fact which will hardly be denied, though we mean no particular disparagement to any class or any party. For the same humiliating thing has been witnessed, in the case of other public men—in the case of Andrew Jackson, for example, the same detraction was resorted to by his opponents, the same unblushing falsehoods told and believed, the same injurious criminations made, and no epithet was deemed too bad with which to bespatter cha-

racter and principles. This is one of the evils of a free country and of an unshackled press. There is no muzzling the liberty of thought and expression, and in times of high excitement, the greatest license is sometimes indulged in speaking of the sentiments, course, and character of the men who are put forward as the standard-bearers of their respective parties. If we were to believe the one party, at least many of its men and organs who undertake to speak for it, every measure and principle opposed to it must be radically wrong, every prominent advocate of its doctrines radically dishonest and corrupt, and everything connected with its purposes and policy destructive of the interests of the commonwealth. If we were to believe the other party, we should be driven to the same conclusion in respect to *their* opponents and their principles. Both cannot be right, though both may easily be wrong. And the plain truth is, that in every case and all cases of this loud-mouthed and wholesale denunciation, neither party is to be implicitly believed. We cannot doubt very much of their abuse and crimination to be spiced with exaggeration, uncharitableness, and falsehood. We believe, as a general thing, the men they declaim against are far better than they are represented to be, and quite as worthy and exemplary at least as the persons by

whom they are assailed. And we prefer on all occasions to exercise our own sober judgment and intelligent convictions, in regard both to measures and men, believing that we shall find in both somewhat to commend and somewhat to condemn; and quite sure that we shall find, if we are candid, absolute perfection in neither.

But what I would say is, that in the case of Mr. Clay, the voice of clamor, detraction, abuse, and evil speaking is hushed in presence of his cold remains. The intelligence of his death—though the event has been long expected—creates a general and profound sensation. Persons of all parties, with a promptitude and cordiality which reflect great credit upon their convictions and sensibility, vie with each other in paying due honor to his services and character. And “how is the mighty fallen” is the deep-toned sentiment echoed from Maine to Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific shore. The blemishes and imperfections of his character and life—and who, of mortals, is without his share—are overlooked, if not forgotten, while his shining excellences rise into brighter lustre, and elicit the spontaneous sincere eulogiums not only of ardent friends, but of those who have long and determinedly differed from him on questions of national policy. He is fer-

vently, though pensively, commended as the sagacious statesman whose best counsels and energies have been unweariedly, and for half a century, given to advance the interests and honor of the commonwealth; the orator, whose burning words, the vehicle of a powerful logic, have again and again echoed from the halls of the nation's capitol, carrying persuasion to many minds, exciting admiration and often astonishment in all, and poured forth uniformly in advocacy of the rights, the interests, the honor and welfare of the country, the sacredness of the Constitution and the laws, the preservation of the Union, the claims of the government, the duties of the governed; the patriot and benefactor—in whom love of country was a principle dear as life, and the prosperity and happiness of his countrymen a kindred principle, cherished with almost equal tenderness, and neither to be yielded up while he had an arm to enforce or a voice to utter his sentiments; and the Christian too—alas! that his convictions had not been acted on by an earlier consecration—who found his crowning honor to consist in laying all his fame, and talent, and influence at the feet of the Crucified, deriving strength from the heavenly support, consolation from the Divine promises of mercy. I say all these things, now that Henry Clay

is no more, are pointed at, commended, applauded in eloquent terms, with various voices from various sections of the land, and by all sections of our citizens, showing the high estimate in which the venerated dead is held by his countrymen, and the powerful hold which such a character and such a life have taken upon the public mind and heart.

It will not be expected that I should set forth, with anything like detail at this time, the circumstances connected with the stirring and eventful life of our honored and lamented fellow-citizen. These, for the most part, are well known, are matter of history, are spread out on the pages of the public press, and scattered among all the families in the land, and will form the subject of those set discourses which persons better qualified than I am will be called upon, in due time, to deliver. I can only avail myself of the occasion and the day—this appropriate day, the anniversary of the birth of our nation—to glance at some of the more prominent features in his character—features which have served to impress his name and influence indelibly upon the history of this country.

As a public man, a statesman, he has most deservedly occupied, and for more than a generation, the highest rank; adorning the stations which he has

held with the qualities of prudence, sagacity, sincerity, and ardent love for the welfare and prosperity of his country and of all classes of its citizens, and an earnest intention to devote all his ability to the promotion of these high objects. At the age of 26 A.D. 1803, he was first elected to a seat in the Legislature of his State, and from that period to the present, with a few brief interruptions, he may be said to have been continually engaged in the public service—that is for a period of forty-nine years, from his first appearance in a Legislative body, until death closed his labors on a field where many a toilsome duty had been discharged, many a sore struggle for principle encountered, and many a signal victory won, and many a pang of disappointment felt—for this long period, with here and there a short interval, when the harness of active service was laid aside, his name has been known familiarly, and his services devoted to matters of public concernment and interest. He was not indeed so long in public employment as John Quincy Adams—for his unprecedented term extends from the age of fourteen to upwards of fourscore—but how rare is it for an individual to spend in the active service of the State the period of half a century; how staunch must be the energy and perseverance: how rare the qualifications, and how

early matured the understanding, of the person who is called to occupy posts of honor and responsibility, at an age when most persons have hardly completed their preliminary preparations. His rise was rapid, and well sustained at every point. No constituent of his had ever cause to blush that his favorite candidate proved himself disqualified for the office into which he was placed, or unworthy of the honor conferred upon him. Whether as Legislator, Congressman, Senator, Secretary of State, Commissioner to adjust a National Treaty—he equally adorned each station, and found himself amply adequate to the discharge of its duties. And though the highest office in the gift of the people, for which he had been several times in nomination, was destined never to be reached by him; yet no candid man, be he friend or foe, would ever have doubted his admirable qualifications for this office, nor scrupled to confess, that if inducted into it, he would have adorned it with accomplishments such as rarely indeed, in these later days, surround the Presidential chair. His statesmanship was of a high order, combining skill and sagacity in planning, fearlessness and indomitable energy in executing, with great directness of aim and sincerity of purpose, over all which a glowing patriotism cast its sunshine and its warmth, render-

ing his influence in every station as salutary as it was potential and commanding.

His sagacious counsels he had the art and power to enforce by an eloquence such as is rarely given to mortals. Eloquence of the highest order is not commonly bestowed. It is rare indeed that we witness among men the unmistakable evidence of its presence. But Mr. Clay certainly possessed it, and according to the testimony of all who have heard him in his happiest moods, the effect of his eloquence at times must have been irresistible and overwhelming. I had an opportunity of listening to him, something upwards of two years ago (May, 1850), in a reply to Mr. Soulé, of Louisiana, on the great question of the Compromise Measures. He was an old man then, returned to the Senate at a time when his years demanded quiet and repose—returned there in his love for the country, to exert his influence and uplift his voice for the cause of conciliation, peace, and union. He was an old man, and much of the energy of his younger years might be supposed impaired; but his eye was not dim, nor did his natural force seem abated, nor were the fine tones of his clarion voice unstrung or tremulous, but as he rose, and there was a hush to hear him, and every eye in the crowded house was fastened intently on

him, and the importance of the subject got possession of his mind, and the stimulating force of the occasion and the surrounding circumstances, and the excitement of replying to a strong argument of a strong opponent, aroused his feelings into activity—there were volleys of words and arguments discharged, aided by the glances of an eye that seemed to shoot forth sparks, and every feature of a most speaking countenance all alive, glowing, almost distorted, at times with the earnestness of his convictions;—while the voice of the grand old orator rolled along the arches, and filled every crevice of the hall, or sank at times into deep, distant thunder tones, each accent of which was distinctly audible to every hearer.

It was a fine spectacle, and imposing and instructive, and one which will abide long in the memory—a pleasant thing to revert to—to associate always with it the name and services of the patriot orator, whose untiring efforts in behalf of compromise and reunion, went far towards effecting the desired result, although the labor and excitement of this memorable contest hurried the sands out of his already declining hour-glass. True eloquence is a wonderful gift and faculty. It is a dangerous endowment, because so powerful, when found in possession of wicked and unscrupulous men, but a noble faculty

where it resides with patriotism, and honor, and integrity. History has already written with bright characters the purposes and objects which enlisted the eloquence of Henry Clay for years and years, during one of the most interesting and stirring periods in our nation's progress towards greatness and expanding empire. And the records of future centuries will not unsay, but say more decisively, what has already been said, in regard to the character, purposes, services of the "eloquent orator," whose voice shall no more thrill men's hearts and prompt their energies to high and honorable achievements.

The earnest, self-denying, devoted love of country, has ever been regarded as among the most sacred and amiable virtues; and they who have possessed and exercised it, through evil report and good report, who have shown its depth and sincerity by sacrifices of comfort, of substance, and sometimes of life, are looked upon with veneration and affection by all upright minds, and are embalmed in unfading honor in all sincere hearts. A long catalogue, a splendid galaxy, of noble names rise before me as I mention the word patriotism,—names which illustrate their own annals, and appear with undimmed lustre upon ours—names belonging to various peoples and nations, and various ages of the

world—but regarded by all liberal minds as not the peculiar property of any nation or age, but as belonging to the world,—as the property of freedom and human rights, as cherished members of an universal brotherhood, whose aim is to elevate man's condition, and invest him with the rights and privileges for which the Creator destined him. These names of illustrious patriots of former ages are mingled and blended with illustrious names on the pages of our own history: brothers united with brothers, in one common cause, in one sacred pursuit, in one noble aspiration and struggle. They wished to be freemen, and many of them became such, though some were baffled and cast into prison and loaded with chains, and some died to save the country they loved. Alas, for those martyr heroes! whose blood stained the soil they panted to redeem from bondage. They died,—but their names, and blessed be God, their principles live; and each blade of grass once red with the blood of heroes, has a tongue and a voice with which to swell the shout of freedom's triumph, cries out against the oppressor, and becomes a witness for the truth, and a prophet of a better and brighter day that is swiftly coming.

The name of our venerated statesman and orator who has just left us for the spirit-land is now

recorded, and worthily and ineffaceably recorded, upon the imposing list of our nation's and the world's purest patriots. Did they love their country with earnest devotion? so did he. Did they give means, and substance, and time, and toil, and ability, and influence to advance its honor, promote its welfare, secure the perpetuity of its benign institutions? so did he. Did some of them even die for love of their native land? so did not he, *literally*—that is, hewn down like Hampden, Warren, Bozzaris, who fell with weapons in their hands—but he fell still while at his post of duty; and it may be, that a few years more might have been added to his life, and that life ended amid the peaceful shades and solacing attentions of his own home, but for the yearning anxiety to aid in the settlement of a perplexing and difficult question, and the exhausting toils which his participation in it, at his advanced stage of life, required. His patriotism, however, is unquestioned, and entitles him to the gratitude of the country he has served so long and so well. “I believe,” says Mr. Cass, “that he was as pure a patriot as ever participated in the councils of a nation—anxious for the public good, and seeking to attain it during all the vicissitudes of a long and eventful life.” This is decisive praise on the part of

one who knew him long and intimately, and was moreover opposed to him on many national questions. But it is praise which every candid bosom will respond to almost spontaneously, and which will be unalterably confirmed by the grateful voice of posterity. His country was enshrined in his affections, and her welfare and happiness had a place among the last faint expressions which trembled on his lips.

He is not only regarded with veneration and gratitude for his patriotism, and the distinguished services which he has rendered the country, but with a warmth of personal affection with which few public men succeed in inspiring others. His personal qualities were such as to exert a magic upon all who came within his circle, and his legions of friends all over the country were linked to him by hooks of steel. There was a charm in his conversation, a frankness in his manner and very countenance, a heartiness in his salutation, a warmth of cordiality beaming from his eye, expressed in his smile, in his gestures, in the tones of his voice, which were perfectly irresistible. His friends were ready to undergo any toil or sacrifice to do him a service, and embarked in his cause with the utmost alacrity and enthusiasm, when he was a candidate for the suffrages

of the people; and when he failed of being borne into the Presidential chair in the earnest, stirring campaign of 1844, there was a voice of despondency and sorrow, almost of lamentation, raised on the part of his attached adherents everywhere, which proclaimed how ardent was their affection, how intense was their desire to elevate their favorite to the position which his long and signal services richly merited, and to which he had himself looked forward with a steady and honorable ambition.

When an important measure was to be carried, he prevailed not more in impressing his convictions upon other minds by his public harangues than by his personal influence, and the persuasions of his witching conversation and address. He was a man evidently constituted for guiding and leading other minds, not following in any beaten track. All who saw and heard and associated with him acknowledged the subtle mastery which he exercised over them, almost unconsciously, and followed a leader who drew them with the gentlest yet the most irresistible pressure.

And yet while such a power was his, he did not exercise it sternly or tyrannically. He was kind, bland, and gentle even in his triumphs, and those who were vanquished by him found him always a

generous and considerate vanquisher. He used victory so well, that it was neither shame nor pain, but almost pleasure, to be overcome by him.

When defeated himself, he bore it with equanimity. His natural buoyancy kept him from despondency, and few signs of disappointment even could be seen by the closest observers. He infused his own elastic courage and spirit into those around him, and when defeated was not disheartened, but with fresh ardor renewed the contest for principle, and as his own bright plume was seen to float, and his clear voice to resound, his routed followers were sure to rally and renew the struggle with undiminished ardor.

We will not dwell upon these qualities, nor will I point to those imperfections which, to a nature so impulsive and impetuous, were almost inevitable. I will speak only in the spirit of him who bewailed a fallen monarch—of the good and the fair in his character, which, indeed, so far overbalances what remains, as to render it insignificant and almost invisible except with microscopic eyes. His crowning glory was his faith in a crucified Lord—the meek, child-like trust with which he reposed all his hopes of mercy and salvation in Him who tasted death that man might live for ever. To a representative from his own State (Mr. Breckenridge) who had just returned

from home, bearing to Mr. C. some affectionate memorial from his family, he said: "I am not afraid to die; I have hope, faith, and some confidence. I do not think any man can be entirely certain in regard to his future state, but I have an abiding trust in the merits and mediation of my Saviour." To his own spiritual teacher he expressed himself on frequent occasions, fully and unreservedly, upon the great truths of the Christian scheme—the unshaken, long-cherished convictions of his mind of the truth and grandeur of Christ's religion—the grounds of his hope and confidence—the calmness with which faith in Christ's atonement enabled him to look forward to the immortal state, and feel some assurance that his own unworthy name would not be rejected by the merciful Redeemer. He received in his sick room the affecting memorials, the bread and the wine, of that Redeemer's love—rejoiced in the privilege of recording an unfaltering testimony to the truth and preciousness of that religion which teaches how to live usefully and to die serenely—whose claims had long impressed him, though too long, as he sadly owned, disallowed—and died at length, resting on the eternal Rock, and calmly committing his immortal part into his Saviour's hands.

I will venture to call such a close of such a life

heroic. There is, in the whirl of politics, in the excitement attendant on public life, and especially in the public life of a distinguished man, so much that tends directly to hinder sober meditation and quench religious influence, that it is scarcely wonderful that the power of religion is so seldom seen in high stations. The thoughts are preoccupied and wholly occupied with other things, and hence "God is not in all the thoughts." It is refreshing to see, under these circumstances, a great mind struggling to break away from the entanglements of such a dangerous situation—yield to its long-restricted but never-smothered convictions of heavenly truth and personal duty, and undeterred by opposing influences, own the mastership of Jesus Christ, and bow as a weeping penitent before him.

This Henry Clay did. And they who know anything of his sincerity and love of truth, must know that his religious consecration was entirely cordial and conscientious, and expressed the honest deep-toned convictions of his soul.

The Christian religion, indeed, derives no honor from man. The mightiest man who embraces it aright honors himself infinitely, honors the religion not at all. It receives no fresh dignity by the accession to its ranks of the wise, the mighty, or the noble.

The power of its sway, the lustre of its excellences, appears as clearly in the humblest as in the highest. But it is pleasant, notwithstanding, to point to such a disciple as the illustrious deceased, and reckon him among those receiving the kingdom of God as a little child—to hold up *his* faith as an example to a perverse generation, to point his admirers to the source whence he derived all his calmness and comfort in a dying hour—to show the witlings, the scoffers, the faithless and profane, who treat the most sacred things with contemptuous levity, and turn scornfully away from the pure teachings of the Son of God—one of the grandest spirits of the age bowing submissively at the feet of the Nazarene, owning his doctrines as the highest wisdom, his aid the only support, his mercy the only joy and safety of the soul. If there is force in example, what a striking example have we here, and how loudly should it speak. And yet this example, beautiful as it is, is only the reflection, the copy of other nobler examples, whose faith in a risen Lord, himself the most glorious example, has recorded their names imperishably for the guidance and encouragement of all wandering souls. May their earnest united voice not be uplifted in vain!

There are practical lessons which the survey of

this subject suggests, the outline of several of which will appear in the following reflections, and then my present task is done.

Let the young men of the nation learn what duty to themselves, and duty to their country, requires. A career of honor is open to you all. A post of usefulness, if not of renown, may be certainly attained, and should be determinedly sought. An humble origin and crippled means are no impassable barriers to stations of respectability and influence. Our free institutions open the path to success, and invite the aspirant to pursue it. And industry and diligence, a courageous heart, a firm faith, with sincerity of purpose, honesty, and uprightness in the use of means, high principle, and moral decision, that opposes a stern front to all dishonoring solicitations, from whatever source, and trust in God's aid and mercy—are the materials evermore out of which patriots, good citizens, honorable and honored men are made. These made Henry Clay what he was, and have embalmed his name in the nation's heart. His distinguished rank and reputation you may never reach. This is the lot of very few, indeed, of mankind, and the thing is not intrinsically important, for neither usefulness nor happiness depends upon it. If you have fewer talents, you will have fewer dangers

and cares, and less responsibility. But you may attain honor, every young man may attain it, and with honor usefulness, and more or less of influence, which may be exerted beneficently for the highest interests of society. You may become Christian patriots, though your sphere remain comparatively humble, and honorable and respected wherever your name is known, for

“Honor and fame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.”

Let temptation be resisted, let truth be loved, let dishonesty and insincerity be loathed, let corrupt associates be shunned, let industrious habits be cultivated, let the society of the just and wise be valued, and their counsels and example be heeded, let the religion of Christ shed its benign influence along your path, and its fertilizing dews fall upon your hearts, and whatever your hand finds to do of good, do it with all your might,—and you rise to the dignity of *men*, patriotic men, large-minded and liberal-souled men, virtuous and useful men—men of whom every society may well be proud, and to whom the commonwealth may point with pride as the jewels of her crown, the ramparts of her defence, the safety and glory of her institutions, the

pledge of her abiding honor and increasing greatness, and of the perpetuity of a heritage bought with blood, and destined to be transmitted to remotest generations. And when your work is done here, that pure religion, which has the promise of the life that now is, will prove a sure passport to that blissful life which is to come. Your children who come after you will bury you with honest lamentations, and profiting by your principles and example, will stand fast in the path of duty and honor, as their fathers stood, and in God's good time deliver up into other hands the fair inheritance received from you.

This is the Fourth of July, and the quiet repose of the blessed Sabbath blends with the tumultuous feelings awakened by this illustrious anniversary, and gives a sober air to our joy. The Lord of the Sabbath is the God of nations, and the Father of his people. And while we honor his institutions, and bow before him here as suppliant worshippers, our sentiments of piety are not incongruous with sentiments of patriotism ; our confessions of sin, and praise for His mercies, are perfectly accordant with the joyful hailing of another return of our nation's birthday, and the stirring recollection of all the privileges which it commemorates. Let the united

occasion receive united praise for the light of the Sabbath, and the light of civil freedom. The Giver of all good gifts has bestowed them both, with every other priceless mercy by which our "goodly heritage" is distinguished. And let the wafted praises which this day go upwards to His throne bear the profound thanks and homage of our hearts for Christian Sabbaths, with all their privileges continued, our liberties preserved, our land prosperous, our citizens happy, our past years marked by success and expansion, our future by no lowering clouds to excite serious alarm.

Time, nature, and change are doing their work, but the course of Providence is uniform. The strong pillars of the Republic fall one after another, but the throne of the Omnipotent stands. The hoary and beloved patriot dies, but God lives—yes, and will fulfil His purposes, and preserve His heritage, whatever changes may take place in the natural world, or in human society and affairs. The stability of a state, any more than the course of nature, does not depend upon the life or death of individuals. A chasm is produced when a mighty man, like him we mourn this day, falls, but it does not cripple nor paralyze the State. We honor the illustrious dead—we mourn that he is taken from us—a nation's tears

will fall upon his grave. Would that he had lived a few days longer ; that he had been spared to greet once more this natal day, which was wont, as it returned, to fill his patriotic heart with joyful and grateful emotions ; would that with Adams, and Jefferson, and Monroe, he could have looked on his last earthly day upon yonder bright sun shining upon a prosperous and rejoicing people, and seen the fair and fruitful fields of his loved country gleaming in its rays, and felt the rapture which the sight and the associations must have inspired, and then breathed forth his spirit with the prayer, " Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."

This might seem to us the most fitting closing scene of our honored patriot's life, but God ordered otherwise, and ordered wisely. The mighty has fallen—the scene has closed—the breach has taken place ; but, as was remarked, however great the loss, the course of affairs will not be interrupted. The death of the individual, however distinguished and useful, is but a ripple on the surface of society. A little while, and all is tranquil and composed as it was before. God administers the affairs of nations, and unfolds and executes his purposes. He provides the material and raises up the men to carry out his design. He rules in righteousness and honors the

meek and lowly, the devout and truthful who honor Him, and tremble at His word. He hates sin and loves holiness ; and while he can by no means clear the guilty, will visit the just and upright with decisive tokens of His favor. Let us love and practise the principles which lie at the foundation of all national greatness, of all social well-being and progress. Let the love of country be warm and ardent, but let it be purified and ennobled by the fear of God, which is the beginning of wisdom, and by the love of God, which casteth out fear of His anger, so long as we are loyal to His authority. Then let time and nature have their course. We need not be afraid. Let dangers frown ; they shall be turned aside. Let calamity overtake ; it shall not uproot our safety nor destroy our peace. Let our mighty men fall into the grave around us. The pillars of the Republic shall stand ; and guided by Infinite wisdom, and shielded by Infinite power, the nation shall pursue its steady course till its high destiny be fulfilled.

A DISCOURSE ON THE LIFE, CHARACTER, AND SERVICES OF DANIEL WEBSTER,

PRONOUNCED ON THANKSGIVING DAY NOV. 25TH, 1852.

*"Justum et tenacem propositi virum,
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solidâ."*

HOR. OD. III. LIB. 2.

*"For behold the Lord, the Lord of hosts, doth take away . . .
the mighty man . . . and the honorable man and the counsellor
. . . and the eloquent orator."*

ISAIAH iii. 1-3.

THE separation of these words from some of the expressions with which they are immediately connected, neither breaks the continuity of the sense nor impairs the integrity of the thought. They point by certain descriptive marks, to that great man on whom the grave has recently closed, whose departure from among us has caused a wide-spread sensation, and drawn forth from every part of the land strong expressions of sorrow for his loss, of gratitude for his services, and of admiration for his character.

I refer, of course, to Daniel Webster, "the mighty man and the honorable man, and the counsellor, and the eloquent orator." None will dispute the propriety of applying these epithets to him. He is now done with the scenes and activities of this life, and enmity or malice can have no motive to withhold from him honors, which a long and arduous life, devoted to the welfare of his country, entitles him to wear. Accordingly, his merits and his praises are on every tongue. North and South, the East and West, seem to vie with each other in acknowledging his greatness, and in doing honor to his name and memory. The general sentiment is, "how is the mighty fallen"—how wide is the chasm left in the public councils—how hard, if not impossible, to supply the breach that has been made. The whole country knows his history by heart. His image fills every eye, and the impress of his mighty genius is left on the mind and heart of the nation. He has stood so long before the country, in positions of honor, trust, and danger, raising the hopes, encouraging the efforts, and allaying the doubts and fears of men, with his potential voice, that we feel something bewildered, stupified almost, as we look up to the place he occupied and find it vacant. He is gone. His voice will be heard no more by listening senates

and applauding crowds. But his character, counsels, and example remain—for all that is good and great in these, is, like truth itself, imperishable. To use his own forcible words on a memorable occasion, “he lives and will live, in all that perpetuates the remembrance of men on earth—in the recorded proofs of his own great actions, in the offspring of his intellect, in the deep engraved lines of public gratitude, in the respect and homage of mankind, in the influence which his life and efforts, his principles and opinions now exercise on the affairs of men, not only in their own country, but throughout the world.”

I have thought that this anniversary season could not be better improved, than by making it the occasion of some remarks upon the character and services of this extraordinary man. His career has been a national one. His name and fame are connected with all the great questions of public concernment, which, for the last forty years, have been prominently before the country. His name and fame, too, are inseparably joined to some of those great events connected with the first settlement, and the Revolutionary struggles of the country—the mention of which stirs the patriotic blood within us. He ranks among the first and purest of our patriots—the Hancocks, Adamses, Jeffersons, Hamiltons, of our earlier history.

He has labored manfully and long to preserve and perpetuate all that is fairest and most valuable in our institutions. And, as the result of his toils, he has reared a monument to himself, which must last as long as our annals endure.

It is fitting, then, to propose, on occasions like these, the examples of distinguished public benefactors, that lessons of wisdom may be drawn from their principles, counsels, and life. Example is a sage and impressive teacher. The great apostle employs it, when he holds up before his hearers the noble achievements of the great and good of former ages. He does not counsel a blind and unreflecting reverence or imitation—for the best men have blemishes, and these are not to be admired or followed—but he counsels us to admire what is truly admirable and heroic, and follow as far as others have led the way in the path of honor and truth. So would we counsel to-day—to follow no one blindly, great as his intellect, renowned as his name, may be—but follow wisely, follow with nice discernment of the true course and way of honor—follow with truthful discrimination between the shadowy and the real, the plausible and sincere. That example, which leads to right principles and right deeds, is the only one that can be safely pro-

posed to any one, and certainly none other should be set before a Christian audience.

Daniel Webster's fame, I have said, is national, not sectional. He labored and wrought out great benefits for the whole country, not for a part. He has set before us, and before our children, an example which may be safely followed by those who dwell where the feet of the Pilgrim Fathers first trod, and those whose habitations overlook the waves of the Pacific—by the dwellers beside the mighty lakes of the North, and those who cultivate their rice-fields within sight of the Mexican Gulf. His rare genius, commanding intellect, and influence, have been devoted to advance the common interests and welfare of all sections of the country, of every class of its citizens. His name and services are the common inheritance of Americans. Providence has bestowed this illustrious man upon the country, that the country might derive great and, as we may hope, lasting benefit from his sagacious counsels, honest admonitions, earnest encouragements, clear exposition, and strong enforcements of those great principles which lie at the foundation of all our valued institutions. His mortal work is done. He is no longer numbered among living men. "The Lord, the Lord of Hosts," who gave, hath taken him away. That which cannot

die, however, remains and must remain, and it is THAT which we are called to contemplate—his works, his principles, his influence, his example, which form the monument of his greatness, the ineffaceable record of his long and memorable career. And while we humbly thank our Father in Heaven this day, for civil and religious liberty—for a country the most favored and privileged of any on the face of the earth—for institutions benign, wise, good, and capable of diffusing blessings large and free on every side—for laws which guarantee the security of property and the rights of every citizen—let us not forget the MEN whose labors have been the means of guarding, defending, and rendering stable and perpetual the government, institutions, laws, under which it is our happiness to live. Of these men, Daniel Webster, beyond all controversy, is one, and one of the noblest. And when we look for instruction to the lessons which his life teaches, we do that which seems greatly befitting on occasion like the present.

The high eminence he attained was the fruit of stern and sore struggles in his boyhood and early youth, and this part of his history, therefore, is full of interest and instruction. For to see a restless and strong boyish intellect, instinct with yearnings after knowledge, push its way forward to a distant and

deceptive goal, through and over obstacles, before which timid souls sit down in despair, and by undaunted spirit and resolution conquering success, is a refreshing and animating spectacle. Under these free institutions of ours, such spectacles are not rare. The unfriended, tatterdemalion boy has high examples in our history to cheer and strengthen his aspirations, and bid him press forward ; and each example, widely spread out before a nation's eyes, is a fresh motive power applied to young struggling minds to aid the throes which shall develop the future statesmen and guardians of the Republic. There is no luxurious highway to learning under the most favorable circumstances. And if there were, Webster had not been suffered to pursue it. His father had neither wide distinction nor ample fortune, and could not command for his sons a liberal education, without their own exertions contributing to gain it. But he was a father of enlightened views and large heart, and greatly desired to do for them what uncompromising circumstances would not allow him to do for all, give them education, which he regarded as more valuable than silver or gold, or lands, or merchandise. In the case of only one son, however—the subject of the present remarks—did he venture the proposal of putting him in the way of securing a thorough education,

the advantages of which he well understood, though without enjoying them himself. The father was to remain at home, toiling harder than before; the son was to go to the Academy and thence to the College, in order that

"Knowledge to his eyes, her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time,"

might become unrolled as the fruit of a father's sweat and self-denial. Well might the son, overcome with this mark of self-sacrificing generosity, shed gushing tears when the generous proposal was first made to him. The promised aid was given accordingly—all that could be given—furnishing partial support, not wholly sufficient for the son's maintenance at college. But the son had the spirit of his noble sire, and what was lacking he himself supplied, by teaching school during his vacations, and for a year after leaving college, at Fryeburg, Maine—not only teaching there, but assisting the County Register at the same time, with a hand that seemed to *ache*, as years afterwards he spoke of its former toils. The proceeds of his labor went not to pay his own way to the law, simply, but to help forward, also, his brother Ezekiel, whom he had induced to attempt the ascent of that "hill Difficulty," which lies directly in the

path to be trodden by the humble learner's foot, in his progress towards the longed-for goal.

These things may seem trivial. They are, in fact, important. They show character. They indicate energy, decision, manliness, which are prophetic of the great achievements of the future man. It is by such a preparatory discipline, such laborious training, such a baptism of toil and self-denial, that the great character is formed, moulded, and fitted for heroic deeds. The local habitation, nature, and early associations of Webster, were well adapted to develop his character, and prepare him for what he had to do. His father's rude house was far towards the North Star, to use his own expression, almost on the farthest verge of civilized dwellings, amid the granite hills of New Hampshire; hills, bleak, harsh, and untamable, covered in winter with snow of great depth, which loosened at times from its icy moorings, was wont to rush into the valleys with the noise and impetuosity of an avalanche. The giant forests, too, towered around, and the wintry wind, as it swept through their branches and over rugged upland and moor, made such music as is apt to awaken high emotions and lift the soul to God. To a mind properly attuned, the contemplation of such grand and solemn objects seldom fails to leave indelible im-

pressions. Noble and elevating images are brought before the mind, frequent and familiar converse with which imparts to it something of their own elevation and grandeur. Whatever is base and mean in purpose or thought, slinks away, as feeling unfit for such lofty association; while what is truly magnanimous in the nature, and which had possibly remained dormant and hidden without such arousing influence, is warmed into life and activity. Many a notable character which has become historic, has had its strength fostered and developed by influences like these.* Besides, the father of Webster was a soldier. He had served in the French war, and also in our Revolutionary struggle, gallantly occupying a Major's rank under the heroic Stark. And doubtless, the thrilling narrations received at his father's hearthstone of the toils, hardships, and sufferings endured by that illustrious band of patriot heroes, who won for us our liberties—stories made more intensely interesting by the narrator's own experience, and by the warm feelings of a bosom, retrospectively throbbing with the memory of the fierce onset, the desperate strife, the shout of victory, and now throbbing with the consciousness of liberty won and all

* See Appendix A.

its fair fruits freely enjoyed—went far to fill the soul of Webster with patriotic aspirations, made love of country a passion with him, led him to honor and venerate those noble defenders of the soil, who perilled all to secure its freedom, and to utter afterwards his ardent love and gratitude in words which have embalmed the names of these heroes for ever—words as undying as the deeds they commemorate.

But I cannot dwell on this, and pass to notice Mr. Webster as a professional man. His preparatory course was done. He was a lawyer, admitted to practice in the courts. He was a well read lawyer from the start, for his time had been diligently improved, and what he had read he had not only remembered and arranged, but had digested and fully mastered; for his mind was one capable of mastering, and not satisfied unless it did master whatever subject it was intent on attaining. He was impatient of knowing a thing by halves—of surveying it from a single position—of examining it in one or a few aspects. He was intent and determined on knowing it all. A subject should be surveyed on every side, searched all round, and through and through, before a person presumes to say he understands it, or undertakes to speak upon it with a view of enlightening and convincing other minds. This

was his theory, and this, too, was his practice. And this will account for one of the marked peculiarities of Daniel Webster's style. He expresses no thought ambiguously or darkly, but in language so clear that a child almost may comprehend it. His thoughts, ingenious, far reaching, and massive as they are, are limpid as the purest spring. He that runs may read.

The reason is obvious. He understands his subject himself. He has mastered it, in whole and in detail; and therefore has only to state to others, in a terse and perspicuous manner, what is palpable as light before his own mind. And this simplicity of statement he had in rare perfection. For clearness of statement he had no superior, hardly an equal, amongst the great men of our country. There is not a phrase, not a sentence, scarcely a word—of course I except those Latin quotations with which he was fond of garnishing his more ambitious discourses, the use of which in another might be called pedantry, and which certainly do not prove, what Sir Charles Lyell, who heard him give a long quotation from Cicero in Faneuil Hall, supposed they did prove, the general acquaintance of his audience with the foreign tongue; I except these, and perhaps a few technical expressions besides, but with these exceptions, there

is little indeed to puzzle or perplex a reader of ordinary intelligence.

I might refer you to a number of his arguments on important occasions as proof of this averment. A single one I cannot forbear to mention—that in behalf of the State of Rhode Island and against the rebellion of Dorr, argued before the United States Supreme Court. It is not only one of the most convincing and conclusive, but one of the most beautifully lucid and transparent arguments I ever read; chaste, simple, flowing on in an unbroken stream of light—divested of all learned technicalities, it carries captive the understanding, and furnishes delight to the heart of the reader least acquainted with the law. His argument in the famed murder case at Salem, in 1830, against the Knapps and Crowning-shields, is another instance of lucid statement, masterly arrangement and analysis, and the power of marshalling detached and stubborn and apparently contradictory circumstances into an array of coherent and convincing proofs. And still another, is the last argument which he ever made before a court—that in the great India Rubber case of Goodyear. All the admirable qualities of his mind stand out boldly in that speech, though delivered at the age of three score years and ten—an age at which most men

crave repose, or at least decline the severe toil requisite to master the details of a long and complicated case. There are the accurate and minute knowledge—the nice discrimination—the broad, comprehensive view—the powerful logic—and the simple, energetic language—expressing, with the greatest precision and force, exactly what he meant to express and nothing more—unravelling all the intricacies of the case—giving, in fact, a complete history not only of the case, but the natural history of the India Rubber tree, and the various processes which have marked the manufacture of the India Rubber, out of which the long controversy arose. It is not marvellous that he should have taken a high rank in his profession, and very early too. No wonder that his services should be secured in conducting the most momentous suits—and that from beyond the sea, not less than in his own country, his powerful aid should be enlisted by those who had cases, difficult, perplexed, involved, to manage, and which ordinary abilities might fail to disentangle and bring to a favorable issue.

He was an “honorable counsellor.” These words of the text express the fact in his case. He took no unfair advantage of his adversaries. He was ignorant of the little arts of quibbling and subtle twisting of a case to compass his own ends. He scorned, for

want of argument, to resort to the perversions of the law, to disingenuous artifices by which the worse might be made to appear the better reason. It was all open and above board. His blows were downright—struck in the open day—urged home and made effective by sheer force of logic—by direct straightforward argumentation, that defied tricks and subterfuges, and stood in the manly consciousness of its strength. He made the law appear what it is, in its true aspects, a noble profession, whose province and mission it is to guard human rights—shelter the oppressed—secure the privileges of the humblest citizen—prevent power from trampling on weakness—prevent crime from finding impunity in the connivance of guilty men, or the false sympathy of misjudging men. He knew nothing in practice, and despised in principle, the paltry artifices by which the law is turned aside and cheated of its rightful victim, through false glosses, through legerdemain, or subtle sophistry of a class of advocates, somewhat too numerous for the peace and well-being of society—and who, were our Lord now on earth, would be sure to hear a repetition of the withering rebuke; “Woe unto you, lawyers, for ye lade men with burdens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves touch not the burdens with one of your

fingers." Webster knew nothing in practice of this. But an honorable profession derived lustre from his having espoused and followed it. He was a true man, and could not stoop to what he knew was false, even in argument for a client. He was an honorable man, and scorned whatever was mean and disingenuous, as derogating from an honorable profession and his own self-respect. He has illustrated the law, not only by varied learning, profound insight into its true principles, brilliant and powerful advocacy, and arguments which will never die—but by the dignified manners, and polite tone of address and intercourse, which he never laid aside, which favorably struck all who approached or were associated with him, whose influence was wholesome while he lived, and will no doubt continue to do good, now that his place is vacant in the courts and assemblies that he adorned.

But he was a legislator and statesman renowned, no less than a counsellor of confessed power. His country would not suffer him to pursue the congenial current of an honored profession in comparative retirement, but called him into her councils. He appeared upon a new field and a more conspicuous arena. He was surrounded by the picked men of the nation, some of them able to cope in argument

with the strongest, others no way remarkable except as holding seats there, and holding seats there because they had been chosen and commissioned to do so. He soon became one of the most noticeable members there, making a speech at an early day, which riveted the attention of the House, and elicited the applause and prediction of coming greatness, of that profound jurist and exemplary man, Chief-Justice Marshall—almost a guarantee itself of the truth of the prediction. I cannot pause upon his course in this body. It was throughout “honorable,” and established his reputation as one of the largest minds, closest thinkers, ablest debaters, wisest and truest legislators in the country. He was eight years here in all, and then passed into the Senate in 1827. His whole term in the Senate amounted to nineteen years. The continuity of his Senatorial term was broken by his being called to take charge of the State Department by Gen. Harrison, an office which he held two years. He occupied the same responsible office about three years under the present administration, and in it, at his post of duty, death, when it came, found but did not surprise him.

His career as Senator was distinguished and brilliant. During the long period of service in this body, it was his fortune to take part in some of the most

stirring and important debates which have ever enlisted the attention of the country—and to stand shoulder to shoulder in unison, and sometimes face to face in collision, with some of the greatest names in the distinguished list of our public men. The questions of the Tariff, the Public Lands, States' Rights and Nullification, the Re-charter of the National Bank, the Destruction of its Charter, the Removal of its Deposits—a feat performed by one of the master spirits of his age—and the various questions springing out of this exciting controversy, were all prominent during his Senatorial term, and were discussed by him with an earnestness, copiousness, and power, with a dignity of manner and weight of argument, which extorted admiration even from stern opponents, and raised him high amongst the great masters of reasoning, whom the world honors and venerates through all its ages. In the nullification controversy—so stormy and exciting—the strong arm of Gen. Jackson leaned on Webster for support, and the speech delivered by him on that occasion, conclusive and overwhelming, went very far towards settling the troubled elements, and restoring peace to the distracted councils of the nation. This speech, which gained him the warm thanks of the administration, and of patriotic persons through-

out the country—with the speech in reply to Hayne, delivered three years before, and the speech on the President's Protest—may be appealed to as the most lucid and cogent exposition of the true principles of constitutional law ever delivered in the Senate, and well entitles him to be called *par excellence*, as he long has been called, and probably will not cease to be called, “the great Defender of the Constitution.”

His distinction is hardly less high and honorable as a diplomatist. The Ashburton treaty, as it is called, was made in 1842—a treaty which in itself is enough to establish the fame of Webster immovably, had he achieved nothing besides. A difficulty of sixty years' standing—complex, greatly intricate, embracing varied and adverse interests—menacing the peace of the country—threatening to bring upon us the horrors of war with the nation from which we sprang, and hence regarded with trembling anxiety by citizens of all sections, was quietly and perfectly adjusted through the skill and genius of our great negotiator, in conjunction with the worthy representative of England, to the infinite relief and joy of both countries. This was a master-stroke of sagacity and statesmanship, and it may well be doubted whether any other man amongst us could have effected the desired consummation. England, at

least, thought so. Ashburton thought so, and so thought, and still think, many of our most sagacious and deep-musing citizens. His letter on the Right of Search, his letter on the Creole case, and his letter to the Chevalier Hulseman, bear all of them the stamp of the consummate statesman, and demonstrate that the helm of the ship of state was in the hands of the most courageous, dexterous, and reliable of pilots. The last letter,* that to the arrogant Austrian, is a masterpiece of its class, and has secured a world-wide applause and fame. For clear statement, convincing argument, triumphant exposition of international law, for dignified rebuke of unwarrantable pretension, and for calm, energetic determination to submit to nothing that is wrong, and to maintain what is clearly right at every hazard, it is a state paper which the annals of diplomacy can hardly parallel. Other acts of creditable management in this department I might name, but I pass them by, along with those whose development and completion were interrupted by the great man's death, and

* At the time this Discourse was delivered, there had arisen no question as to the authorship of this extraordinary state paper. As the paper bears the marks of Mr. W.'s mind, I shall not alter the text, though the merit of its preparation be no longer ascribed exclusively to him.

which, of course, are not now a fair subject either of criticism or analysis, of praise or blame.

‘ I pass to notice him as what the text describes, “the eloquent orator.” He who can command and sway an audience at will, and bend them to his words, must needs be a remarkable man. This rare faculty has ever been with men the theme of admiration, and they who have possessed it in an extraordinary degree, have been sure of a perpetuated remembrance. The great orators of antiquity are familiar names to us; and those whose eloquence has been exerted for beneficent ends, have, and deserve, our love and veneration. Oratory and eloquence are of different kinds and degrees. No two orators hardly resemble each other in the qualities which constitute their chief strength. Calhoun, Clay, Webster—that splendid triumvirate, whose names are household words, the mention of which opens before us many an intensely interesting page of our past history, upon which we gaze with tearful eye—were all orators, and each had his own peculiarities of address, of style, of manner—differing from each other, and yet each forcible and at times commanding, and even overwhelming. Calhoun’s diction was chaste and nervous—his periods in his more elaborate performances admirably rounded—his reasoning

close, compact, forming a burnished chain, each link of which seemed beautifully adapted to its place and use—his countenance deeply earnest, in severity of outline approaching to sternness, yet alive and glowing in debate, expressed as well by his vehement gesticulation as by his fiery eye and speaking features, and a voice sharp and harsh at times, which in moments of great excitement poured itself forth in a perfect torrent and tempest of impassioned words. Grant him his premises, and let who can escape from his conclusions. Clay had a blander physiognomy, and won, as he rose, by the ease and grace of his manner, and the suavity of his tones, the favorable opinion of his hearers—until, as he went on, warming with his subject, the whole man seemed to undergo a change; his tall person grew taller—his eye seemed to kindle and emit sparks—his voice clear, sonorous, and capable of running with the utmost facility over the whole gamut of sounds, swelled and rang until its clarion tones electrified his hearers, while not only every feature, but hands, arms, shoulders, sides, the whole body, as Cicero says of Mark Antony,* seemed instinct with the senti-

* "Gestus erat non verba exprimens sed cum sentiis congruens, manus, humeri, latera, suppositio pedis, status, incessus omnique, motus cum verbis et sentiis consentiens."—*Cic. Brutus*.

ments he would express, and conspired to pour these sentiments into the minds and hearts of his audience. Webster had greater calmness than either. He was the most deliberate of speakers—expressing himself in measured sentences, each word of which occupied its own place, perfectly fitting there. His voice was deep-toned, but not unmusical, well adapted for his sinewy Anglo-Saxon words and vigorous thoughts. He had a more majestic presence than either—grave, thoughtful, dignified, without being stern or overbearing. A manifest

“ Grace was seated on his brow”—

to which also was joined

“ An eye, like Mars, to threaten and command—
A combination and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.”

Except when excited, which was seldom, he had little action; an occasional gesture with the right hand being all that he displayed. And even this, in his arguments before the courts, he was wont to dispense with almost entirely; standing erect and statue-like, his keen deep-set eye glancing, his speaking countenance and distinct voice, with an occasional

emphatic inclination of his body, being all that he used to enforce his arguments. And yet with less of action* posterity may regard him as the truest orator of the three—the greatest orator, perhaps, of our times. Less vehement and declamatory than either of the others, less likely on ordinary occasions to sway and captivate a promiscuous crowd than the orator of the West, he had more breadth of view, and more truthful logic than Calhoun, more compactness and solidity than Clay, and more than either of these great men of that rare power of thought—instantly striking from its truthfulness, and diction admirably fitted to express it, which takes the understanding captive, and, through it, the heart, impressing itself long after the voice of the speaker has ceased to be heard. Many mistake declamation for oratory, a boisterous or impetuous manner for eloquence. He, it strikes us, is the true orator, who produces not the greatest present, but the most lasting, effects in the right direction. And that is true eloquence, be the speaker's manner what it

* The "noble, sublime, godlike action," which Mr. Webster speaks of in his great eulogy on Adams and Jefferson, as superior to the tricks of gesture, of language, or of rhetorical decoration, is, it need scarce be remarked, a very different affair from the action of the declaimer.

may, which most deeply impresses what is true upon the minds of an audience. As Webster has himself said on one occasion, "there is nothing valuable but *truth, truth, truth*. It is not glossary or commentary that is valuable—it is not that thing called eloquence, never of the greatest value, and often mischievous, but it is that which can stand the test of time and eternity alone—*truth*." And judged by both these tests, immediate impression and effect, and *truth*, more valuable than this, and whose influence abides, Webster has combined them, at least on one memorable occasion, and more signally than either of his renowned contemporaries. His reply to Hayne is no less truthful than its present effect was electric. That single master speech combines wit, humor, railery, powerful sarcasm, withering scorn, overwhelming invective, apposite illustration, convincing logic, touching pathos, and splendid outbursts of patriotic eloquence in one magnificent whole. Where, among all our parliamentary records, are we to look for its peer? So good a judge as Edward Everett said of the *manner* of it, that it realized to him more completely what Demosthenes in his great Oration for the Crown must have been than any other speech he had ever heard, and he had heard the most famous orators on both sides of the Atlantic. Its instant

effect was indeed overpowering. The silence of death rested upon the crowded Senate Chamber after the thrilling words of that magnificent peroration, which every schoolboy has by heart, had closed ; and hands remained clasped, and faces fixed and rigid, and eyes tearful, while the sharp rap of the President's hammer could hardly awaken the audience from the trance into which the orator had thrown them. Were his character and rank as an orator to be gauged by this single effort, I suppose the verdict of men would not be doubtful or much discordant.

The verdict to the high merit of this famous speech—which Mr. Webster, I believe, regarded as his masterpiece—is well-nigh unanimous, nor is the judgment ever likely to be set aside. It possesses an interest and importance reaching far beyond the occasion that called it forth. It enunciates principles with the love and maintenance of which, every most cherished good for the present, and every hope for the future of the country, is interwoven. It breathes a broad national spirit, a tone of lofty patriotism, which finds a vibrating cord in every true heart, and will find it there, till the mad passions of men shall have seared the bosom so, that liberty and union themselves will no longer be words to awaken a

rejoicing echo. It were not easy, amid such a cluster of singularly suggestive and eloquent passages, to point to a single one finer and more suggestive than the rest. Each reader will have his preferences, were such choice to be made, and hardly two perhaps might be found entirely accordant. For myself, I find nothing in the speech that excites higher admiration than the following noble sentiments:—

“I shall not acknowledge that the honorable member goes before me in regard for whatever of distinguished talent or distinguished character, South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honor, I partake in the pride, of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all, the Laurenses, the Pinkneys, the Sumpters, the Marions, Americans all, whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by State lines, than their talent and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits. In their day and generation they served and honored the country, and the whole country; and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country. Him whose honored name the gentleman himself bears—does he esteem me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or sympathy for his sufferings, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light of Massachusetts, instead of South Carolina? Sir, does he suppose it in his power to

exhibit a Carolina name so bright as to produce envy in my bosom? No, sir, increased gratification and delight rather. I thank God, that if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit which would drag angels down. When I shall be found, sir, in my place here in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit, because it happens to spring up beyond the little limits of my own State or neighborhood; when I refuse for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion, to liberty and the country; or if I see an uncommon endowment of heaven, if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue, in any son of the South, and if moved by local prejudice or gangrened by State jealousy, I get up here to abate the tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth."

The spirit of these words is so manly and catholic, there is such a serious and convincing truthfulness about them, such deep-toned national feeling, such tender regard for the honor of the commonwealth, as identified with the honor of its highest names, such withering rebuke of sectionalism, which would measure out desert to States or individuals according to

their geography or associations, and institute odious comparisons between them, such touching allusion to the obligations which the present owes to the past, and to the fraternal spirit and united effort which made the men and achievements of the past heroic, and withal such a revealing on the part of the speaker of a large, unselfish, magnanimous heart—that the passage is ever invested to my eye with exceeding impressiveness and beauty. The voice uttering such sentiments takes every generous bosom captive, drowns all dissonant, disorganizing voices lifted against it. The orator expands before us till he occupies the whole foreground, and his adversary dwindles so that for the time he grows almost invisible.

But I hasten to remark that Mr. Webster's eloquence was eminently patriotic. He annihilated Hayne and his nullification doctrines together—showed that the Union must be preserved—that without union all that our fathers fought for, all that their children inherited, prized, and enjoyed, was lost. His arguments appealed to the understanding and heart of the country, and were greeted with a general outburst of acceptance and favor. The public mind has pretty much settled down upon the views of the Constitution as then presented, and as

they were expanded and enforced by him on subsequent occasions. The benefit resulting to the whole country from these great efforts is incalculable, can hardly be over-estimated. They well entitle him to the gratitude of all classes of citizens, and no doubt he will receive it from children's children, while our annals continue to be swelled by the rolling years.

But these strong, well-aimed blows, struck for the Constitution and the laws, are not the only evidences of his patriotism. His whole life, all his public acts, all his recorded sentiments on questions of public interest, have about them an "odor of nationality." His great centenary discourse on "Forefathers' Day," at Plymouth, in 1820—his matchless eulogy on Adams and Jefferson, in 1826—his suggestive and eloquent orations, at the laying of the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill Monument, and at the completion of that commemorative work—and his oration on the 4th of July, 1851, at the laying of the corner-stone of the extension of the National Capitol, are, severally and together, instinct with broad nationality, and may be appealed to as models of that species of discourse whose electric glow of patriotic feeling is communicated to each reader, stirring the heart to its deepest depths, and nerving it to court martyr-

dom for the country's cause, honor, and happiness. On the last of these occasions he felicitously and touchingly apostrophizes Washington, who had been present when the first corner-stone was laid with kindred solemnities, but under circumstances how widely different. The orator's sorcery causes the scene to rise before us in all its vividness. We behold Washington cross the stream on a fallen tree which bridges it, and heading a short procession, ascend the eminence then covered with original oaks, beneath whose shade the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of a young nation's Capitol, was to take place. We see him looking with grave benignity upon the scene then presented, and with the lineaments of his countenance softened by concern and anxiety, we seem to hear the solemn tones of voice, bidding his countrymen "preserve the Union of the States, cemented, as it has been, by our prayers, our tears, and our blood."

All these addresses, and many kindred ones, are replete with sage counsels, with deeply earnest and significant admonitions, and are fragrant, redolent, to use his own words, with love of country. He was emulous, indeed, to tread in the footsteps of Washington. He proposed Washington's great example as one which all should look up to, and strive

to follow. Washington's name to him was a tower of strength. On one of the occasions referred to, I heard him say, that "in all times of doubt and despondency, of danger and gloom, I turn to that transcendent name for support and consolation." On another occasion, he declared with no less emphasis, "I go back every day of my life to the model of Washington's administration. And I say to you here, to-night, were I to draw the character of a President, such as Washington, were he on earth, would approve, Washington himself should stand before me, and I would copy his master-strokes and imitate his designs." And on still another occasion: "If I were to exhibit the spirit of the Constitution, in its living, speaking, animated form, I would refer always, always, to the administration of the first President, George Washington. And if I were now to describe a patriot President—I would present his picture before me as a constant study—I would present his policy, alike liberal, just, narrowed down to no sectional interests, bound to no personal objects, held to no locality, but broad, and generous, and open—as expansive as the air which is wafted by the winds of heaven from one part of the country to another."

He did not content himself with following in the footsteps of Washington afar off, with gazing at a

distance upon the majestic and awful countenance, which reflected truth, honor, firmness, incorruptible virtue, the rare union of noble qualities forming the soldier, hero, patriot, statesman, sage, meeting and blending in him in beautiful equipoise and harmony. It was not enough for him to look at these from afar, dimly and in outline. He was anxious to get close up to his object and model, to gain a position and hold it, whence he could peruse and study, feature by feature and lineament by lineament. He sought to stand, and did stand, where he could scan and learn each trait and peculiarity of that marvellous character, which has drawn to itself not only the admiration and reverence, but the love of mankind. He strove to analyse, and did analyse, the constituent elements which had produced so grand a combination of human excellence. He gazed till he saw standing out before his mind's eye, in living characters of light, the prudence and energy, the coolness and courage of the patriot soldier, undaunted by dangers, unbroken by reverses or disasters, cheerful when others were despondent, hopeful when the more timid and less sagacious had given over all for lost, and pressing forward toward his object with a tenacity of purpose which forced the sternest obstacles to yield, and wrenched abiding victory from

the very jaws of defeat. He saw with increasing admiration the same great qualities adorning the council chamber and the chair of the nation's Chief Magistrate, adapted as ever to a new position and other trusts and emergencies—the intuitive sagacity with which counsellors and aids were called around him—the passport to his own confidence and ground of their elevation being fitness, honor, trustworthiness, and nothing else—the breadth of his views, looking to the rights and welfare of his country and every part of it, and in defence, and for the promotion of these, pursuing a course steady as that of the sun in the heavens, as little overawed by threats from abroad as disturbed by excitements or animosities at home—determined to be just and to render justice to all, and to require nothing more and accept nothing less from others, infusing the spirit of this principle into all associated with him, and desiring and laboring to diffuse it through all the branches of government, and every ramification of society—merging party in his country's cause—loving his country with a father's yearning tenderness toward his only child: watchful of its interests, jealous of its honor, fearful of the dangers that might be lurking to harm it, and the more to be dreaded because unseen and unsuspected—lifting up a warning voice

against these dangers, inculcating the love of the country as a whole and never to divided—the love of its institutions, the cultivation of the sentiment of nationality in its broadest sense, as bulwarks equally against foreign foes and intestine discord, and pointing to the inseparable connexion between God's smiles and public and individual justice, and virtue, and a nation's true progress, prosperity, and happiness.

These were among the qualities which made Washington a model President to Webster, and his administration a model administration. He gazed upon and studied his model so constantly and closely, that he became imbued with the living spirit which it breathed. In his love of the Constitution, the noblest charter that the associative wisdom of patriot sages ever formed for the government of a people—in his love of the Federal Union, whose existence he regarded as interwoven with the healthy life and integrity of the Constitution—in his broad and liberal nationality, which looked ever to the rights, the interests, the welfare of the whole country and every part—in his sensitive sympathy with the national honor, and the sacrifices he stood ever ready to make to preserve it untarnished—in his jealousy of the agitations, the effect of which might be to shake,

to undermine, to impair confidence in established law and order—in his reverence for the Great Ruler of nations, and the Christian institutes, whose influence on public morals, on social and national peace and welfare, none has recognised more uniformly and earnestly than he—we see the master at whose feet he had sat as a learner, and the fruits which his docility and diligence bore. By his sentiments and course on such high matters as these, he evinces how closely he followed in the path trodden by his illustrious guide and exemplar—how constant and powerful was the influence exerted on him by the life and principles of the great Pater Patriæ.

His speech on March 7th, 1850, on the Compromise Measures, has been loudly condemned in certain quarters as unpatriotic, and at variance with his former opinions and course. I have never been able to take this view of it. That speech was, as usual, limpid as a brook, and of signal power in its influence all over the country. His abolition enemies love him none the more, certainly, that this speech, so widely circulated, was so convincing and effective. What did he set forth in it? Among other things, that there was portentous agitation of the slavery question, and that the stability of the Union required that this agitation should be allayed—that the Slave

States had greatly changed their opinion on slavery since the adoption of the Constitution—that from regarding slavery as a “blight, a blast, a scourge, a mildew, a curse,” as their own most enlightened and trusted citizens formerly regarded it, they had come to look upon it rather as a social and political blessing than otherwise, and that this great change of view was produced by the great increase of cotton exportation—the quantity exported in 1790 being only in value some forty or fifty thousand dollars, whereas now it amounts to over one hundred millions yearly. The truth of these statements will hardly be denied. Then he sets forth, that personally he had warmly opposed the annexation of Texas—opposed it early, opposed it steadily, and opposed it to the end—opposed it on the ground that we had territory enough, and of slave territory quite too much, already. He proceeds to show that Texas was annexed by free-soil Northern votes, especially by those in the Senate, of Mr. Dix of New York, and Mr. Niles of Connecticut—that it was annexed, knowing that it must come in as a slave State, and not only so, but annexed with the express stipulation that whenever population allowed, four new slave States—electing to become such—should also be admitted on their application into the Union. This was the stipu-

lation, the law, which Mr. Webster considered irrepealable, and to the carrying out of which the good faith of the government was solemnly pledged. He had spoken and voted against the admission of Texas, but now that she was admitted, and by northern votes too, he contended for the honorable observance of the stipulations. He was unwilling to evade the law, get round the stipulation, by applying a test which was not contained in it, but would render the law in fact nugatory and void. He stood upon the faithful observance of laws, of treaties and compacts, to be religiously observed between parties, whichever might prove the sufferer. He regarded the principle to be one of the most momentous character, and that to swerve from it in a single instance might endanger the stability of our institutions.

In regard to California and New Mexico, he considered slavery excluded from both by the law of nature, of physical geography, and was unwilling "to re-affirm an ordinance of nature or re-enact the will of God." The entrance of slavery into either he regarded as an impossibility, and a proviso decreeing its exclusion, besides being utterly superfluous, must operate as a taunt and reproach to the South, and that taunt and reproach he was not willing to utter and promulgate by his vote. His prophetic

words, if I may call them such, have been fully verified. California has come in as a free State; and there is no slavery, besides peonage, in New Mexico. And what may seem strange in the history of this transaction, but not so strange after all as it is lamentable, is found in these words of Mr. Webster himself: "Of all the papers that reviled me so much and so violently for affirming there was no necessity for applying the Wilmot Proviso to New Mexico, there is not one of them that has taken back the charge, when they saw the truth of my assertion verified by facts. Did they say, 'Webster was right and we wrong?' No; not one of them." This declaration contains its own commentary.

Then as to the Fugitive Slave Law.* No humane person approves of it in the abstract, any more than of the slavery out of which it sprang. Our sympathies are spontaneously against it, and with the hapless fugitive. Our hearts would gladly afford him shelter, and food, and apparel, and money, and a passport, with a "God speed" to encourage him, to get quickly into a land where he is free from the possibility of wearing manacles. But there is the Constitution—the highest law in the land. It de-

* See Appendix B.

clares that persons bound to service in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall not be discharged therefrom, but shall be delivered up to the person to whom such service is due. There is the supreme law, explicit, unmistakable, to which we owe allegiance and fealty. That law must be a dead letter, and the rights of those for whose benefit it was more particularly framed, negatived and lost, if the moment a slave steps upon free soil, he becomes, through northern sympathy and adroitness, wholly irreclaimable by those from whom he has fled. To a slave, the crossing of a State line becomes thus the castle of his safety and earnest of his freedom—and the failure of an opportunity to escape, is the chief security to the owner of slaves that he shall continue to hold his own. Now what shall be done? Shall the Constitution be kept intact, or shall it be violated, or its violation connived at and promoted? That is the question. Mr. Webster thought the former, and acted as he thought. He was for keeping honor and good faith with the South, as with every other section. He advocated the Fugitive Slave Law, because he conceived that law to guard the rights of the South under the Constitution, and to deprive no section of its rights. The law is not perfect, Mr. Webster saw and acknow-

ledged, and had he not been called out of the Senate, he meant to have introduced amendments to it. As it is, the law is constitutional, and by convincing the South of the intention of the North to maintain good faith with them, has tended strongly to allay excitement and agitation. In advocating that law, Mr. Webster simply stood where he had always stood, where he could not but stand, by the Constitution of his country; and in preferring social order to chaos, law to anarchy and revolution, has furnished additional proof of his consistent patriotism. While as to the allegation of his being sold to the South—of his speaking and acting as he did for the paltry consideration, the base bribe, of Southern support to aid him in reaching the Presidency, the wretched charge is refuted by all the principles and antecedents of his life, and will be believed soberly only by those who have a purpose to gain, a hatred to gratify, or who love darkness more than light, loathsome calumny more than heavenly-visaged truth.

In a recent discourse delivered in an eastern city, that has gained a wide though not a very enviable notoriety, the speaker denies to Mr. Webster the faculty of originating,—says, in substance, that he dealt in commonplaces, and wrought up skilfully the materials furnished to his hands by others. The

allegation in a certain respect is quite undeniable. If it be meant that Mr. Webster was utterly destitute of the faculty of devising schemes and expedients for evading the force of constitutional law, for getting round compacts and long-established ordinances, without sacrifice of duty, for shuffling off all awkward restraints imposed by oaths of fealty to the government, and making the mere sentiment, or will, or caprice of the citizen a justifying ground of resistance to the law of the land—no man, it must be confessed, was ever less gifted with the power of origination than he. He had absolutely no talent for this, not a particle of inventive genius. His talent and strength all lay in the opposite direction, and in proposing, advocating, maintaining, and defending plans and principles, whose operation looked to the true honor, welfare, and happiness of the whole country and every section of it, his originality is not the least conspicuous of his merits. If he had it not, the defect is neither peculiar nor marvellous, and he only shares it with the greatest names in our history. Washington had no originality, but he conducted the war to a propitious close notwithstanding, and administered the government with admirable ability and distinguished success. Thomas Jefferson had no originality, but the Declaration of

Independence which he wrote, is none the less effective, because old truths are stated in it in new forms and combinations, and for a specific purpose. John Adams had no originality, but his thrilling accents in favor of the Declaration "moved men from their seats" notwithstanding, and among the words advocating the immortal charter of our liberties which will live the longest, are those beginning, with "sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish," put into his mouth by Mr. Webster himself, in one of his own famous orations.* Alex-

* This speech of John Adams, in Convention, in support of "the Declaration," and in reply to a strong adversary who had taken ground against it, seems to me the finest conceit and most felicitously carried out of anything in the whole range of patriotic oratory—and itself disproves the charge against Mr. Webster of a lack of originality. It has for us a perpetual freshness, pathos, and power, familiar and common as it has grown by incessant schoolboy mouthings. Charles Lamb, indeed, says in his paper on Shakspeare, "I confess myself utterly unable to appreciate that celebrated soliloquy of Hamlet, beginning 'to be or not to be,' or to tell whether it be good, bad, or indifferent, it has been so handled and pawed about by declamatory boys and men." Byron expresses a like experience in the 40th note to the 4th Canto of *Childe Harold*. While admitting the truth of this as a general rule, I must mark as an exception to it the effect produced by reading, in their connexion, the rousing, thrilling, burning words ascribed to the revolutionary patriot. I cannot read them without full sympathy with Sir Philip Sydney's

ander Hamilton had no originality, but he nevertheless "smote the rock of the national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth." And so it would be easy, with a dash of the pen, to deny great original thoughts to the most illustrious patriots and statesmen, whose career adorns our annals, and has been productive of signal public utility. The highest originating faculty, in truth, is often the least useful in the practical good it achieves for humanity or the public weal. Mr. Webster's originality will certainly bear favorable comparison with that of the great fathers of the Republic. In his case, as in theirs, the great good has been achieved—the high and patriotic purposes carried out by the appropriate means, by the resolute will, by the labors and devotion of a whole life. Originality? The words of a distinguished Pagan poet uttered long before the Christian era, "*nullum est nunc dictum, quod sit non dictum prius*," are but a variation of "there is no new thing under the sun," spoken by the sage of Israel centuries before the heathen reproduced it. If Mr. Webster, therefore, has not originality, his lack is no way strange, and if he has it not, the thing will be hard to find amongst our declaration, that he could never hear the old song of Chevy-Chase, without finding his heart moved as by the sound of a trumpet.

legislators or great men of the present or the past. At least, we prefer greatly a single page that we could cull from some of his profoundly wise and significant utterances, a single pregnant passage from some grand oration, revealing both the speaker's sentiments and heart, even without originality if it must be so, to all the bald theories, subtle spiritual musings, day dreams, night visions, and rhapsodical vagaries, however profound and original, of all the transcendental philosophers of this wise age. Webster at least has something practical, something tangible and useful. The views and schemes of the others are for the most part absurd and impracticable, and, so far as utility is concerned, are worthless as the froth thrown up by the heaving waves. But let this pass.

Mr. Webster had warm and genuine literary tastes; loved poetry and history; loved the writings of the wise, good, and great of former times. He knew and loved the Latin language, and drank in from the pages of some of the great Roman authors, large draughts of wisdom and philosophy. He had evidently cultivated general literature to some extent. He had no small acquaintance with books. And though, perhaps, not a ripe and varied scholar in the full sense of the word, yet he had more scholar-

ship than many who have enjoyed the highest honors of the country, and who have entrenched themselves enduringly in the grateful affections of their countrymen. His scholarly attainments, if not profound, were at least highly respectable. And had they been far less extensive the lack might easily be overlooked, in consideration of his mastery of legal and civil science, his rare accomplishments as a debater and as an orator, the scope and accuracy of his general knowledge, and the excellence of his literary composition. And the wonder is, not that he knew no more, but that, with all his burdens of professional business, and public and private duties, he should know so much that he should be able to turn aside from the work-day beaten track, to which inexorable business called him, to refresh his mind with writings in a foreign tongue—to slake his thirst at those perennial fountains, the sweet murmur of whose waters seems to impart to the aged something of their own immortal youth and freshness.* His

* With his favorite Cicero, he could exclaim, with warm appreciation of the truth and beauty of the sentiment, as the frosts of advancing years were gathering upon him—" *hæc studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis solatium ac perfugium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.*"

Historical Discourse pronounced last winter, displays his tastes and acquirements in this direction in advantageous light—shows much information and research, with nice discernment and criticism, both literary and historical, and shows how conversant he was with subjects beyond the range of his stated everyday engagements. All who heard him on that occasion felt admiration and wonder; and lavish praise fell that night upon the eloquent old man, from lips little accustomed to bestow it in that direction.

His tastes were simple, genial, natural. He loved his farm of two thousand acres, washed by the ocean's waves—loved to cultivate the soil, and see it grow in fertility under enlightened and skilful tillage—loved to rise with the lark and sally forth to smell the fresh air, and brush the early dew from the rejoicing herbage, and drink in the songs of birds welcoming the morning, and see Nature's face radiant with smiles, and hear the grand matin song of the sea, and raise his own grateful thoughts to Him whose fingers made the heavens and earth, and whose love scatters profuse blessings along our pathway. He loved his surviving kindred with constant ardor, and cherished the memory of those whom death had snatched away with unabated tenderness.

He could hardly speak of his deceased children, cut down in the morning of life, without tears. Writing to a friend, a few years ago, from the old homestead in New Hampshire, which was then his own, he recalls with strong emotion the form of his noble father, who had done so much for him, and whose kindness he had repaid as far as filial affection and gratitude could repay it. He recalls, too, his brother Ezekiel, the finest human form he ever saw, to whom he had been strongly attached, and who had died suddenly years before. "I saw him in his coffin," he says; "a white forehead, a tinged cheek, a complexion as clear as heavenly light. The grave has closed upon him, as it has upon all my brothers and sisters. We shall soon be all together. Dear, dear kindred blood, how I love you all." He never forsook those whom he honored with his friendship. All his neighbors respected him, and they who knew him best loved him, for he was affable, and kind, and generous, and ever ready to do magnanimous offices to those who sought his assistance. No enemy had cause to fear the effects of his personal malevolence, for he could not stoop to inflict a personal affront or injury upon any man. In debate the same spirit influenced him, and during his long term of service in the public councils, so perfectly dignified and be-

coming was his deportment on all occasions, that he was never called to order in his place for the use of unbecoming language or unseemly personality.

His religious feelings appear to have been deep-seated, earnest, and abiding. He speaks of his honored father, in the letter from which I quoted before, as a man of "Puritan character, and deeply religious." Doubtless from him he derived that religious principle, that respect for the Supreme Being, and the Holy Scriptures, and the Christian religion, which stands out conspicuously in his works. The discourse I have referred to already denies him much religion, except in its outward lower forms, and allows him very little *conscience, especially in his latter years*. But for his speech of March 7th, 1850, or if, in place of it, he had come out with equal power in favor of a law higher than the Constitution, and counselled resistance unto blood to the lawful authorities, no doubt the proportions both of his conscience and religion had been greatly enlarged in the estimation of a class. The very thing, however, which they regard as the proof of a lack of conscience, we are inclined to regard as among the evidences of its possession. The point, however, I will not dwell on, as the state of another man's con-

science is rarely a subject of profitable inquiry or safe deduction.

The Sacred Scriptures he constantly read and studied, admiring them as mere literary productions more highly than the noblest human compositions, and admiring more their lofty spirit, simple, energetic style, pure morality, and sublime inculcations—teaching as they do how to serve God acceptably, how to serve man efficiently, how to live usefully, and die in the calm of the Divine sunlight and peace. We easily gather from his recorded sentiments everywhere, how deeply his mind was imbued with the grand truths of the Book of Life, and how great his obligations to it were. The very character of his style, its compactness, its clearness, and simplicity, owing in great measure to the large use of those nervous all-expressive Saxon words, whose magazine is the English Scriptures, betrays his obligations, as well as his express and ever reverent testimony. I shall not dwell upon the evidence furnished on all sides of the strength and constancy of his religious sentiments, but shall be content with adducing a single instance, which may be new to most present, and this I give from personal knowledge.*

* Since the delivery of this Discourse, I have seen this anecdote,

Mr. Webster dined some years ago at the Astor House, meeting several of his acquaintances and friends there by appointment, and among them Col. Stone, then Editor of the *Commercial Advertiser*, and a warm personal friend. Col. Stone, in the course of conversation, put this question to Mr. Webster: "What is the most important thought that ever occupied your mind?" The reply was, after a pause, "My individual responsibility to God." And then, with becoming solemnity and earnestness, the great man entered upon a conversation of some half-hour's duration upon this weighty theme, the company the while remaining profoundly serious and attentive. The speaker's countenance and manner, the tones of his voice, with the weight and force of his sentiments, conspired to produce an unwonted effect, a particular proof of which was soon afforded. A gentleman who had been amongst the guests, and was somewhat addicted to the practice of profanity, was observed, after Mr. Webster had retired, to be silent and thoughtful, and, being rallied as to the reason, declared that he had heard words from Mr. Webster which impressed him more deeply than he

with some variations, in the public prints. I relate the circumstances as I received them, and have no doubt of their substantial accuracy.

had ever been in his life before, that God, the just and holy, is worthy of profoundest reverence from his rational creatures—that he felt it to be a wrong and an impiety to utter His name lightly and frivolously—and that his determination now was, with God's help, to repeat such strange folly no more. He kept his word, and reformed from a vice, which, coarse and revolting as it is, many unreflectingly indulge, who would feel sorely aggrieved, were their claim to honor and gentility denied them. A circumstance so striking deserves well to be pondered by those who are habitually or occasionally profane. Happy for them, and for all men, if the claims of human reverence, love, and loyalty, in all their length and breadth, are ever recognised in principle, and remembered in practice—the claims of Him, whose holy law declares, that “the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain.”

Mr. Webster had blemishes—had faults. To have been without them had raised him above our humanity. A great man is a shining mark, ever exposed to the slings and arrows of the designing and evil-minded. What in ordinary persons might pass unnoticed, or be at most but a peccadillo, becomes magnified in him into a positive disfiguration and deformity. For this reason, what fame has alleged

as an obliquity, has been made worse, I have no doubt, than it really is. He held a public position. He was surrounded by unwonted temptations. He was fond of social intercourse. The customs of refined society are seductive. The smiles and applause of valued friends are exhilarating. And *nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit*. The rest need not be told. Censorious friend, how would *you* have resisted and carried yourself, if exposed to such an ordeal? Possibly made a speedy wreck of yourself, sinking worn and broken down in person, mildewed in intellect, blasted in reputation, prematurely into the grave. This Mr. Webster did not. He lived beyond three-score years and ten; lived—honored in name, unwasted in person, with eye undimmed, and natural force unabated, and with glorious intellect, which in none of his recorded sentiments has given the least indication of decay, vigorous, and cloudless to the last. We are no apologists, however, for any man's short-comings. We hold up no man's blemishes for praise or imitation. We are not claiming for Mr. Webster impeccability, nor the character of an exemplary and devoted Christian, any more than we claim infallibility for his opinions, or perfect perpendicularity for all his public acts and course. We confess, however, to a disposition to

soften the severity of acrimonious censure, to look charitably and pityingly, in every case, upon the waywardness of a great soul, whose predominant instincts, purposes, and deeds are towards the High and Noble, the Right and True. We cannot forget what pity we ourselves need from Him who knows our frame, and remembers that we are but dust; and who, were He to "mark iniquity" against *us* as unsparingly as we are tempted to mark it against *others*, would blast us with the lightnings of His wrath, or make us exiles from His presence evermore.

And oh! what a calm and beautiful close of life was that of the great statesman and orator. Loving friends were around him; countenances tearful and sad, bosoms wrung with anguish at the parting just at hand—but all was serene composure on the brow, in the words, in the bosom of him whose last hour of earth was just approaching. No tremors shook his frame, no remorse distorted the visage, no poignant, regretful accents pierced the ears of those who gazed wistfully and sorrowfully, but words of confidence and hope proclaimed the inward support, which the soul derived from a source "within the veil." Those Scriptures which had been read so thoughtfully and earnestly through life, now seemed to shed upon the

mind their tranquillizing beams. That Saviour, whose great propitiation had been rested on as the only foundation of hope, now stretched forth his arm to uphold and succor the soul that trusted in him. That kind Father, whose name had always inspired veneration, and who reconciles penitent sinners to Himself, through His Son, now seemed to lift the light of His countenance upon His feeble, languishing child, as he humbly committed himself by prayer to His benignity and protection. And with the Lord for his Shepherd, and the rod and staff of His love to guide his feet and support his steps, he quietly passed from among men, walked through the valley of the shadow of death, entered the spirit-land, and all that was mortal of Daniel Webster was no more.

‘ Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame; nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.”

He is no more, and yet he lives—lives with his great contemporaries who have preceded him by a brief period to the dark mansion appointed for all, and will live in the recollection of men while honor and patriotism continue to be prized. He, as well

as they, is now gathered to his fathers, leaving, as an inheritance to those who come after him, what is worthy and heroic in his life and example. He has left us the Institutions which he loved and defended, and the fair country which nurtured his youth, and whose history he has illustrated. His departing accents, if they teach anything, bid us prize our goodly heritage as it deserves to be prized, and never fail in the duties which we owe to that common mother, from whose bosom we all draw nourishment and support.

These beneficent institutions, this beautiful country, as our heritage and home, are still ours; while earnest and touching voices of the departed wise, great, and good fall upon our ears constantly, to remind us of our obligations to the past, and to admonish us of what we owe not only to the present, but to the generations who are to come after us, and especially to Him, the Great and Merciful, without whose unceasing aid and protection the builder's toils to rear the edifice, and the watchman's vigilance to guard the city, had been equally unavailing. These voices from the spirit-world should come with power to every American heart. Plaintive, solemn, intensely sincere and solicitous, the spirit of their blended counsel and admonition would find expression in

accents such as these: "The span of life is short. Its swift current will soon merge the actors now on the stage with those who have already had their exits. To act your part well is the true and only honor. There are present and pressing duties which every citizen owes to God, to his country, to his kind. God's smiles and blessing on the toils and sacrifices of the men His hand raised up and strengthened, have given you a country, fair and fruitful as any which the sun shines upon, and rights and privileges secured by wise and benign laws, richer and more valuable than any people ever had before. Sources of support, of comfort, and happiness are opened here for the many, so steadily-flowing and inexhaustible, that no nation has ever furnished their parallel; and these are the evidence at once of the worth of the country, its institutions and laws, and of what is due to the Divine favor for bestowing such a heritage. Guard it, therefore, sacredly and sleeplessly. Guard the well-compacted ordinances which are the foundation of this magnificent structure, and suffer no rash hand to detach or loosen a single stone, whose absence may soon cause a wider breach, then a cracking, then a sinking, and finally an indiscriminate crumbling, overthrow, and ruin. Such a dire catastrophe not only sweeps away

present treasures, but blasts the hopes of the coming ages, whose curses must rest for ever upon the matricidal hands dealing out such remorseless and unnatural death. Let your labor be to preserve rather than destroy, and transmit safely to others what has come unimpaired to you. Let the fast following generations, as they receive uninjured the sacred trust which you now hold, clap their hands for joy while recounting your truth and fidelity, and link you in their grateful hearts with the wise, virtuous, and patriotic of the nation's earlier history. This will nobly attest a work well done, and a course honorably finished—a life passed, whose benefits to man will reach far beyond its brief earthly period.”

An utterance such as this is not fanciful. I think I hear this voice, and I would that every citizen might hear and would heed it. While we honor the accents of our illustrious dead, and him recently so, who speaks to us audibly to-day, we will not forget that God lives and reigns, and that our responsibility is present. Our course is not yet run; our work is not yet completed. But each of us is passing onward to the tomb, where is no work, no knowledge nor device. Let us act our respective parts well, while the little remnant of our lives remains. We have majestic Institutions, let us cherish and strengthen

them. We have the Bible, and its blessed religion, and houses of prayer inviting men to enter them and worship; let us rejoice in each heavenly gift, and use it as beneath God's eye, and with the judgment day before us. We have talents, varying in number; let us occupy and improve them diligently and unweariedly. And we have a soul to save through Jesus Christ; let its deathless interests be first cared for, and beyond all other things cherished and secured. Then when our last hour comes we may meet it with unfaltering serenity—our tasks done, our duties discharged, our faith firm, our hope well anchored, our prospect cloudless—and laying aside all mortal burdens composedly, as we put off our garments for the night, may rise through redeeming grace to occupy the promised mansions,

“ Where cares molest not, discord melts away
In harmony, and the pure passions prove
How sweet the words of Truth, breathed from the lips of Love.”

APPENDIX TO WEBSTER.

APPENDIX A.

To illustrate the influence of natural scenery blending with early associations upon the formation of character, I may cite the following beautiful passage from a Discourse by Dr. W. E. Channing, delivered at the dedication of a Church in Newport, his native place, in 1836. The writer's experience could be easily confirmed by that of multitudes whose names have become historic.

"On looking back to my early years, I can distinctly recollect unhappy influences exerted on my mind by the general tone of religion in this town. I can recollect, too, a corruption of morals among those of my own age, which made boyhood a critical, perilous season. Still, I may bless God for the place of my nativity; for as my mind unfolded, I became more and more alive to the beautiful scenery, which now attracts strangers to our island. My first liberty was used in roaming over the neighboring fields and shores; and amid this glorious nature, that love of liberty sprang up which has gained strength within me to this hour. I early received impressions of the great and the beautiful, which I believe have had no small influence in determining my modes of thought and habits of life. In this town I pursued for a time my studies of theology. I had no professor or teacher to guide me; but I had two noble places

of study. One was yonder beautiful edifice, now so frequented and so useful as a public library, then so deserted, that I spent day after day and sometimes week after week amidst its dusty volumes, without interruption from a single visitor. The other place was yonder beach, the roar of which has so often mingled with the worship of this place, my daily resort, dear to me in the sunshine, still more attractive in the storm. Seldom do I visit it now without thinking of the work which there, in the sight of that beauty, in the sound of those waves, was carried on in my soul. No spot on earth has helped to form me so much as that beach. There I lifted up my voice in praise amidst the tempest. There, softened by beauty, I poured out my thanksgiving and contrite confessions. There, in reverential sympathy with the mighty power around me, I became conscious of power within. There, struggling thoughts and emotions broke forth, as if moved to utterance by nature's eloquence of the winds and waves. There began a happiness surpassing all worldly pleasures, all gifts of fortune, the happiness of communing with the works of God. Pardon me this reference to myself. I believe that the worship of which I have this day spoken was aided in my own soul by the scenes in which my early life was passed. Amidst these scenes, and in speaking of this worship, allow me to thank God that this beautiful island was the place of my birth."

APPENDIX B.

I must here disclaim the advocacy, in any sense, of the Fugitive Slave Law in the abstract. A law, recognised by the

"powers that be," and found in the Constitution, the highest authority of all, may be submitted to from a sentiment of loyalty to the government, without being to the citizen necessarily an object of idolatry or blind admiration. I have no sympathy with the law itself. I deplore the necessity that gave it birth, and the imperious circumstances, at the formation of the Constitution, that demanded for it a place in that Charter. If I submit to the law, in faith and hope that the time may soon come for its just and orderly abrogation, and thus prefer present submission to the confusion and anarchy that must ensue from lawless resistance and rebellion, I trust that I violate no duty of the good citizen, but rather perform my duty in a spirit that He will not disown who paid, on His own and His disciples' behalf, a miracle-produced tribute into the coffers of a government which was anything but a just and righteous government to Him.

The charge of inconsistency and betrayal of freedom urged against Mr. Webster for his sentiments and course in relation to this law, is founded, I think, neither in justice nor truth. Making the Constitution the standard, I cannot discover, in his speech referred to, any abandonment of ground formerly taken by him, any broaching of novel doctrines, any interpretations of constitutional law, at variance with those put forth by him so authoritatively on other memorable occasions, much less any course of action dictated by the gross motives of personal ambition, of which he is so unsparingly accused.

I have made an allusion or two to the Rev. Mr. Parker's strictures on Mr. W., and will here submit a few further remarks on this subject. I am not insensible to the rare merit of Mr. Parker's "Discourse" as an intellectual performance, nor disposed to detract from the admiration due to those strong qualities which he

is sure to stamp on his more ambitious performances, investing them with interest and attraction, which secure them a large and attentive audience, and which have given the one in question a great circulation. While we commend the discourse for its ability, we must condemn it for its bitterness. As a master of scathing and terrible invective, Mr. P. has hardly an equal; and every weapon at his command, in this case, has been sternly grasped, and hurled with all his force at the unwaking and unwitting object of his ire. The real strength of the position or person assailed, is at once attested by the extraordinary fury and virulence of the assault. Its excessive gall should occasion mistrust of the motives, while they betray the *animus* of the assailant. And the question *will* arise, whether the law of love, the gushing humanity by which Mr. P. professes to be governed, is really compatible with the intense hatred exhibited towards one who had loved and served his country long and well, and whose living voice could no more, as it had often done, repel attacks and cover assailants with confusion?

The readiest weapons, and the easiest to use, are vituperation and evil-speaking, but their use, especially when the grave has closed over their object, is always suspicious. Their use is indicative, too. It points rather to a narrow and selfish than a large and magnanimous soul. The palpable cruelty of a single blow decides more with men than volumes of humanitarian theory. It indicates lack of the kindness, the forbearance towards human infirmity, the mild-visaged charity, the humility, springing from one's own consciousness of being liable to mental and moral obliquity—qualities which none need more than professed reformers, and which the Nazarene taught and exemplified with an authority which Mr. Parker possibly ignores. This harsh

and intolerant spirit which saturates his discourse, is not only a disfiguration, but detracts greatly from any real force his teachings might otherwise possess.

Mr. Parker evidently, and in spite of himself, admires Mr. Webster greatly. It could not well be otherwise. There seems a perpetual struggle going on in his mind to repress bursts of honest admiration as Mr. Webster's great qualities and deeds are surveyed, and the struggle is not always successful. But after the praise is fairly spoken, immediately, as if to atone for a momentary weakness, he deals out to his illustrious victim thrusts with fourfold earnestness and energy. He raises him high aloft ever and anon, that by knocking away the platform beneath him, with remorseless hand, he may fall farther, and faster, and more fatally. Nothing greatly meritorious and commendable in Mr. W. is set forth, without placing over against it some vitiating counterpoise. And I hardly know which to wonder at most—the ingenuity of the constant juxtaposition of great and heroic qualities, and, according to Mr. P., of great faults and vices, or the pertinacity with which he insists that a few of the latter shall override a whole life-service given to the country, and make Mr. W. irredeemably bad. Even Mr. Parker acknowledges that up to the speech of March 7th, 1850, Mr. W.'s sentiments and course had been on the whole patriotic and straightforward, and thus the little two years that remained to him of life, were enough to shipwreck for him all the honors and trophies that all the former years of his life had accumulated. And this he would have his readers believe!

Mr. Parker seems to us to be quite as unfitted by idiosyncrasy, by mental and social aptitude, for understanding and hence justly characterizing Mr. Webster, as Johnson, according to Dr.

Channing's showing, was constitutionally unfitted for understanding Milton. The meeting in the Broadway Tabernacle several years ago will be well remembered, at which Mr. Wendell Phillips introduced and supported, with an eloquent speech, the resolution "*that the only exodus for the American slave is over the ruins of the American Church and the American Union.*" Mr. Parker opened this meeting with prayer, and in the course of the meeting spoke at length himself, from which we may infer that he cordially approved the sentiment of the resolution, an inference which his spoken words on other occasions fully warrant. I shall say nothing here about the ruin of the American Church as a necessary preliminary to emancipation. But the ruin of the American Union, involving that of the Constitution, is here proclaimed a necessity, to precede that great "exodus" from bondage which Mr. Parker professes himself to be laboring and most anxious to effect. The Union and the Constitution, therefore, stand in Mr. P.'s way to his object. They are enemies to freedom, and therefore to him. The Constitution, recognising slavery, is corrupt all over; and the Union held together by concession, and compromise, and forbearance, is a corrupt Union, and both should be, and deserve to be, abolished. Consistently with these views, Mr. P., throughout his discourse on Webster, has no word of commendation to bestow upon either Constitution or Union—is fired with no zeal for their honor, or desire for their preservation—is no way impressed with those great historic events which are full of glorious associations to all patriotic hearts, and finds nothing in the sentiment of nationality to stir the blood within him. To his eye, slavery is the one lurid cloud that overshadows everything bright and beneficent in our institutions. That present, all that is

good, and fair, and valuable beside, is absent. And though the country has exhibited unexampled expansion and prosperity in spite of slavery, and has become, through the wonderful facilities opened to all classes to find employment, competence, and happiness, the admiration and envy of the world, "all this availeth him nothing, so long as he sees the 'Domestic Institution' fixed, as it is upon us, by others' hands," and perpetuated through an unhappy necessity—not overthrown and crushed by a summary blow. And though the blow, struck by whatever hand, should involve the ruin of social peace and order, and every dearly-prized national privilege and blood-bought institution, *that* consideration would furnish him no reason why the blow should not fall and the mighty sacrifice be made. Such is the legitimate consequence to which his principles conduct.

To Mr. Webster's mind all wore a different aspect. The Constitution was the most wonderful and sacred compact that nation ever made for its government. It was to him not only the Great Charter of our liberties, but, reflecting the united wisdom of the sages that formed it, worthy to be an object of veneration and love. He bowed to its august authority as supreme. He revered its letter and its spirit. He looked upon that hand as sacrilegious that sought to remove a single stone from its broad and massive foundation. He was impatient of all attempts, from whatever source, to undermine its pillars, impair its sanctions, and nullify its all-embracing influence. And to elucidate what in it seemed susceptible of misconstruction, and to bring out clearly before the public eye its unmistakable meaning, which sophistry often sought to obscure or evade, and thus preserve its integrity unimpaired, he has bent again and again the whole resources of his colossal intellect, embalming his luminous expo-

sitions of constitutional law in arguments which will only die when the language which preserves them is no longer spoken.

So the Union of the States was to him a *sacred* Union. With its continuance was identified the prosperity of the country, and even its perpetuity. He could not see how dismemberment could exist without horrible, fatal, and irremediable disaster. To preserve the Union was the first duty of the true patriot; to laugh at the dangers which seriously threatened it, above all, to excite and aggravate these dangers, the part of the traitor or madman. His great heart beat with a true and healthy national pulsation. Every suggestive incident in his country's history, every memorial of the heroic past, every incipient struggle against oppression, every toil and sacrifice suffered in the cause of truth and right, every revolutionary battle-field, stained with martyrs' blood, had for him a voice that discoursed music to which his heart of hearts responded. And with no small number of the great descriptive facts and glorious events of our history he has contrived to associate his name so inseparably, that the events themselves will as soon cease to be, as his name dis severed from them. The Constitution and the Union were his watchwords ever, and if the earnest and consistent efforts of his life have accorded to him the proud distinction of "Great Defender" of the one, they not less entitle him to be considered as foremost among the "Preservers" of the other.

Thus radically antagonistic—thus viewing these matters of public interest and duty from such opposite standing-points—thus with scarce one sentiment in common in regard to what the real interests of the country demand at the hands of each order-loving citizen—how is it possible for Mr. Parker to understand Mr. Webster or to put a just estimate upon his public

services and character? The result is precisely what might be expected. The portrait in some of its prominent features is little better than a caricature, from this total want of sympathy between painter and subject. Mr. Webster is branded as a traitor to freedom, because he adhered to the Constitution as he always had done, and refused to sacrifice the interests and rights of the whole nation to the clamors and importunities of a section. As if he, whose whole life had been devoted to the defence of the Constitution, and whose highest fame had sprung from its just interpretation, *could* overlook the rights of the South recognised in that instrument, or fail to feel that the Constitution itself could never have been framed, or the government organized, but for such recognition. Or as if, had Mr. Webster laid his hand on that specific provision relating to fugitives, to tear it from its place, and proclaim it of no binding force, he would not have been doing the very work which the whole force of his logic and eloquence had for years and years been devoted to withstand and condemn. And, let it not be forgotten, that his reverence for constitutional law, for compacts, for stipulations, which had become a habit and a passion with him, would have led him, had he lived, to struggle with all his energies against the Kansas-Nebraska Bill; the enactment of which, effected by less scrupulous hands, and violative of express compacts, has opened anew, and with tenfold acerbity, the fierce agitations which it was the darling purpose of himself and his great compeers to allay. These things should be pondered while reviewing the services and work of the illustrious dead. And though the Fugitive Law, for which, in itself, every humane, unbiassed bosom must feel strong aversion, has gone into force—defective as it is, and without the qualifications and restrictions

Mr. W. desired to annex to it, and which, but for his removal from the Senate, he would have labored to effect—let us do justice to the motives and principles—judging these from the whole tenor of his former history—by which his course was shaped. We at least are not disposed to join in the clamor which has been raised over the lamented statesman's grave, nor have we sympathy with the allegation that the Presidential prize, as the reward of subserviency to the South, formed the motive to his course on the Compromise Measures. That he may have looked to the Presidency with honorable aspiration may be readily allowed. That he had splendid qualifications for the post malice alone will deny. But that he would have compassed the object by unworthy compliances, by sacrifices of principle, there is nothing to show but the assertion of his enemies. Mr. Parker himself acknowledges Mr. W.'s magnanimity in deferring his own claims, on a memorable occasion, to those of Mr. Clay, and adds morosely, that, in return for the favor, Mr. Clay exerted his influence to withhold the nomination from Mr. Webster at a subsequent Convention, succeeded in his wish, and died happy!—an interesting view certainly of the kind of consolation that soothed the last earthly moments of Henry Clay.

Before leaving the subject of Mr. Webster's motives and aims in his speech of March 7th, 1850, I will present an illustrative extract from a letter of Hon. John C. Spencer, acknowledging a copy sent him of the foregoing discourse. I shall make no comment on the letter, which speaks for itself, farther than to say, that the estimate here given by one of the leading minds of the State and nation, belonging now, alas, to the "innumerable caravan" of the distinguished dead, apart from its intrinsic interest, carries with it the greater weight, from the rare oppor-

tunities the writer had of knowing thoroughly the matters about which he writes:—

ALBANY, February 7th, 1858.

Reverend and Dear Sir—

* * * * * When Providence gives us great and useful men, it is more a duty to the living than to the dead to commemorate their departure, and to exhibit for admiration and example the traits of character which have rendered them blessings to their country and an honor to their race.

Mr. Webster, in addition to all his other claims to our gratitude, was a martyr in the cause of conscience. You have truly as forcibly analyzed and explained his great speech of March 7th, 1850; but there are extrinsic circumstances about it that render it heroic. He knew, just as well as Luther knew, he was to be condemned by the Diet, when he determined to attend their sittings. Mr. Webster knew that, in the utterance of that speech, he severed the closest political ties that were ever formed between a political man and his friends;—he knew that he had himself been the innocent cause of much excitement on the subject of Slavery, and that he had raised expectations which he was about to disappoint. He knew that he was about to sunder the cord that bound his Northern friends to him, and for ever forfeit their confidence, without the least hope that it would be supplied by Southern generosity—and yet he marched on, as Luther did, to the altar of sacrifice, and willingly immolated himself, his hopes, his ambition, his friendships—and they were the strongest that man ever had—upon what he conceived the crisis of his country's fate. * * * *

With great respect, I am, Reverend Sir,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN C. SPENCER.

SAMUEL JOHNSON AND DANIEL WEBSTER.

Now that "all that is mortal of Daniel Webster is no more," eulogy seems about to exhaust itself in the attempt to do honor to his illustrious character and services. North and South, the East and West, every section, every party, sound and prolong the notes of praise, which, powerless as they are to "soothe the dull, cold ear of death," show the wide and profound impression which the genius of the great New Englander has made upon the national mind and heart. The country has lost one of the greatest, if not the very greatest of her sons. The Constitution mourns the loss of the mightiest of its defenders. The vessel of State is deprived of the most far-seeing, vigilant, and skilful of her pilots. A mighty man, the energy of whose great intellect, the full wealth of whose wonderful resources, were earnestly devoted, and for long years, to his country and the public good, is fallen—and who shall adequately fill the chasm that is made? This seems well-nigh the universal sentiment. The plaintive

accents heard, and the fervid praise spoken, are but natural, spontaneous outpourings of a grief and admiration whose full and honest utterance needs no other prompter than the grave.

Mr. Rufus Choate, in a recent tribute to the character of his deceased friend, marked by that copious yet chaste diction and affluence of beautiful illustration which so greatly distinguish him, mentions the name of Johnson: "to whom," he adds, "I hope it is not pedantic or fanciful to say, I often thought his nature presented some resemblance." The same resemblance has, at times, struck the writer of the present paper; and he indulges with Mr. Choate the hope that it may not be thought "fanciful," if he ventures to mark a few of the points, circumstantial as well as characteristic, in which these strong, great men appear to resemble one another.

Both sprang from an ancestry not renowned, nor distinguished by the gifts of fortune. Michael Johnson, the Litchfield bookseller, and Ebenezer Webster, the Salisbury farmer, were both men of strong sense and great personal excellence, impressed with the worth and advantages of education, most anxious that their sons should enjoy it, but able to furnish only partially, and with difficulty, the means to secure it. The path to learning, for both sons, was

thorny and toilsome; but each had the longing desire to pursue it, and the strong resolve and the resolute will before which obstacles yield, and trials are turned into pastime and pleasure. Johnson pushed his way manfully through difficulties which would have daunted and disheartened a less heroic nature; and the record of his straits and struggles, before his endurance was crowned with triumph, is enough to move our tears. Webster, with an ordeal less stern and protracted to pass through, had yet severe struggles to encounter, and both the conflict and success showed a strength of determination and constancy of purpose, enough to declare that greater difficulties were not overcome, only because greater ones were not presented.

Johnson's precocity, his aptitude to learn, and the foreshadowing reach of his intellect, the wonderful tenacity of his memory, the force and manliness of his boyhood's opinions, his habits of study and observation, striking to the teacher, and drawing forth predictions of an extraordinary career, find all of them a close resemblance, if not a perfect parallel, in the schoolboy years of Webster. Johnson, in his cloudy days, was a schoolmaster, and, like Milton, a greater than he, disdained not to eke out a scanty livelihood by teaching boys; finding pleasure, no

doubt, esteeming it, perchance, honor, to impart to those who needed enlightenment somewhat of his own ample stores. Webster relieved on occasion the tedium of close attention to preparatory study, by teaching his brother Ezekiel's school, and more formally, and for a longer period, at Fryeburg, Maine, discharged the duties and bore the honors of a public instructor, an employment which he ever reverted to in after life with satisfaction and pride.

Johnson wrought out a world-wide fame for himself, a place, by almost unanimous consent, upon the highest literary eminence, by dint of hard and persevering toil, in spite of poverty and neglect, the disfavor, if not contemptuous treatment, of the titled patrons of literature—bringing his dictionary, after seven years' stern battling with the adverse elements, "to the verge of publication," "without," as he tells Chesterfield, "one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor." He had commanded success, and moved thenceforward a monarch in the world of letters. Webster, more favored by being the child of a Republic, where merit is sooner seen and appreciated, was not forced to battle so long, nor struggle so hard. The ascent to a stand-point, lofty as that which Johnson occupied (after the publication of his dictionary, was easier,

and it was more rapid. But had it been quite as slow and painful in all respects, he had that within him which must have rendered his advance and victory undoubtedly certain, as himself and all men knew it to be after the enduring words spoken by him on Forefathers' Day, on Plymouth Rock, in 1820, or the grand eulogy on Adams and Jefferson, six years later, had been spread before an applauding world.

Both Johnson and Webster inherited from their sires the commanding stature, the broad, sturdy, and stalwart frame which might seem best adapted for the most determined manifestation of intellectual energy. Strangers who came for the first time in their presence gazed with a certain awe upon them.

In the case of Webster, manly exercise, diligently followed day by day, and from sheer love of it, imparted to his brawny person firmness, vigor, and elasticity, so that he, far more than the other, uniformly had what the ancients considered the most precious boon the gods could give—the *sana mens in sano corpore*. Each was capable of vast and long-continued intellectual exertion. In both, the feature of mind which predominated was Titanic strength, adequate to remove mountains, and which, pressing

right on towards its object, scattered hither and thither the obstructions in its path as chaff, and counted opposition what Job's leviathan counted the darts that rained against him, "as stubble." Nor was it a mere blind display of terrible strength, like that shown by the flying elephants of Pyrrhus, trampling down and overturning every thing before them, but an energy delicately poised, adroitly adjusted, instinct with sound judgment, and guided by reason, reaching its object with the most unerring precision, and by the very means deliberately chosen and determinedly prosecuted. As an instance of this power in Johnson we would cite that part of his essay on Shakspeare, devoted to the overturn of the "poetical unities:" his review of Soame Jenyns' "Free Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil," and the masterly logic with which he exploded the evidence for the genuineness of Fingal. Webster's reply to Hayne will suggest itself at once—many readers having it by heart—and his masterly speech on the Force Bill, in reply to Calhoun, as affording proof of this all-compelling strength; and many of his forensic arguments come without seeking for them, to swell the illustration. In both, loftiness of aim and a profound earnestness breathing from every sentence, invested their sentiments with a dignity,

imparted to them a weight which rendered them the more irresistible.

Nor was the stately and dignified tone of his more ambitious compositions the only one that Johnson had at his command. He understood well the variations of which language is capable, and could, on occasion, be familiar, natural, even playful. The papers in the Rambler, compared with certain of the "Lives of the Poets," and these with many of his letters thrown off in the unreserve of friendly intercourse, will illustrate our meaning. Webster's versatility is still more marked, and instances of the faculty he possessed of passing easily "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," rise up the moment his name is mentioned.

It is not extravagant to say of him, as another has said of Bacon, that his understanding resembled the tent which, according to the Arabian Tale, the fairy Paribanou gave to Prince Ahmed. Fold it, and it seemed a toy for the hand of a lady; spread it, and the armies of powerful sultans might repose beneath its shade.

Both Johnson and Webster had large, humane, generous souls, full of tenderness towards kith and kin, acutely strung to the accents of suffering, and prompting the willing hand to scatter benefits prodi-

gally around. No worthy applicant knocked at the door of either in vain. Webster was careless of money, was incapable of valuing it for itself, and well-authenticated instances are on record of incredibly large gratuities having found their way from his own into the pockets of those whom he thought needy and deserving. Johnson would "carry home on his shoulders a sick and starving girl from the streets, and turned his house into a place of refuge for a crowd of wretched old creatures, who could find no other asylum; nor could all their peevishness and ingratitude weary out his benevolence." Both loved a sumptuous table and generous fare, but could be abstemious without effort, and for what time they chose. Both possessed rare social qualities, and were wont to enliven, and at times electrify, the respective circles they adorned. Johnson was great in conversation, and Macaulay, following Burke, and after him Sir James McIntosh, repeats the sentiment, that the great man's "careless table-talk," so industriously preserved by Boswell, will furnish with the coming generations his chief passport to immortality; to which opinion, with "London," the "Vanity of Human Wishes," "Rasselas," and some of his exquisite periodical papers in our eye, we enter a respectful but earnest demurrer. But his conversational

exuberance, acumen, and force will, we doubt not, remain linked to the best of his writings, as the decisive verdict of posterity.

The charm of Webster's conversation is the theme of all who knew him well. His wide knowledge, hoarded for years in the storehouse of a memory that rarely failed him, his wealth of anecdote, his felicitous diction, copious but precise, and simple often as a child's utterance, with a voice and manner capable of giving infinite expression to what he said, made him the most agreeable and instructive of companions, close association with whom formed a banquet, whose loss to those accustomed to enjoy it will hardly cease to be a pensive recollection.

Both these illustrious men entertained deep reverence and veneration towards the Supreme, towards His oracles, and towards the religion which, through His beloved Son, He has given to the world. When Johnson is called simply the "great moralist," as men have long called him, he certainly receives less than justice at their hands. He seems to us an earnest, devout, God-fearing man—truly conscientious, full of sorrow for his shortcomings, and seeking, at the cross of Christ, ease from the burden of an upbraiding conscience. His confessions and prayers reveal the struggles of a contrite soul, whose

only hope of peace is the great Propitiation, with the guilelessness of the repentant child, sobbing all its waywardness and sorrows into the ear of pitying parents, whose pardoning, soothing words are looked for as the only balm that can ease its pain, and restore its joy. In the speeches of Webster, "known and read of all men;" in those memorable discourses which great public occasions called forth, and which are embalmed in the nation's heart, there is more frequent and reverent mention of the Supreme Being, and of the Christian religion, and the nation's obligations to it and its divine Giver, than can be found in those of any statesman or civilian whose words live amongst us, and have greatly influenced society. Often and often have we compared his spirit-stirring words in this respect with those of other public men greatly honored, and our heart has warmed to him as he has given to the God of nations the glory of our civil exaltation, and assigned to Christianity the first place amongst the causes from which our happiness and prosperity have sprung. He might do this, indeed, without much depth of religious feeling. It might spring from the force of association or faithful Christian nurture, but it seemed in one so earnest to be the fruit of principle and faith, the evidence of a heart alive to the right

and true, and struggling against the force of ensnaring, worldly besetments—a force how pressing, unwearied, and determined in its assaults, we may, remembering the position he occupied, somewhat estimate, though not fully know. Were the religious workings of his large heart as well known to us as those of Johnson are known, we are persuaded that we should find a kindred spirit of reverence and devoutness prominent in both, amongst those inner powers that give form and dignity to character.

The burly Johnson had a gentle heart, tender and loving as a little child's. How it gushed forth in benevolence has been remarked. How it warmed ever towards his kindred, the living and the buried, is worthy of notice. His letters to his aged mother, breathing tenderness, gratitude, and filial devotion in every line, are worthy to be learned by heart. His mourning for his deceased wife, by twenty years his senior, appears to have lasted during all his life, and each anniversary of her death, her image recalled gave increased solemnity and tenderness to his prayers and religious meditations. On his last visit to Litchfield, an old man of seventy-five, the poignant remembrance of one act of filial disobedience, committed fifty years before, keenly smote him. His father being indisposed at the time re-

ferred to, had requested him to go to the neighboring market town of Uttoxeter, and attend for that day the bookstall he himself was wont to occupy, and the son had refused, his pride prompting, as he said, his rebellion. And now, fifty years thereafter, he repaired to the same town on market-day, and before the same stall uncovered his head, and reverently, and heedless of the pelting of the rain and the jeers of bystanders, stood for an hour, as a sort of penance for a single act—the only one he remembered—of contumacy towards his parent.

There is something touching in this, and evincive of a sincere soul. Webster had equal strength of filial tenderness. Writing only six years ago from the paternal acres in New Hampshire, which were then his own, he affectingly recounts how his father proposed to educate him, a raw lad, by his own toils and self-denial, and how, overcome by this mark of generosity, he wept: and adds, "I cry now at the recollection." Then his noble father, as he then looked, seems to stand before him; and his brother Ezekiel, too, the finest human form he ever saw, majestic in his very coffin, "the white forehead, the tinged cheek, and the complexion clear as heavenly light." "The grave," he exclaims, "has closed upon him, as it has on all my brothers and sisters. We

shall soon be all together. But this is melancholy, and I leave it. Dear, dear kindred blood, how I love you all !”

There is a certain likeness in the very circumstances attendant on the closing days of the lives of these two men. Johnson had a mortal fear of death and the grave, and to his mind it seemed better to bear the ills he had—and very sore had the burden grown—than “fly to others that he knew not of.” When the physician scarified his swollen legs more gently than he thought fitting for the emergency, he cried out, “Cut deeper, deeper; I want life; and you are afraid of giving me pain, which I do not regard.” Webster exhibited a more uniform tranquillity; and his reply to the kind physician who offered him a palliative, “Something more, Doctor, more; I want restoration,” seems the involuntary expression of lingering fondness for scenes and treasures he was soon to leave for ever. Johnson, a few days before his death, oppressed with gloom and despondency, which were constitutional to him, questioned Dr. Brocklesby as he entered the sick room, in the words of one of his poetical favorites,

“‘Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,

And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart!"

And was much gratified with the Doctor's ready answer and application :

"———Therein the patient
Must minister to himself"

Webster murmured indistinctly the words, "Poet, poetry—Gray, Gray," and seemed to find pleasure in hearing some stanzas read from the noblest elegy in the language, always a favorite with him, whose fine imagery in his "Historical Discourse" he has so aptly characterized. Johnson's trust in the Crucified for pardon and salvation, his devout conversations, fervent prayers, his calmness and resignation, becoming greater as he neared the "bourne," are well set forth by the greatest of biographers, and forcibly suggest Young's picture, beginning with "The chamber where the good man meets his fate." Webster surveyed the approach of his mortal hour with undisturbed serenity ; waited patiently for the last sands to subside ; fervently commended himself to his Father's protection and mercy through Jesus Christ ; gave precise directions about his worldly affairs, and

his parting adieus and counsels to his friends, and found, as his physician* suggested, "Thy rod, thy rod—thy staff, thy staff," the very prop he wanted to comfort him in passing through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Viewing the great achievements of his life, and its striking close in a death so tranquil and sublime, at his own home, surrounded by loving friends and endeared associations, it is fitting to apply to himself the quotation he so felicitously applied to another: *Felix non tantum claritate vitæ sed etiam mortis opportunitate.*

But while such points of coincidence and resemblance between these great men are discernible, it must be remarked that there are discernible, too, points of dissimilarity, and points wherein the one rises above the other. Johnson had more literature, and a scholarship more varied and extensive; his

* Theodore Parker, in his discourse on the death of Webster, amid much erroneous and exaggerated statement, and views distorted by the intense hatred felt by the ultra-abolitionists towards Mr. Webster since his speech of March 7th, 1850, has some powerful and graphic passages, and a few of rare beauty, as the following: "The kindly doctor sought to sweeten the bitterness of death with medicated skill; and when that failed he gave the great man a little manna that fell down from heaven a thousand years ago, and the shepherd David gathered it up and kept it in a Psalm: "The Lord is my shepherd, &c."

acquaintance with the Latin particularly enabling him to converse in it fluently and well. Literature was his profession, his passion, and his joy, and the energy and enthusiasm with which he pursued it, bore for him golden fruits. Webster knew the Latin passably, and a few of his favorite authors, whom he was fond of quoting, perhaps thoroughly; but legal science and civil science received his chief care, and his attainments in both placed him not only high above Johnson, but high above the highest of his contemporaries. Had Johnson turned his attention to the law or to statesmanship, he had qualities that would have insured him rare excellence and distinction. And Webster, beyond doubt, with his well-known tastes, had attained high eminence, if his powers had been devoted chiefly to literature. The occasional excursions of each into the field whereon the other had won his proudest triumphs, show what they were respectively capable of doing and might have done, had their course been guided by a different star. Johnson's manners were rough, his person ungainly, his countenance stolid, his speech abrupt, his temperament melancholic; his religion had a tinge of superstition which sometimes resulted in grotesque and amusing exhibitions; and such was his susceptibility to prejudice, and the sway it oc-

casionally exerted over him, that the strong arm which would have annihilated an opponent, felt paralyzed when in the act to strike. Webster's manners, person, countenance, speech, temperament, and religious idiosyncrasy were all the reverse of these, while mere prejudice could never warp his judgment by "the tithe of a hair," nor give occasion for any to say that a jaundiced eye led him to see objects distorted, or mistake the unreal for the true. Johnson's style, in his most ambitious and what he considered his best writing, was measured, pompous, and elaborately artificial, composed largely of words of "learned length and thundering sound," adopted from a foreign lineage and detracting from the grace and power of his compositions. Crowds of imitators toiling to follow in his footsteps, show the vitiating influence on taste of a single great and perverted example. Webster expressed himself in language never open to such objection; ample, concise, forcible, all-expressing, its staple being the picturesque and sinewy Anglo-Saxon, which has a flow and a music, and a directness, and a native charm and vigor about it which no imported vocabulary can ever reach. Johnson loved the big city's walls, and smoke, and turmoil, and was careless of the sight of green fields and springing wild flowers, and

of nature's varied and lavishly displayed finery, while Webster loved in the country

"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,"

and loved to look upon the mad gambols and hear the roar of old ocean, and draw inspiration from— But we break off abruptly, aware that we have drawn so largely upon the good nature of readers and columns, that this matter of *unlikeness* may well bear to be cut short. We only pause to add, that it has been better for the world that these great men have lived in it. Their sentiments speak, their principles speak, their works and example speak, and will long speak with the authority that shall command attention and respect. And if what Carlyle says of Johnson, whom he calls "the largest soul in all England; a giant, invincible soul, a true man's," may be received, that "he was prophet to his people, and preached to them, as all like him always do, in a world where much is to be done and little is to be known, see how you will *do* it," we may without presumption place Webster in the same category of prophets. No great man need wish a nobler epitaph than this: "While he lived, he struggled to do faithfully the work assigned him: being dead, his deeds and example lead others to struggle

to do likewise." Both Johnson and Webster we believe well entitled to such a memorial. It will speak eloquently to the coming years, long after the voice of "storied urn and animated bust" shall have become silent.

CHARLES DICKENS AND HIS PHILOSOPHY.

FREDERICK SCHLEGEL, in his *Lectures on the History of Literature*, notices suggestively the grave defect, palpable in the histories of Gibbon and Hume, and apparent in most others, of severing history from philosophy. Instead of separating them they should be kept, as far as possible, united. For, he contends, "history without philosophy is merely a dead heap of useless materials, devoid of internal unity, proper purpose, or worthy result." The materials of history, drawn from whatever sources, and reduced to some order, and "made up into loose portraits of the fisher, the hunter, the emigration of the early nations, and the different conditions of agricultural, pastoral, and commercial peoples," are usually dignified by being called "A view of the history of mankind." Interesting and important as the record of the progress and habits of our species may prove to be, "how little," he adds, "is gained by all this as to the only real question, an answer to which should form the proper history of mankind! How little do we learn as to the origin and proper state, or the

present lamentable and fallen condition of human nature. The answer to this question, which is the essence of all history, can only be supplied by religion and philosophy—*that philosophy, I mean, which has no other ambition and no other end but to support religion.*”

Were a similar test applied to the work of fiction, a still more glaring absence of that true philosophy, whose end is to support religion, would at once appear. Nor is there any reason, in the nature of the case, why such deficiency should here exist. There is urgent reason, on the contrary, why this class of compositions should be marked by a high moral purpose, and pervaded by a genuinely philosophic spirit.

The fictitious work has stronger fascination for ordinary readers than the historical narrative, and for obvious reasons. The gay colors with which its pages are adorned, the free and varied play of the delineated passions, the minute drawing out of character in its wide and multiform ramifications, the excitement attendant upon the gradual unfolding of a skilfully wrought and incident-abounding plot, the intermixture of dialogue with the narrative and descriptive, joined to its simpler and more engaging style, unite to invest it with an interest rarely pos-

sessed by the more formal and unimaginative history. As a consequence, it has a wider circulation. It finds its way to homes rarely lightened by the rays proceeding from the graver and more dignified treatise. It comes in direct contact with the popular mind and heart, embracing classes than whom none stand in more need of faithful moral instruction—the teachings of a true philosophy. Its influence for good or evil—supposing it a work of real power—must, of course, be on a scale proportioned to the number of readers, and the hold it secures on their sympathies. Thus it is easy to see what wide-reaching and momentous interests are interwoven with the character of the fictitious work. Such work should therefore have a high moral purpose, and be characterized by no tortuous and diseased philosophy, to warp or inoculate with false principles the minds coming in contact with it, becoming thus a bane rather than a blessing to society.

It may be said, indeed, that the pages of a romance are hardly the place where a reader expects to find the Christian moralities, as such, exhibited and enjoined. The religious novel—if this expression be not a solecism—has rarely enjoyed the highest popularity. Of the excellent publications of this class, written for the most part by persons of the gentler

sex, very few have succeeded in reaching the dignity of classics, and have been forced to rest content with a lukewarm approval and a narrow circulation. Whether there is supposed to be a natural discordance between the direct teaching of the Christian charities and works of the imagination, or whether the readers who turn eagerly to fictitious compositions form, for the most part, a class of persons impatient of Christian lessons, or who, if they must be taught religiously, decline such instruction save from those whose profession and office give them authority to teach, we shall not undertake to decide. It is certain that the religious element, strictly so called, has been considered rather a hindrance than a help to the popularity of the work of fiction. And those authors who have most adroitly catered for the public taste, have taken special pains not to overburden either their *dramatis personæ* or their own reflections with too much of the religious *matériel*. With a wisdom and perspicacity which the children of this world, in their generation, seldom lack, they have adapted their books to the known predilections as well as the mental aptitudes of those whom they designed to attract and amuse.

The religious character often stands as the synonym for cant, prudery, fanaticism, Puritanism, and

other ill-favored but significant epithets, which, though making capital subjects for satire and caricature, are not well fitted for sober representation. It is not *their* business, the novelist will argue, to teach religion, or recommend its peculiar sentiments. Religion is taught professedly by the preachers, and written out in many a grave sermon or heavier octavo, and all who desire it can at any time hear the one or fall asleep composedly over the other. But when readers take up a tale, they do not expect to be lectured didactically upon the rigid prescriptions of the Christian code, and the attempt to do so is apt to be regarded as an encroachment on the province and prerogatives of others.

Thus the novel, from its associations and very name, would seem to forbid its being regarded as a vehicle of religious inculcation. Its work, indeed, has too often been the very reverse. It has been the vehicle—and alas, has not ceased to be so—of scattering the loosest morality, the most depraving and poisonous principles. Not only has it been such in an age when literature was most corrupt, but when it was comparatively pure; not only in the age of Wycherly and Congreve, but in that of Johnson and Goldsmith. Even in this latter age the novel was marked by a character which rendered its introduc-

tion to a virtuous family dangerous. Frances Burney published her "Evelina" anonymously. Her father, Dr. Burney, having read it, and little suspecting that its authorship lay with his demure and bashful daughter, warmly recommended the book to her, as among the very few tales of the period that might safely be brought within the household circle. "The Vicar of Wakefield," the product of the same age, is another of this class. It breathes a purity of sentiment, and teaches a lofty morality, which render it well worthy of commendation, and to have fixed its hold on the popular heart through all the following years. There is no tale of the period, scarcely of any period, in which the religious element, so prominently and largely infused, so inwrought into the very texture of the work, has enjoyed a popularity so cordial and undiminished. The good vicar, unjustly imprisoned amongst hardened felons, preaching to them of a Sabbath, pointing out to them the fruits of their follies and crimes, the need and the way of reformation, urging upon them with the same fidelity he would have used in his own pulpit, the laws they had violated, the duties they had neglected, the Father's love which they had spurned, but which might be won back to raise them to peace, competence, and honor among men, and the tears of

penitence which gushed from eyes long unused to weep, as the sympathetic accents of the good man swept chords of feeling which vicious indulgence had long kept unstrung, presents one of the most exquisite and touching pictures to be found in the whole range of fiction. There are a few kindred touches in Madame De Stael's "*Corinne*"—the passage, for example, recounting the religious service on the deck of a man-of-war—but less minutely drawn out and felicitously executed. These cases are stated as exceptions, not often found, at least during the period mentioned. While the novel has been employed by the unscrupulous as the channel for conveying a lax and often positively depraving morality, few authors have had the boldness to give their pages a tone so strongly religious, as to run the possible hazard of forfeiting their favor with the public.

But the very success of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, and some fictions of kindred purity of tone, proves the groundlessness of such fears. Granting, however, these fears to have been real—granting that religious teaching, strictly so called, were something out of place in the fictitious work, and that its prominent presence there might have a damaging effect upon the book's circulation, is a writer therefore justified in introducing corrupt and demoralizing principles, and,

for the purpose of securing a wide sale, pandering to the coarse tastes and lower instincts of man—the animal? Or is he justified, while studious not to offend by direct coarseness, a more refined taste, or virtuous sensibility, to ignore all religion by caricaturing it in the persons of its professors, or letting no opportunity slip to deal out to it a covert stab, while his honeyed accents all the while lull fear and suspicion to sleep? This is a question in which society, through all its extent, has a vital interest. Works of fiction will be read. And where their author is a man of genius, and possesses, with Mr. Dickens, the faculty of charming all circles, it is clear that a moral influence of some sort must be exerted. The strength of this influence, as has been remarked, will be proportioned to the number of readers and the hold taken on their sympathies. The pages read may be negatively correct. The writer may steer clear of open depravations, may insinuate no odious principles, and yet fail to benefit society. He may tickle and amuse his readers, may satirize fashionable follies, may expose individual selfishness, and tyranny, and social abuses, and crimes. All this is no contemptible effect. But it is slight and transient, compared with that, consisting in sound and wholesome instruction, based on true and fixed prin-

ciples—principles not conventional or earthborn, but derived from a divine philosophy. Though religion be not expressly taught in the work of fiction, there may yet be a teaching akin to it, making some approximation to it, and running in the same direction. The nearer the approach is to that high and immovable standard, which for eighteen hundred years has commanded the reverence and admiration of the world, and the further the remove from the noisome maxims, to expose and rectify which the Christian rules were given to man, the purer must be the pages of the book, and the more benign their influence.

A teaching of this kind, in some degree, no novelists, of this age at least, who value their own reputation, and the respect of the public, dare utterly despise. Nay, the present period promises to inaugurate the revolution of making the fictitious work *evangelical* in its tone and teaching. And the evidence is already furnished, that the strictly religious element in a work of genius and power, if not a recommendation, is certainly no barrier to its wide popularity.* So it should be. The world cannot be

* This is clearly shown by the unparalleled circulation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," than which no book of fiction is more decided and earnest in the presentation of evangelical sentiments, and in setting

prevented from reading with zest the strong works of the imagination. These have ever asserted, and will assert, their mastery, till the human constitution is radically changed. What is needed and should be demanded is, that such works be not only tintured, but imbued, with the lofty virtues and lovely charities which give lustre to character, and are drawn from the purest source ever opened. And while we bar from the domestic hearth, as we would the plague, that noxious literature which makes a mock of virtue and contaminates whatever it touches, we may pause before we frown or look unkindly on that other literature which, bathed in the "holy light, offspring of Heaven, first-born," exposes vice to the detestation it deserves, and invests the forms of Right, Truth, and Honor, with robes of simple grace, which owe none of their beauty to foreign tawdry decoration.

As a teacher of the lower moralities, Mr. Dickens occupies a respectable position, and within a certain range his influence must be considered salutary. As

forth religion as inseparable from moral excellence. Miss Wetherell, in her "Wide, Wide World," has successfully done the same thing, while other popular tales of kindred tone and spirit, from female pens mainly, have helped to explode the fallacy that religious sentiments, strictly, are out of place in the work of fiction.

a writer affording amusement to his readers, and in no small measure either, his rank is high. The mirth-moving parts of his stories are usually inoffensive, and pervaded by a genial good-nature, to which the heart of the reader insensibly warms. This inoffensiveness, however, is not uniform, and to raise a good laugh he does not scruple, occasionally, to shock the sensibilities of serious readers by profane allusions. Thus Mr. Weller senior, speaking to his hopeful son "Sammy," of Mrs. Weller the second, some of whose associates and opinions did not meet with his fatherly approval, says:—

"She's got hold o' some invention for grown up people being born again, Sammy, the new birth I thinks they calls it. I should wery much like to see that system in haction, Sammy. I should wery much like to see your mother-in-law born again. Wouldn't I put her out to nurse?"

The humor of this passage will not redeem or excuse its profanity and irreverence. It may fairly be asked, what confidence any reader can feel, that one who can thus ridicule and trifle with subjects so grave and sacred, will not prove a treacherous guide in other cases, and constantly lead astray? Mr. Dickens finds, too, in the clergy, and in benevolent associative enterprises, ready materials for

mirth and caricature, the Reverend Mr. Stiggins standing as a general exponent of the former, the "Brick Lane Branch of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association," serving to point the finger of ridicule at the latter. In truth, the great Temperance movement of the age, whose benign effects, and on a broad scale, are transparent as light, may be fairly said to be hooted off the stage, so far as Mr. Dickens has the power to do it. For the drinking usages of society, from its lowest to its highest grade, from the unfledged stripling to the grave dignitary and hoary patriarch, find nowhere a more uniform, earnest, and almost enthusiastic advocacy; while never do we hear a sober monition whispered: "Look not upon the wine when it is red." Were an idea of the clerical order to be gathered from his pages, hardly a man among them would be found simple-minded, laborious, self-denying, and wholly devoted to the Master's cause, but selfish, sensuous, and hypocritical, and deserving of contempt rather than honor.

A similar disingenuousness is betrayed by Mr. Thackeray. He avails himself of an absurd caricature of the "Clapham Sect," and of an elaborate though hard-drawn portrait of Rev. Charles Honeyman, to bestow subtle thrusts at evangelical sentiments and

practice. The best commentary on the real worth of such sentiments and practice is found in a few of Mr. Thackeray's own portraits. The mother of Pendennis and her sweet ward Laura Bell, afterwards Mrs. Pendennis, are instances in point. No finer pictures appear upon his canvas. But the symmetrical virtues, the winning moral grace and loveliness, which give such attraction to their character, spring from the very religion elsewhere decried in the persons of its disloyal professors. But inconsistency in the novelist is, we suppose, as little marvellous or censurable, as those "licenses" which the poets sometimes indulge, so necessary on occasion to afford proper scope and freedom to their soaring genius.

Mr. Dickens confesses few obligations to the Christian religion. His best characters are possessed of virtuous principles, and are invested with beautiful qualities, and because thus furnished and adorned, they challenge our admiration, but quite irrespective of the source whence alone virtue and moral excellence in their highest exercise can spring. The light from heaven to guide the pathway and purify the mind by its clear radiance—the divine grace to recover the fallen, and make the hands strong in resisting temptation, and doing works of charity and goodness—the love of God as a predominating

principle to life-consecration in His service, and as a necessary basis of all true benevolence—all real symmetry and loveliness of character—are nowhere expressly recognised and marked in this author's pages. For aught that Mr. Dickens teaches to the contrary, a heathen, without other lamp than that of nature, might be as richly adorned with every virtue and moral endowment as any other. There is a passage indeed in "Dombey and Son" in which appears a halting, half-way acknowledgment of the worth and importance of the sacred Scriptures in soothing a sinner's last hour of earth, and as such a passage is rare exceedingly, it deserves to be quoted.

A wretched outcast from society, whose most familiar companions for bitter years had been infamy and woe, but whose last moments are cheered by pity and tenderness, makes a final request of the ministering angel beside her couch—

"Harriet complied, and read—read the eternal book for all the weary and heavy-laden, for all the wretched fallen and neglected of this earth—read the blessed history in which the blind, lame, palsied beggar, the criminal, the woman stained with shame, the shunned of all our dainty clay, has each a portion, that no human pride, indifference, or sophistry, through all the ages that this world shall last, can

take away, or by the thousandth atom of a grain reduce—read the ministry of Him who, through this round of human life, and all its hopes and griefs from birth to death, from infancy to age, had sweet compassion for and interest, in every scene and stage, in every suffering and sorrow. * * * She laid her hand upon her breast, murmuring the sacred name that had been read to her, and life passed from her face like light removed.”

This is the nearest approach that we recollect in all this writer's volumes to a distinct acknowledgment that hope and comfort to the dying really spring from the “eternal book,” and from Him who constitutes its central sun and glory—the recognition of one passing into the spirit-world finding some ground for expectation of the future happiness in that Name alone revealed under heaven as a sure resting-place for the feet when about to step from world to world. That Name indeed—bald and infrequent as is Mr. Dickens's acknowledgment of it—is not only the foundation of the soul's confidence when the bands which bind it to earth are loosening, it is the foundation as well and source of all those bright and beautiful graces and charities which render human character most amiable, and which Mr. Dickens knows so well how to exhibit effectively without, at

the same time, referring their existence and exercise to Him whose gift they are, and whose spirit they dimly reflect. For what, after all, are those lessons which the most estimable and faultless characters ever portrayed by human pen are supposed to teach and exemplify? Are they not lessons feebly and afar off reflected from those given out with all the emphasis of the most authoritative teaching in the world, illustrated by an example perfectly upright and stainless?

To cite a few instances. Do filial piety and tenderness, strong under every discouragement and temptation, as in Little Nell, leading forth her aged and dependent grandsire, becoming his protector, walking by his side with blistered feet and wearied frame, and showing an unfaltering devotion, a precocious heroism, amid the sorest hardships and trials, melt us into tears? All the qualities of her beautiful reverence, fidelity, and devotion are marked, not simply in outline but detail, in the Christian teachings, and enjoined by the loving voice of Him who amid his own death pangs commended a mother to the care of a faithful disciple. Are the social virtues attractively exhibited, love and truth guarding the portals of the domestic sanctuary, the soft answer that turneth away wrath, made the assuager of or

the barrier to, the strifes and discords which sometimes disturb the peace of families, the endearing tenderness which children claim, and which to the right-minded it is happiness as well as duty to render, invested with charms which no counterfeit can reach—is the gentle working of the great law of kindness which stamps beauty upon the homeliest faces, and makes the rudest habitation bright and cheerful, so pictured that we feel our hearts warm towards the portrait, and our nature exalted by the contemplation? There is nothing in all this foreign from the spirit or even letter of the Christian teachings, but everything rather is pointed out therein, and made matter of express injunction. Is vice set forth in colors dark, forbidding, horrible—the fierce greed of gain, as in Ralph Nickleby and Arthur Gride, subjecting every generous impulse, every kindly instinct and sentiment to a single towering and master passion—the hateful character of selfishness, pride, arrogance, and stubborn self-will, which feels no sympathy for others' welfare, and will hear no advice and brook no opposition, as in Mr. Dombey—the intrigues and duplicity of the bold bad schemer, whose crafty devices, as in James Carker and Uriah Heep, end in disappointment, exposure, and merited retribution—the naturally downward course of vice, when

the restraints of virtue are overleaped, and the rein is fairly given to lust, and the heart grows at length wholly depraved, urging the victim to association with the scum and offscouring of mankind, to burrow in foul dens of infamy, where he may find shelter from justice, or a congenial haunt for his restless spirit, and impelling him to crimes which darkness alone can bear to look upon, and the hearing of which makes the ears to tingle, as in the case of the monster Sikes and the Jew Fagin, and their ghastly crew of kindred spirits—it is still in the “eternal book,” where the way of the transgressor is pronounced hard, and the wages of sin shown to be shame and anguish, and remorse and death. Are honor, magnanimity, philanthropy, charity towards the great brotherhood of man, in the humblest of their forms, the most modest and unpretending of their manifestations,—whether seen in rescuing the oppressed from the power that tramples on and grinds, in exposing and reforming social or educational abuses, or in the loving, patient assiduity that watches beside the pallet of the outcast and despised, or speaking words of encouragement and hope to the most scorned and lowest fallen of all the species, pointing them the while to the way which leads back the wandering feet to the abodes of recti-

tude and peace—whether seen in showing pity to the widow and orphan, sheltering the houseless, giving bread to the hungry, employment to those anxious to obtain it, and, with a wide-exploring benevolence, seeking out objects of distress from the lanes and by-places where sin and misery hide themselves,—bidding those found not to despair, as though vice and woe were the inevitable conditions of the present constitution of society, and hope of better days hopeless ; but assuring them that the path of escape from crime, shame, and rags is open, and God's aid pledged to the penitent who are yet resolute to surmount the difficulties seeming to bar their return to virtue, and will make their determined struggles successful—are all these pleasant sights to see, prompting admiration and sympathy ? The Book of Truth exhibits and commends every such virtue, charity, self-denial, and high purpose, and illustrates their importance and value by examples and apologues, as apposite as they are touching and forcible. In a word, there is in Mr. Dickens's books no single excellent quality or admirable virtue, whose exercise attracts love and impresses its beauty on the heart, that is not enjoined expressly or by implication in the Christian Scriptures. Nor is there any vice, crime, dishonor, or meanness, exciting horror or dis-

gust in the reader, which is not with equal clearness pointed at, frowned upon, and interdicted. The graces and lovelinesses with which he captivates our hearts are transcripts—tame and inadequate copies—of the noblest original. The loathsome vices and deformities which shock and horrify, are the contrasts which set the principal figures in a fairer light, and invest them with additional splendor.

This, however, the reader is not told, as the plot of the story unfolds before him. The author's portraits, for anything the reader is informed to the contrary, are not simply his own creations absolutely, but owe nothing of their life-like truth to any copy, sketch, or hint derived elsewhere. Mr. Dickens presents us with the qualities and effects of virtue and goodness, without naming or ascribing efficacy to their origin and cause. He displays the fair *fruits* of the tree, without indicating the *soil* that nourishes the wide-spreading roots, which in turn sustain and strengthen the trunk and branches, conveying life and health to every part. As though these fruits could ever have been matured if the roots were torn up, or failed to find nourishment in a parched and barren soil, or the bark were cut round and round, through which the life-circulation is carried to the extremities. As though the graces and charities

which adorn character, *could* flourish and be fruitful without being grounded in right principles, or fostered as well as bestowed by the plastic hand of the Great Author and Benefactor.

It is this failure to connect effect with cause, to refer virtue to its proper source, that constitutes a grave defect, a positive disfiguration, in this writer's otherwise charming volumes—a disfiguration, however, which his books share with too many of their class. The impression is apt to be left on the mind of readers, that goodness, in its highest and most varied exercise, may exist and be fruitfully exerted *independently*—without recognition of the necessity of God's gracious aid to mould, direct, reform, control, and beautify. Such teaching is as preposterous as it is false. Without God's smiles, and succoring, interposing hand, the exercise of the highest humanities is an impossibility; and this truth, we insist, ought to be stated, not in dark hints, or cold and ambiguous generalities, but boldly and unequivocally.

Mr. Dickens would have detracted nothing from the interest of his volumes, but would have immeasurably increased their wholesome tone and influence with all classes of readers, had he displayed brightly the connexion between goodness and its cause. How palpable is this connexion, and how pleasant a thing

to acknowledge it. The idea of a benign and mighty Ruling Power compassing our way, guiding our footsteps, sheltering from harm, inspiring good resolves and aiding to execute them, announcing the wise and holy laws which regulate His administration, and which encourage every excellence and frown upon every vice—is one that all men need to have constantly propounded and enforced. The pages of the fictitious work may derive lustre and dignity from its clear and earnest presentation. As it is, by extolling these nameless virtues and charities, and running them out into such a wide variety of comely forms, exciting thereby the admiration of countless readers—not for the characters abstractly, but the virtues which adorn them—Mr. Dickens not only betrays obligations, which he seems reluctant to acknowledge, to the great Christian standard, but pays an involuntary tribute to its peerless majesty and worth.

A very conspicuous feature in Mr. Dickens's volumes, is their wide and comprehensive humanity. This communicates to them a strongly-marked individuality, and invests them with a decided moral influence. But *what is humanity without religious philosophy?* What is love to man, if disconnected, or not springing, from love to God? The Gospel connects them indissolubly. But the humanitarians

of the age would make the highest exercise of benevolence and love to our neighbor to be self-existent, or independent of a higher and holier principle, pervading the heart and shaping the purposes of men. This is not only to ignore religious philosophy, but all philosophy worthy of the name. It is absurd as well as unphilosophical. The truest and highest humanity that man can exercise, is but the reflection of that which He whose blessed feet trod the hills and valleys of Palestine, on a sublime mission of love and kindness to the race, taught in precepts graven on human hearts, and illustrated by many vivid examples besides the melting story of the Good Samaritan.

We live in a wayward and selfish world ; and God knows how much less prone man is to weep with them that weep, than toil and struggle for honor and emolument. The history of every day's life-struggle is one in which hard and unmitigated selfishness covers over with bold and glaring characters most of the pages, concealing the fainter records traced thereon through human tears. The Son of Man came to reform this selfishness ; to abase the proud ; rebuke the tyrant ; bid the oppressed and outcast to hope ; and to extend a kindly hand to aid them in their struggles to rise. He came to preach good will, charity, hope, and help for all sighing and struggling

souls. What he preached he practised, and bade all men to practise who would be his disciples—the disciples thus being like their Master, following in His footsteps, reflecting His spirit, ever ready to “do good and communicate,” living to love mankind, and loving them, because the essence and sum of practical Christianity is the true heaven-born “Charity” without which all theory is worthless, and faith and hope, both in themselves, and in the success of self-supporting reformatory enterprises, “as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.”

There are few bosoms so utterly deserted by the Divinity as to be beyond the reach of humane and generous impulses. Touch the proper chord, and a responsive vibration ensues. Dramatic art and imaginative power can sometimes compass such effect where other methods fail. The scrambling, pushing throng, as it rushes by, proclaims the towering sway of selfishness, and the need to have lessons proceed from *somewhere* that shall withdraw the mind from looking supremely and always at self-interest, and direct it to the welfare of the species. Such direction, in such cases, the fictitious work may give; and with more certainty than the teachings of the professed moralist, which often fail to reach minds and homes to which the popular story finds ready access.

It is unwise, therefore, to denounce the work of imagination as such, and count it as an enemy. What but a fictitious work is the *Pilgrim's Progress*? Its characters are fictitious characters, and its whole texture and framework sparkle with the gems and gold of an exuberant fancy. Its beautiful lessons are conveyed through a medium gorgeous as an oriental landscape. Though their attractiveness is thus increased, their force is not diminished. And who, besides the Devil, and they who serve him best, would wish this marvellous book other than it is, or its circulation curtailed, or its mighty grasp on the mind and heart of the nations relaxed? Who does not feel the warmest affection towards its author, for the delight, mingled with highest instruction, which he has afforded successive ages, together with gratitude to Him who endowed the "immortal tinker" with a genius so extraordinary, and made it so potent an ally in the cause of religion and truth?

There are those in the countless habitations lighted by the lamp of genius, who sadly need the teaching that shall refine, and exalt, and prompt to worthy purposes and deeds. Why should barriers be morosely raised to the entrance of lessons, coming though they do in fictitious garb, calculated to stimulate indolence into activity, teach the cold heart to relax

into kindliness, induce sympathy for the children of misfortune and misery, for those in bonds as bound and suffering with them, lead virtue not to scorn and shun, but pity and, if possible, reclaim the outcast and crime-sunken, and inculcate that the end of each well-regulated life always is, to love God and, as far as the willing hands *can*, to serve Him, by doing good to His creatures.

Such lessons, made captivating by the graceful embellishments of the fancy, and the interest belonging to dramatic representation, will enter no home to scathe and deprave. If true lessons, founded on principles and proposing ends divinely sanctioned, why should they be denied a hearty hospitality? The popularity of Mr. Dickens secures him an audience, whenever he chooses to speak, of thousands multiplied by thousands, and his voice, therefore, is one of power. The influence of his utterances is spread far and wide, and effects must have been produced. That he has done good negatively, by keeping his pages free from downright depravations—that he has done good positively, by the delineation of what has tended to make vice odious, and virtue comely, and philanthropy engaging—may be readily accorded. But we are bound to aver that he has done harm also, in just so far as he has left unac-

knowledge, and kept out of sight, the Divine power and grace as the mainspring and support of human charities, and made earth-derived principles and humanities a satisfying rule of action and life. The work is yet to come from his pen, in which the true beauty and integrity of character, and the genuine charities which illustrate it, in their proper supports and dependencies, shall be portrayed. Should he favor his readers with such, he may yet go down to coming times, not as one who has afforded amusement merely, or roused indignation, or excited horror or disgust, or dissolved audiences in sympathetic tears, but as one worthy to be classed amongst the real and enduring benefactors of his kind.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN AND COLONIZATION.

A book which, within nine or ten months of its issuing, has realized a sale of one million of copies, or upwards, must needs be an extraordinary book. Pointing to its laurels, it may laugh at the painstaking criticism which seeks to parade before the public a few minor defects of plot, character, incident, or style. A good book, like a good man, is very likely to be marked by blemishes, more or less prominent. But it hardly deserves, any more than the good man deserves, that a few spots, which, without a very close and microscopic scrutiny, would be almost undistinguishable, should be swelled into such dimensions as to overshadow a whole cluster of beauties and excellences. To our eye the good book and the good man shine with the brighter lustre, *because* of here and there an imperfection. The contrasted effect of light and shade renders the light sweeter and more refreshing. What is natural to man—error and infirmity—admonishes us never to expect spotlessness in the fairest development and most harmonious proportions of human character.

Is it marvellous that one, whose "best estate is vanity," should be the producer of *works* which proclaim the conditions annexed to a fallen, and morally if not mentally, diseased humanity? Would it not be marvellous, indeed, were the pages of the most excellent book entirely free from the defects which in a degree shade, if they do not mar, the loveliest and most faultless characters that have adorned the world?

The book of Mrs. Stowe, which has made so broad a mark upon the face of society, far and wide, has its defects, like others of its class. It is far from being a perfect book. A captious, cynical criticism has detected scores of fancied imperfections. A candid criticism has pointed out some real ones. Among this latter class it has not been discovered, so far as we are aware, that the book justly ranks with that large class of fictitious works which pander to the lowest and worst passions of the heart; works which make vice attractive, decry virtuous principles, inculcate the most pernicious moral lessons, sneer with the air of a Mephistopheles at the social and domestic charities, and aim to undermine the pillars which uphold all that is seemly and good in human relationship. Mrs. Stowe has not contributed a rill to swell this mighty stream of demoralization.

zation which is sweeping over the land. Her book is removed from this loathsome crew, far as the east is from the west. It has no affinity with them. It scorns and detests their society. It could not live in their poison-spreading atmosphere. It is their earnest and determined antagonist at all points and at all times. It is the cherished inmate of virtuous homes. The moral and religious portion of society have received it with no suspicion or dread that a deadly sting lay concealed amongst its leaves. No criticism has discovered that its aim is to unsettle moral principle, relax salutary restraint, and thus corrupt and do serious injury to those who, unconscious of harm, should explore its contents. Whatever other objections may be fairly alleged against it, its being a vehicle of questionable and depraving morality is not among the number.

Nor does this book owe its unexampled popularity to the fact of its being an Abolition book. No judgment could be more erroneous. Scores of portraitures have been given to the reading world, displaying slavery in its worst characteristics and features, and drawn in colors more deeply dark and repulsive than any presented in Mrs. Stowe's book. But the subject, however variously and vigorously treated, has not been found sufficiently attractive to insure any

fascinated or very extended attention to the several treatises, or guard them against the fate of most of the ephemeral publications of their class. The intrinsic qualities of this book have done for it, in spite of its subject, what the subject simply never has done or could do apart from the qualities. It is a book of extraordinary power, judged by the usual tests which measure the excellence of this species of composition. The easy march and vigor of its narrative—the sprightliness of the dialogue—the vivacity of its descriptions—the naturalness of its characters, some of which are evidently drawn from no elsewhere found copy, but original and unique, impress the mind instantly and indelibly by the freshness and power of their delineation—the happy and graceful touches by which mirth is irresistibly provoked, or “the water made to stand in the eyes withal,” as quaint and honest John Bunyan expresses it—are among the by no means common attributes which go to explain the secret of Uncle Tom’s fame.

But this is not all, nor the most important. The book is instinct with a high purpose, the spirit of which breathes from every page—the electric glow of whose earnestness is communicated to every reader; while more than all, the large, hopeful

spirit of humanity pervades it palpably, whose mission it is to weep with the weeping, to look pityingly upon the outcast, the friendless, the lowly, the wretched, the oppressed, of whatever color or race, and put forth a helping hand to succor or raise the lowest fallen and most degraded of our species. No book that combines these qualities, gracefully exhibited, can fail utterly; any book that has them delineated with remarkable skill and fidelity to nature, must succeed well—the precise complexion, lineage, or affinities of the subject of it being, for the most part, indifferent. The rude Hottentot, the Siberian exile, the half-famished Irish tenant-at-will, the English subterranean coal-heaver, or she whose weary fingers keep mournful time to the “Song of the Shirt,” excite, through the qualities in question, as warm an interest and rise to as lofty a stature of heroism as the American slave.

It is absurd to object to this book that its characters are extravagantly drawn, colored too gorgeously, and hence unnatural, as though the masses of its readers, pronouncing the portraits faithful by a well-nigh unanimous verdict of approval, could be imposed on by an exuberance of flaunting and tawdry decorations. Is not a little fancy coloring incidental to, if not inseparable from, the whole class of fictitious

compositions? Are not the most exemplary books of this sort open in a degree to the same objection? Is there any tale within the whole range of any reader's recollection, highly finished as a whole, and having individual portraits seeming to be almost faultless, that would not, if analyzed feature by feature, betray the too free use of the brighter hues and tints? Mrs. Stowe's book, though no exception to the rule, is yet more life-like in its character sketching than most moral tales admitted to virtuous homes, whose high excellence is proclaimed by their high and enduring popularity.

Take, for instance, the two extremes, Uncle Tom, and Simon Legree, the extreme of black excellence, and the extreme of white brutality. Is the former character impossibly good? To answer "yes," is to reproach our Christianity, by decrying the claims it puts forth, and the influence it asserts in transforming the principles and life of Jew and Greek, bond and free, black and white. Its renovating power is promised and confined to no race, no caste or color. It may exalt the down-trodden African into a Christian hero and martyr, as well as the man of a different race or skin. Only grant to Uncle Tom sincerity, with ordinary intelligence, and there is nothing impossible or unprecedented about the rest. The

Power that nerved Paul in the face of stripes, scourgings, stonings, hardships, and indignities innumerable to say, "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself," can infuse into the lowliest of his children equal energy of endurance for the truth. "The African Servant," as he appears in the well-known tract of Legh Richmond, is a fact, not a fiction, in the whole career of his wonderful piety. And the noble black man whose heroism Mr. Everett characterized, in his recent Colonization Address, as worthy of a monument, is the real flesh and bones exponent of such as Uncle Tom.*

So of Legree. Miscreants of his class, cold-blooded, tyrannical, vindictive, and unrelenting, are to be found everywhere. We have them at the North, where public sentiment and, what with them is more potent, the law's impending terrors, hardly suffice to check, and do not always repress, their brutal rage and remorseless violence. Make them irresponsible, and would the "milk of human kindness" course so gently through their veins, as to render them less fierce and fiendish than the blood-thirsty tyrant Simon Legree? He is simply an illustration of the corrupt tree, bearing fruit after its kind, and the crop a

* Written in 1835.

luxuriant one. Surely we need not travel to the banks of the Red River to find creditable, full-blown specimens of the abhorrent class.

Not to vindicate, however, or commend a book, which has had already abundant attention of this sort bestowed upon it, our further design in this paper is, to notice what we do not remember to have seen specially pointed out elsewhere, the character it bears as an ally of Colonization. Abolition as the book is pronounced to be in its tone and *animus*, abolitionist as the authoress shows herself to be, when she steps forth from behind the scenes and lectures us didactically in her own person, she yet warmly espouses the cause of Colonization, in the person of one of her favorite personages, and urges arguments in its behalf that would do no discredit to President Roberts or Mr. Pinney. George Harris states very clearly and cogently the reasons which prevent him from remaining in America, and impel him to cast in his lot with the hopeful freemen of the African Republic. We commend those reasons not only to the people of his own race who, being free, yet remain among us, but to those querulous pale-faces, who having never been slaves, except to their own passions and prejudices, find strange delight in decrying and abusing one of the wisest and noblest

schemes of philanthropy which the age or any age can boast. Mrs. Stowe is scarcely kind or true to her own peculiar associates and friends. *They* depict—many of them at least—the Colonization Society as the incarnation of everything that is preposterous, cruel, and corrupt—an engine of spurious philanthropy, against which every kind of weapon that may do it harm may be fitly employed. *She* presents it in colors so soft and delicate, that its worst enemies, we should suppose, would find it hard not to fall desperately in love with it. To the Garrison and Phillips school it is “a mighty engine of iniquity,” and even to the less invective-dealing Gerrit Smith, whose general benevolence we do not call in question, it is so unlovely and pernicious an institution, that his meek lips characterize it, in his letter to Washington Hunt, for instance, in terms of such gross and repulsive bitterness, that we do not care, by transcribing them, to see their copy reproduced. Here is antagonism between Mrs. Stowe and her abolition “lovers.” It is not for us to reconcile or explain it. We mark the fact, leaving it for the parties opposed to compound their differences as they may.

Nor is this difference a mere unimportant accident. It touches principles deep-seated and tenaciously

held. The immediate emancipation of all slaves, without colonization, fraught as it must be with evils to the liberated themselves and to the country, to which the most stolid cannot be insensible, seems to proclaim the event an impossibility on considerations humane as well as patriotic. To liberate, with the view of swelling the numbers of free citizens of Liberia, as soon as such a step can be properly taken, is what every liberty and union-loving citizen desires as ardently as Mrs. Stowe. In the name of such, we would thank her for the good word she has spoken in this direction, and the wide circulation she has given her well-put argument. With her womanly instincts, thus warmly enlisted for colonization, we almost wonder that in certain quarters her orthodoxy on vital questions, or those considered such, has not been called in question. With the views she has promulgated on colonization, she can hardly fail to respond to the remark of Mr. Webster in his speech in the Senate of March 7th, 1850, that, of the eighty millions of dollars received into the public treasury, the proceeds of the public lands ceded to the Government by Virginia, and this sum swelled to two hundred millions by proceeds of the lands coming from the same source, as yet unsold, he was willing that Virginia and the South, if they saw fit to relieve

themselves from their free colored population, should have any adequate sum paid them for the transportation and comfortable settlement of this population on their native shores. We go with Mrs. Stowe to make slaves freemen as soon as practicable, and then colonize them where they may enjoy a distinct nationality, and are strangers to the dwarfing influences growing out of color and caste.

One other remark and we have done. What is known and designated as evangelical religion, is set forth and illustrated in Mrs. Stowe's book by life-examples of the most spirited and striking character. The religious novel, strictly so called, is rare indeed, and we are acquainted with none which approaches, more nearly than this, our idea of what one of the kind ought to be. The "Evelina" of Frances Burney, Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," some of Mrs. Sherwood's and Hannah More's tales, are, with all their purity of tone and loftiness of moral inculcation, less *religious* than this, in the direct sense of teaching what Christianity is, and what it requires, how personal responsibility rests upon each, and the Divine mercy may be compassed by all. Mrs. Shelby is a Christian, Evangeline is a Christian, Eliza Harris is a Christian, while her husband and the little imp Topay become converts to a Gospel which

regards not the person as anything, but childlike faith in the Crucified as the great requisite for offering the incense of a "sweet smelling savor" to Him whose smile is the petitioner's pardon and peace. The Christianity which they profess and exemplify is the very same that exalts and strengthens the purest Christian society, and adorns the most refined and virtuous household.

The wide circulation of this book, exhibiting as it does the grace and grandeur of Christian principle and life, can hardly fail to rebuke and counteract the foul issues of an unscrupulous press, toiling and groaning to scatter abroad seeds from which spring baneful trees, whose unfolding "leaves" are for anything but the "*healing* of the nations." The time is probably far enough off that tales will no longer be read; and since the world *will* read them, let such be presented as are not only healthy-toned themselves, but tend to beget distaste and loathing of those which breathe pollution from every page. They who are wont to respire a pure atmosphere, become nauseated with the first contact with a foul and fetid air. The swarming issues of a filth-reeking press are among the most noisome and crying nuisances that afflict the land. Whoever succeeds in abating the evil, deserves golden opinions from

the orderly and decorous. And if Mrs. Stowe's book imposed no other obligations on society, the telling blow which it has struck in behalf of this great and good work, the effects of which must be widely wholesome, entitles it to a high place in the regards of all true hearts.

THE PITCAIRN ISLANDERS.

"The white man landed!—Need the rest be told?
The New World stretched its dark hand to the Old;
Each was to each a marvel, and the tie
Of wonder warmed to better sympathy."

BYRON'S "*Island*."

IN latitude $25^{\circ} 4'$ South, and longitude $180^{\circ} 8'$ West, is situated the most interesting island, perhaps, of all those picturesque groups which have reposed for ages upon the placid bosom of the Pacific. In size it is utterly insignificant, a mile and a half being its greatest length, four miles and a half its circumference. Its surface is irregular, in part mountainous; its soil favorable to the growth of vegetables. Tropical trees and fruits, such as the cocoanut, plantain, banyan, and bread-fruit, flourish there with spontaneous vigor, though nothing either in its products or appearance would serve to distinguish it remarkably from many a wild sister whose lullaby is the tuneful waters of the same mighty sea. The interest which attaches to it arises from its association with the people who have their home and religious

altars there, and draw nourishment from its bosom. Few histories that we have happened to read are more striking and instructive than theirs. Few spots throughout the surrounding wastes of heathendom, so bright and beautiful as this in the rays of the Christian sun, proclaim the plastic power of that gentle faith which works by love and purifies the heart. And if we would have a fine example of the evolution of good out of apparent evil, of the "wrath of man" praising Him who restrains "the remainder of wrath," the eye need only turn to Pitcairn's Island, and find the object of its search.

The history of the people dwelling there may be easily condensed, though the details, if space did not forbid, would richly repay those not familiar with them for the time devoted to their perusal.* The ship *Bounty*, Captain Bligh, sailed from Spithead, England, December 23, 1787. Her destination was the Pacific Ocean; her mission, to collect plants of

* These details may be found—where the materials for this article have been gathered—in a book by Rev. Thomas B. Murray, published in London, entitled "*Pitcairn. The Island, the People, and the Pastor, &c.*;" and also to some extent in an article in *Blackwood*, copied into the *Eclectic Magazine*, entitled, "*The Paradise in the Pacific*;" the gem of the number, as the island described, is to a Christian eye the gem of the ocean.

the bread-fruit tree, the design being to attempt the cultivation of it in Europe. The vessel reached Otaheite (now Tahiti) on the 26th of the following October, and remained six months, during which the warm-hearted natives treated the ship's company in the most hospitable and friendly manner, and furnished them every facility for the prosecution of the object of their enterprise. The plants were at length collected, the anchor weighed, and the prow of the vessel pointed homeward. Everything promised a successful voyage and prosperous return, when, on the 27th of April, Captain Bligh, without the smallest premonition, without a single suspicion having been harbored of any of his crew's ill-designs, was woken out of sleep by the vision of his cabin full of armed men, by whom he was seized, bound, and insultingly treated. The design of the mutineers was soon apparent. Mr. Bligh, with eighteen of the crew who remained loyal, was thrust into the ship's launch, a boat twenty-three feet long by six or seven wide, with a scanty supply of provisions and water, a few cutlasses, a small quantity of canvas, cordage, &c., and cut adrift in that almost helpless condition upon the treacherous waves. After incredible hardships, and some hair breadth escapes, he arrived, with eleven of his surviving comrades, in England. His

story excited profound attention, and a vessel was speedily despatched in quest of the mutineers, with strict orders that the search should be a thorough one, and the guilty men, wherever they might have found a refuge, captured, or, if this were not practicable, slain.

What became of the mutineers, meanwhile? Lord Byron has told us, in the beautiful poem from which the lines prefixed to this article are taken, that they sailed at once for Otaheite; established themselves in that delightful home; were found there by the winged avenger sent over the seas to seize on and destroy; were hunted, shot down, captured, killed, almost to the last man—Fletcher Christian himself, the prompter and master-spirit of the mutiny, throwing himself down from a high ledge of rock, where, with one or two comrades he had defended himself desperately while defence was possible—and that when his mangled body dropped into the sea, baffling the fury of the avengers, the work of pursuit and blood was over, for no remaining mutineer was found to meet death or wear chains. *One*, according to the poet, escaped by following in the wake of his dusky bride, who, plunging and swimming beneath the waves, conducted him to a submarine cavern, whose rocky sides formed a snug shelter and secure asylum.

But the poetry of this account is not very accordant with historical accuracy. A part of the mutineers, indeed, made Otaheite their home ; but a part, of whom Christian was one, sought an asylum elsewhere. Himself and eight of his comrades, with their Otaheitan wives, and several others of the natives, in all twenty-eight persons, sailed northward twelve hundred miles, and landed on Pitcairn's Island, then perfectly solitary, so far as man's voice or presence was concerned, determining to make it their future abode. The *Bounty*, which had transported them hither, was broken up soon after the landing, and their purpose of making this dreary spot their lifelong home thus shown to be stern and inflexible. There was to be no looking back, no escape from the ocean-bound prison into whose rocky arms they had voluntarily entered.

And now the bitter fruits of their crimes began to appear, and grow rapidly toward maturity. The wind had been sown, the whirlwind was about to be reaped. The fierce passions which had flowered in mutiny and rebellion, matured in discord, strife, personal collisions, and bloodshed. Ferocious feuds and sanguinary frays arose between the Europeans and savages. The latter, prompted by hate and jealousy, plotted the destruction of the former. The projected

massacre was disclosed to the white men by their dusky wives, and the blow fell upon the heads of the baffled projectors. Christian, however, with four of his comrades, fell before the malice of the Otaheitans within a year of the landing, while the murderers were slain in turn by the arms of their surviving companions. Without tracing the dark detail farther, let it suffice to say, that only two of the fifteen males who had landed from the Bounty died a natural death; the rest all fell victims to those licentious passions which, unrestrained by any holy principle, had converted the little isle into an arena on which Satan's champions fought and destroyed each other till hell grew jubilant at the sight.

One of the survivors, and the last of the nine English settlers, was John Adams, whose coincident association with the *clarum et venerabile nomen* of our history is not the only or most striking thing about his own. He had been a high criminal in the sight of God and man, had participated in the nefarious deeds which rendered him an outcast from his country, branded by its moral sentiment, condemned by its laws. He had witnessed, by living among, the scenes of violence and blood, from the frightful effects of which he had only escaped with his life through the Infinite mercy. What he had been,

what he had seen, what he now was, became the subject of much deep and harrowing reflection. He had enjoyed the advantages of early Christian teaching. He had known the good, though he pursued the evil. Out of the wreck of the *Bounty* a Bible and prayer-book had been preserved, and had now become the possession—treasures more valuable than gold—of John Adams. He applied himself to the study of the Book, of all books the most inestimable. The divine light beamed full upon his understanding. The prayers that he offered there on his little sea-girt home rose none the less audibly for the ocean's thunder that seemed to overbear the contrite sinner's faint and tremulous accents. Faith bore them prevailing to the throne. The gracious answer came, and the wearied, torn heart found rest and joy. He was a changed man. The bold mutineer had become loyal at last. Christ was his Captain, and the love he bore his great leader would secure his good faith, his devoted services, his unfaltering zeal, to the last hour of his mortal life.

The sincerity of his faith was soon shown by his works. A mixed progeny had taken the places of their hapless parents; but the half-English, half-Otaheitan *amalgam* was animated by a soul as precious as any that breathed from the whitest face.

The aim and prayer of John Adams was the conversion of these young semi-pagans ; and to effect this he began at once to instruct them in the principles of the doctrine of Christ. Morning and evening prayers were offered by the devout teacher from the midst of his island family. The Sacred Scriptures were read, explained, enforced, with simple earnestness and a constancy that never wearied ; and the fruit of this pious assiduity soon appeared. The Bible became to these simple-hearted islanders inestimably dear. The lessons they were wont to hear from the lips of their rude but venerated teacher were more delightful than food or recreation, or treasures reckoned by them most valuable. The mine of celestial truth opened to their wondering gaze poured forth its uncounted wealth, sparkling, varied, precious, though hands the least skilful, and implements the rudest, were employed to disinter it.

The result is soon told. The islanders became Christian, not in name only, but in very truth, and deed. When sixteen years afterwards (1816) two English men-of-war approached the island, and a canoe with two men in it, savages apparently, dashed through the surf, and, approaching the side of one of the vessels, exclaimed, " Won't you heave us a rope now ? " the astonishment of the sailors was beyond

bound. But greater still was the marvel when, having come on board, and being invited by the captain, Sir Thomas Staines, to go below and partake of some food, one of the young men before eating was seen to place his hands in a posture of devotion, and say solemnly, "For what we are going to receive, the Lord make us truly thankful."

What the captain saw on going ashore fully equalled in the marvellous what had already transpired. He became the guest of John Adams, and was treated with the most warm-hearted and touching hospitality. The number of grown-up people in the island at this time was forty-six. Their personal appearance was very striking. The young men were athletic, manly, finely formed, with countenances full of intelligence and frankness; the young women as modest as beautiful, with "teeth like ivory, even, regular, without a single exception; and all of them, both male and female, had the most marked English features." "Their little houses were models of comfort and cleanliness, and the grounds all around were carefully cultivated. The utmost harmony prevailed in their little society. They were simple, sincere, affectionate, and pious, and most exemplary in discharging their religious duties." "Their reverence for the Sabbath would shame many a highly civilized

Christian community. It was indeed 'kept holy,' a day of rest in truth, and of cheerful reverence towards the Most High. Their services were conducted in strict conformity with the usages of the Church of England, the prayers being read by old Adams, and the lessons by one appointed for that purpose."

In 1825, when Captain Beechey visited the island, he bore witness to the religious character of the people in these words: "These excellent people appear to live together in perfect harmony and contentment; to be virtuous, religious, cheerful, and hospitable even beyond the limits of prudence; to be patterns of conjugal and parental affection, and to have very few vices. We remained with them several days, and their unreserved manners gave us the fullest opportunity of becoming acquainted with any faults they might have possessed."

John Adams, the good old patriarch, through whose noiseless but most efficient labors, under God, this wondrous result had been achieved, died in 1829, and the mantle of *pastor, surgeon, and schoolmaster*, fell upon GEORGE HUNN. NOBBS. Mr. Nobbs' early career space forbids us to recount. Suffice it to say, he had been tried over and over again in the furnace of trials such as man is rarely called to encounter; made Pitcairn's his home *con amore*; determined when he

came to identify himself with and devote himself to the interests of its simple-minded people ; secured the full confidence of Adams, and after his death, which occurred within a year of Nobbs' arrival, that of the people themselves ; entered with zeal, and even enthusiasm, upon the responsible duties of his new situation ; discharged them with the most scrupulous and laborious fidelity, the most evident acceptance, the most unmistakable success ; enjoyed not only the confidence, but the warm filial respect and affection of the people he was toiling to benefit ; continued twenty-six years at his post as pastor and school-master without any ordaining hands of presbytery or prelate having been laid upon him ; then proceeded to London for the purpose of being ordained, that the duties he had hitherto discharged successfully, though not quite regularly, might thenceforth not lack the unction or grace proceeding from the true apostolical authority ; was ordained by the Bishop of London ; returned to the beloved little flock, from whom he had parted with pangs, to rejoin whom he had sighed every hour since his absence began, and who received their now veritable pastor, hoped for and longed for in the Lord, with tears and shouts of welcome on his return.

There he lives, labors, hopes, rejoices, sorrows

now, the venerated and loved pastor of a flock numbering in all one hundred and seventy persons—a “little flock” indeed, yet how tenderly endeared to the under shepherd’s heart, and how vigilantly watched over, lest any should go astray! And not less tenderly endeared to the heart of the Good Shepherd who knows and guards his sheep, and is known of his, and ever gladly followed, wherever he leads, by the humblest whose names he calls. And there, in that quiet, interesting spot, the Sabbath day witnesses the gathering of the flock, no straggler absent, into the sanctuary inclosure—no unfit emblem of the “green pastures” and the murmuring “still waters,” in and beside which *they* are refreshed and regaled who are the favored of the Lord. There one who formerly sat under the ministry of the writer of this article, and who, with the enterprise of youth, found his home on the Pacific for four years, during a perilous but exciting voyage, entered with some of his ship’s company one still Sabbath morning, and sat down wondering, deeply interested, awe-struck, amid this devout assembly of Christian Islanders. The Pastor Nobbs conducted the services with simple and affecting fervor. No liturgy hampered the expression of thoughts that struggled for utterance, but freely, spontaneously flowed upward to the

Throne of Grace, the stream of penitent confession, devout desire, earnest supplication for mercy and favor.

“ At church with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place.”

And if humility, truth, earnestness, “godly sincerity” are capable of expression from the looks and the air of the preacher, those of Mr. Nobbs fully expressed them. The solemn countenances of his auditors showed how awful the place and the service were felt to be, while the rapt attention with which his words were listened to proclaimed how greatly they valued the privilege of hearing Christ and the cross preached, and how intense an interest they felt in the message brought. And when they rose to sing, our informant sailor-boy—whose choicest music having been the roaring of winds, the dashing of waves, or the hoarse bellowing which the struck whale makes in his agony, could hardly be very critical—felt himself, as it seemed, borne upward and away from earth on the tide of song. So full and rich were the voices of the singers, so earnest, hearty, and buoyant were the notes which they warbled, so familiar were the sentiments, and even the words, while the faces and the scene were strange to him, that the effect

upon one from whom the sights and sounds of the Christian sanctuary had been for years shut out, was instant and overpowering. Association bore him irresistibly to his own loved home, a participant in kindred solemnities there, and gave additional interest and intensity to his emotions; and it had been vain indeed to struggle against the gushing tears. His statements confirmed in every particular what is quoted above, respecting the appearance, manners, and character of this interesting people.

Thus it would seem that a church may, after all, exist without a bishop, or regularly ordained preacher. A Bible, with a layman's homely exposition of its mysteries, and a Spirit-guided faith in the doctrines preached, may open the blind eyes, arrest the straying feet, and make the besotted rebel a child and heir of God. . Old Adams, and Nobbs before his ordination, saw the fruits of their toils and prayers in the principles, life, works of a people gospel-won and transformed; nor did the subsequent imposition of episcopal hands in the case of the latter render the faith already professed by the island neophytes more efficacious or their works more genuinely Christian. The gospel thus becomes its own witness; and though the Ethiopian's question, "How *can* I understand except some *man* should guide me?" might

seem to declare the insufficiency of the written Word to conduct to the cross without the living teacher's guidance, yet the voice of pious laymen may, through the all-controlling Spirit, be made as safe and certain a guide as that of white-robed priest, descended in the straightest line from the apostles. And if narrow-souled bigotry disdainfully ask, "How can these things be?" we would point to the simple faith of these lowly Islanders, and to the *history* of that faith, leaving the words of Jesus to vivify the illustration: "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit."

There is ground of hope and belief that what the gospel has done for these natives it may and will do for those of all the isles of the same broad sea, for those of pagandom everywhere. The many great and precious promises are yet unfulfilled which declare the mighty and swift gathering of the Christless peoples into one fold, having one Shepherd. Missionaries may go forth from this little spot to conquer and make Christian every dark and desolate tract that has lain for ages unnoticed amid this wilderness of waters, and from shore to shore spread inwardly the truth that reclaims, and makes the

desert blossom as the rose. The glad shout is yet to be heard, "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ." He who "turneth the wilderness into a standing water," and kings' and peoples' hearts whithersoever he will, can produce, by agencies the most unpromising and unexpected, gospel results the most momentous and astounding. The "little one" in the midst of the sea may become a "strong nation," sooner than a dull faith looks at, and the love divine that has made Pitcairn's Christ's, diffuse its radiance over a renovated world.

DR. CANNON'S PASTORAL THEOLOGY.*

THE office of professor in theology has about it little of that glare which attracts the notice or excites the wonder of the multitude. Compared with the popular preacher, who appears week after week before a crowd, hushed and subdued by the tones of a stirring oratory, it might seem, at the first view, that the office of the former was insignificant and his work barren of results. Judged by superficial tests—and these sometimes have a surprisingly wide and potent sway—the superior importance and utility of the preacher's labors would seem hardly to admit of a question. According to such tests, if truth is to be preserved, or its influence widened, or infidelity to be rebuked, or rationalism undermined, or "spiritual wickedness in high places" discomfited, and Gospel light conveyed to benighted minds most irresis-

* Lectures on Pastoral Theology, by the Rev. James S. Cannon, D.D., late Professor of Pastoral Theology and Ecclesiastical History and Government, in the Theological Seminary of the Reformed Dutch Church, New Brunswick, N. J. New York: Charles Scribner, 145 Nassau Street. 1853.

tibly, he is the likeliest to effect such results, whose power to move and melt is confessed by captivated crowds, loving to be charmed by accents which are to them "as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well upon an instrument."

What equal claims to honor can the professor advance? He is a quiet, unobserved man. He has his home and the arena of his labors usually "remote from cities," or, if in them, he can hardly be said to be of them. Though having exercised the functions of the preacher in years gone by, and wielded the influence of the honored pastor, he no more addresses, except occasionally and by way of digression from the treadmill routine of every-day duty, the "great congregation," or visits from house to house, the many-hued minds which an adapted Gospel is given to guide, comfort, or impress. The lecture-room, rather than the church, is the theatre whereon his skill and prowess are to be displayed. A few disciples, rather than a promiscuous gathering, constitute his stated auditory, and the subjects for the reception of lessons, whose design is to qualify fit and faithful workmen for the service of the sanctuary. Day after day, and month after month, he passes backward and forward from the house to the lecture-room with the

regularity of a machine. He gathers noiselessly his little class around him. He opens to inquisitive and earnest minds treasures of sacred lore, which long and laborious diligence has accumulated, more precious, in their effects at least, than those brought by devout Magi to the cradle of the infant Christ. He is not covetous of the applauses of the bustling crowd without, who hold on their accustomed way, heeding neither him nor his teachings. Their indifference gives him no concern. It is enough for him, to be invested with the honor, and with the responsibility not less, of guiding and instructing those, who are soon to become the guides and instructors of the people. And it matters very little to him, whether the world knows his name familiarly or not, if he can but succeed in furnishing for the great battle with the enemies of Zion, those who shall valiantly and devotedly uphold the sacred cause of truth.

And thus it comes to pass not unfrequently, that a person who has long occupied such a position as this, and occupied it too most creditably and usefully, dies without having acquired any wide-spread distinction, and at his departure is followed with no general deep-drawn sigh, "how is the mighty fallen." His name, even as it appears on the list of the dead, may be coldly glanced at by the world as being almost that

of a stranger. But fame is not the measure of utility. The obscure life is not the insignificant life. What has been wrought for the good of humanity, is not to be estimated by any degree of worldly distinction, or any amount of worldly adulation or applause. The truth lies deeper. The true teacher of theology is one of the great powers of this earth. He moves—what the lever of Archimedes, however favorably adjusted, never could move—human minds, dispositions, volitions, affections. The knowledge which he imparts has not been easily obtained, but is the fruit of weary and toilsome years, brought from far and near, and amassed as a common hoard, for the benefit of those who stretch forth their hands at his bidding and gather what they may. His knowledge is not all theory ; has not all been gleaned from books. His own experience of the pastor's wants and trials , of his discouragements and supports ; of what he should be, and what he should do, and what he must or may suffer, imparts to his teaching a practical character, which enhances its value ; for the professor has, in most instances, been himself an overseer of the flock of Christ. The lessons thus given to those who are to be pastors, embody theoretical with experimental knowledge. The choicest fruits of an active and inquiring intellect, of the diligent study of the

"lively oracles," of fatiguing but successful excursions into all fields where valuable sheaves were awaiting the gatherer's hand, of counsels made sagacious by intercourse with men, and life made blameless by stern discipline and trial, are brought forth, and freely offered to those who can hardly partake for months and years of such a repast, without finding health increase, and the heart grow strong for grappling with the great work which the pastor has to do.

Accordingly, if we would estimate the professor's work aright, we must cast our glance abroad over the church and over the world, and let it "enter within the *vail*" that hides the coming years. The young man, well instructed in the theory and practice of winning souls, goes forth to become himself the teacher and guide of men. He goes forth like trusting Abraham, not knowing whither the Divine will shall lead him. The field is the world. The harvests are whitening around him. The laborers are few. The heavenly voice bidding him enter and reap, is decisive and urgent. He goes whither he is guided, and enters on his toils with the ardor of a volunteer, rather than the slow and lingering pace of one who undertakes reluctantly a task for which he has no relish. The effects of his conscientious training soon

appear. As a "man of God thoroughly furnished unto all good works," he makes his mark upon the district where he is called to labor. He wields, in spite of every hostile array, the influence which is well-nigh inseparable from educated, well-directed, and devoted piety everywhere. The church is edified, strengthened, expanded; vice and irreligion, though entrenched behind power, are made to tremble, as Felix did, at the winged "words of truth and soberness;" error and delusion vanish before the sword of the Lord as brandished by His accredited and loyal ambassador; and from the little circle within which a single standard-bearer has planted his foot and displayed his banner, inscribed with "Christ and him crucified," an influence, as benign and purifying as it is gentle, is conveyed to surrounding minds and habitations, and through these still more remotely abroad, so that the entire measure of the good achieved baffles the power of present calculation. Or, if the Macedonian cry, "come over and help us," has given the energies of the devoted soldier another direction, and he goes forth to win trophies for his Lord on the foreign field, there, too, his works attest his zeal and heroism. The wilderness and solitary place are made glad by his presence; the desert rejoices and blossoms as the rose. The heart of the

church is cheered, perchance, by tidings wafted from beyond the sun, of temples, whose altars smoked with the blood of human victims, supplanted by those which Jehovah's praises and presence fill, and from the myriads of a pagan world many devout worshippers "turned to God from idols, to serve henceforth the living and true God."

Such results may be wrought through God's guiding and aiding Spirit, by a single well-disciplined mind, whose powers have been trained and consecrated in some school of the prophets. These are among the fruits of those lessons given in the lecture-room ; lessons, unregarded by the throng of bustling men, daily repeated without noise or display ; wearisome at times to the teacher, from their monotony ; to the careless observer, utterly unpromising. But in God's time the harvest has succeeded the seed season, and the multitude of garnered sheaves will never be fully known to *us*, till the great day come whereon "the Lord shall count when He writeth up the people that this and that man was born there." What surprising revelations await "the pure in heart who shall see God," and rejoice that they no longer "see through a glass darkly."

The author of the book before us, illustrates to some extent the idea designed to be conveyed by the fore-

going paragraphs. He became a teacher of theology in the full maturity of his powers, having served for thirty years previously, in the work of the ministry. During all this period, he continued the pastor of the same congregation, thus furnishing an example of the "steadfast and unmovable," which in this day of comparative instability, it is quite refreshing to see. He discharged the duties of his pastorate, laboriously, faithfully, unblamably and usefully, and, with the ripe experience of so many years, passed into the professor's chair, to which the confidence of the church he belonged to, had elected him. The change occurred in 1826, from which period till his death in 1852, he performed, in a faithful and exemplary manner, the duties which his office demanded, giving instruction not only to the classes in the Theological School, but also to those in the Literary Institution, connected with it. The Seminary with which his name is honorably and now indissolubly connected, belongs to a church, which, though among the smallest of the denominational families that compose our American Israel, is yet venerable for its age and associations, estimable for the unbending firmness with which it has held fast to the great doctrines of the Reformation, and exemplary for its exemption from those internal feuds and collisions, by which

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other sections of the Christian church have been distracted and torn. And, if somewhat deficient hitherto, in that aggressive and enterprising spirit, which has served to extend other denominations more widely and rapidly, yet evincing ever a liberal, earnest and catholic disposition, to co-operate with all true Christian hearts, in sustaining and carrying forward those good and great enterprises, which owe their birth and vigor equally to the gift and genius of our common Christianity.

Dr. Cannon was connected with this Seminary more than a quarter of a century. During this period, a succession of thoroughly educated young preachers have gone forth into the world ; some to exercise their gifts within the bounds of their own church, at home ; some to prove the skill and excellence of their preparatory training, within the pale of sister denominations ; others to break ground for themselves and build, with Christ to help them, on no other man's foundation, amid the prairies and wildernesses of the far western country, and a few, of whom the lamented Abeel was the pioneer, to sow the seed of the Word on soil moistened and fattened by the blood of human sacrifices. What good has been achieved by the consecrated energies of all these educated minds, brought thus in contact with a "world which by

wisdom knows not God," and how far the influence of one faithful and pains-taking professor, not widely known to fame, has contributed to produce the united result, whatever that result may be, it is of course impossible to say. The aggregate of fruits, shall only be seen when, "in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming," the "crowns of rejoicing" shall appear, and the world witness the spectacle.

The lectures which form this volume are thirty-six in number, the result of the diligent years during which the author held the responsible position of professor, the matters treated in them having been all along subject to such improvements as his taste and judgment might suggest. A glance through the pages of the book will show how wide and comprehensive is the range of topics discussed, and that they who undervalue the importance of this branch of theology as compared with other branches, might find it hard to rest their preference on good and substantial grounds. In fact, among the subjects treated are some of the gravest and most important character, which no workman who would not be ashamed, can venture to slight or disparage. The portion of the volume which exhibits the graces of the Divine life, the fruits of piety, whose earnest cultivation is essential, not only to the pastor's growing usefulness, but

to his personal comfort in the trying work which has received his consecration, is one of high interest and value. There is the subject of prayer—public, private, social—treated with great fulness and force; its importance and its qualifications shown; the argument in behalf of extemporary prayer clearly stated; the argument against the exclusive use of liturgical forms pungently put; how the grace and gift of prayer may be improved; how they may be made to dwindle, and in what should consist the matter, order and manner of those prayers in the sanctuary, by means of which the pastor conducts the devotions of his flock. There are also discussed the Christian sacraments, as compared with those of the past dispensation; their nature, design, extent and efficacy explained; who are the proper subjects to receive the benefits of these significant rites; the difference between John's baptism and that of Christ; the corruptions engrafted on these simple ordinances by the Romish church, and other hardly less scrupulous sects. These topics, together with those which refer directly to what is requisite to prepare the pastor to preach the Gospel most effectively, are all treated in a style of argument both clear and cogent, and with a copiousness which leaves little ground for the charge that they have received at the lec-

turer's hands no more than a hasty and superficial survey.

The lectures are marked by clearness and discrimination. The "large sound roundabout sense," as Mr. Locke calls it, which every page discloses, forms a very observable feature. The lecturer's well poised judgment never betrays him into sentimental improprieties, and rarely suffers his expression to relax into a tone unbecoming the gravity of the subjects discussed. He appears throughout to estimate profoundly the worth and dignity of the ministerial office, and to desire heartily that his own convictions should fix themselves in the minds of his pupils. So great is his earnestness in this respect, that the didactic style is occasionally merged and lost in the hortatory, and the transition, instead of offending, rather gives us pleasure, as revealing the workings of a warm heart intent on reaching the heart as well as the understanding of the neophyte. A tone of deeply pious feeling pervades the lectures, rising at times, in the closing parts, which are occupied with practical reflections, into a style of remark impressively devout. The high place which "the law and testimony" held in the lecturer's mind, and the degree to which his mind was imbued both with its sentiments and language, everywhere appear. Ex-

pressions occur not unfrequently, distinctly pointing to the copious well-spring whence the thought was drawn, almost insensibly to the writer perchance, while literal Scriptural passages illustrating his idea, are interwoven through his pages, selected with his usual judgment, and often very happily introduced. To illustrate these views by apposite quotations, will be to transcribe very largely from the volume.

The author has little fondness for abstract speculation. He nowhere launches forth upon a sea of conceits where "fathom-line can never reach the ground." He conducts his pupils, or his readers, to no position where the ground beneath them is tremulous and liable to slide. He has not learned to admire the German mysticism of thought, nor to affect the outlandish jargon which Carlyle has helped to make popular, by which true thought is so greatly impaired, and the poverty of thought sought to be concealed. He cannot trifle with his trust, nor with the interests of those who are looking to him for guidance, by pausing to plume his wings for a flight whither others cannot follow him, or by stepping aside to cull strange flowers of speech, which may regale the sense, but not strengthen the heart. He treats his subject with manly dignity and directness, and himself illustrates the following remarks upon

the dignity of the pulpit, which, with a certain class of preachers of the present day, seems to have become, if not quite an "obsolete idea," yet a rule regarded as more honored in the breach than in the observance :

"Especially is dignity in the pulpit opposed to all pert, quaint and witty expressions. Displays of wit are out of place in the sacred desk ; for, in proportion as wit excites our admiration of certain associations of ideas in men of wit, it stirs up those emotions which are more allied to merriment than devotion, and which divert our attention from the sublime realities of religion. Hardly should a good religious anecdote be introduced into a sermon, if with all the instruction it may afford it contain much wit, and is calculated to make some hearers smile and others laugh. To use the language of Seneca: '*Quid mihi lusoria ista proponis? Non est jocundi locus.*' . . . 'Religion abhors the ridiculous and the witty in the pulpit, as bordering too much on levity. The thoughtless in public worship may be amused by remarks which inflict pain on the hearts of the pious.'*—Pp. 160, 161.

* In Rev. Dr. Bethune's Oration before the Theological classes at Andover, in 1842, one of the most instructive and admirable that any similar occasion has called forth, the following remarks in the same line with the above occur, and may be fittingly introduced in this connexion: "There is no force nor wit in slang or cant expressions; or, if they excite attention for the moment, it is at the expense of the house of God, the ministry, and the Gospel itself, by pandering to a low taste, and investing sacred things with ludicrous

Throughout these lectures the reader is never suffered to lose sight of the lofty aim, the thoroughly earnest purpose controlling the mind and heart, that gave them being and maturity; and it is rare that there is any seeming departure in the language from that dignified seriousness which is the most fitting expression of such an aim and purpose. Yet occasionally we come upon a sly satirical hit, a touch of quiet and quaint humor, reminding us of the droll strokes of artless old Izaak Walton, or the more attic sallies of honest Thomas Fuller in his Church History of Britain. A passage or two may be cited as a sample:

"Perhaps the greatest pulpit orators are not so useful in com- and grovelling associations. The man who plays the buffoon or the clown in the pulpit, leaves not that sacred place what he found it. However dignified the preacher may be that follows him, the people cannot look up to listen and forget the tricks that were played where he stands; vulgar pruriency will long for the gross excitement, and the refined cannot wholly discharge the sickening images from their thoughts. Let once the boisterous laugh ring round a place of worship, and its echoes will disturb the meditations of the pious for many a long day." This is well and truly said, and we will add, by way of commentary, that the *effect* of the "boisterous laugh" in God's house is much the same, whether "the clown in the pulpit" or the refined man of wit occasion it. The merriment is equally unseasonable and indecorous, and the difference, if there be any, is one of degree and association alone.

municating solid instruction as those who, without oratorical powers, enrich their sermons with deep thought, with heart-searching and practical divinity ; nor are those persons who, on the Sabbath, are seen to be in chase of popular preachers, found to have furnished their minds with a large measure of Scriptural knowledge. Great will be the mistake of such persons if they suppose that they are to be lifted up to heaven *by their ears*."—P. 145.

Indiscriminate reading of books without due reflection is characterized thus :

" Father Augustine long since said : 'lectio inquirat, oratio postulat, meditatio invenit, contemplatio degustat.' Some young men in the ministry exhibit a voracious appetite in reading books, but there is no digestion by them of what they read. When they take up their pens to compose sermons, they are obliged to borrow without ceremony, from the writers before them, too lavishly. It is an unhappy condition in natural life *to live by borrowing*."—P. 150.

Again :

" A preacher pays but a poor compliment to the understanding of his hearers, and to the Bible itself, when he draws out of it (and he might just as well have taken it *out of an almanac*) the single word 'remember,' in order to publish his philosophical theories respecting the powers of memory and its indestructible tenacity."—P. 175.

" It is much to be regretted that so many of our youth, after passing through the forms of an academical education, think

that they are elevated above the study of English grammar, and need no longer consult their dictionaries." . . . "Some enter the ministry too wise in their own conceit to learn the art of speaking and writing with propriety, the language in which they are to preach the Gospel."—P. 155.

Such quiet strokes as these occur where and when the reader least looks for them, and have upon him the effect of provoking a pleasant surprise, without, however, suggesting the idea of unseemly incongruity, or forcing him to feel that they detract seriously from the dignified tone which is for the most part well preserved. They seem to have come spontaneously, without being sought for, and are uniformly used, not for effect, but for illustration.

The author of these lectures was an edifying and effective preacher, to the close of his long life. His habit was to commit his written preparations to a memory of great tenacity, and strengthened by long practice, so that in delivery his words seemed to flow as naturally and with as little labor of memory as in the most fluent extemporary discourse. This, besides investing his instructions on this subject with the additional value derived from his own successful experience, may explain the *penchant* he discovers in his lectures for *memoriter* preaching, or, at least, preaching without the written sermon before the

preacher's eyes. He states, not so fully as he might have stated, some of the arguments usually assigned in behalf of manuscript preaching, and then argues, at considerable length, his own side of the question, as we may term it, that is, adversely to the use of the written sermon in the pulpit. Want of room forbids the quotation of his remarks on this question, judicious as many of them are, and forbids, also, any extended reflection that might be made in modification of one or two of the lecturer's views on this mooted subject. We will merely say, that a discourse from the pulpit is a very different affair in its character, not less than in its attendant circumstances, from the plea which the advocate makes at the bar, or the speech which the political haranguer utters at the hustings. The advocate's staple consists largely of facts, the product of testimony; the stump-orator's appeals are based, too, upon facts, or what he may consider such, growing out of the state of parties or of the country; facts, not only perfectly familiar to his hearers, but having for them a present, and, perhaps, a pressing interest. The successive pleas or speeches made, present to the listener's attention classes of facts differing from those previously commented on, and invest the subjects or cases treated with the attractive freshness of novelty.

The speeches, besides, are neither spoken periodically nor very often, but only on emergent occasions, and usually to different audiences. The character of the audience is, moreover, very often such, that a more careless style of expression, a more unconstrained and bolder declamation, with a more homely and even coarser imagery than would be tolerated in the pulpit, instead of offending the taste, really prove quite palatable, and show themselves highly effective in moving minds that would be impatient of a more staid, precise, and elaborate style of oratory.

It is different with the preacher. He addresses a graver assembly, on far graver subjects, and on the most solemn of days. The great topics that he discourses upon are those which the apostles discoursed upon from the beginning, and all true successors of theirs have discoursed upon subsequently. He must substitute in his discourses, in no small measure, faith for sight, the distant for the present, the impalpable for the tangible, the eternal for the temporal. The didactic method which many of his weighty subjects demand, has small affinity to that rough, racy, and sometimes impromptu speech that best suits and moves a promiscuous multitude. He has to observe the decorums of time, place, and circumstance. He cannot indulge in a loose style of declamation, or

clothe his thoughts in too plain a garb, or draw his illustrations from too common sources, or give free rein to his fancy, without sinking the dignity of the pulpit, and giving a shock to the graver part of his audience. The periodical frequency, too, with which the preacher appears before the same audience, who would soon weary of monotony, were not his discourses made freshly various and interesting, instead of presenting, from week to week, a jejune repetition of common-place topics, varied only in arrangement, a fault which extemporary speakers are prone to run into, demands that studied and careful preparation which can rarely be made so well, that is, so continuously well, if the preacher fails to write out what he designs for the weekly edification of his flock.

These points of difference may serve to show why, in the preacher's case, a written preparation for the pulpit, as a general rule, cannot be safely dispensed with. In fact, the duty of writing carefully is nowhere enjoined more emphatically than in the lectures before us. But, granting this, it may still be urged, "why should not the preacher commit to memory what he has written, and banish the manuscript from the pulpit altogether?" Because, it may be replied: 1. Many preachers have not powers of

memory adequate to commit, statedly and accurately, the discourses they prepare. 2. Discourses imperfectly committed are apt to render the manner timid and embarrassed, from the perpetual effort of the mind to call up the appropriate words, and thus sensibly impair the power of the spoken sermon. 3. Many, though able to commit, feel an unconquerable repugnance to an habitual exercise, which, while denying its necessity or superior excellence, they regard as belonging more properly to the elementary schools. 4. The outlay of time and toil in writing sermons, is quite as great as can be spared from other pressing duties which demand the pastor's attention, without imposing upon him the additional and often more exhausting burden of committing them to memory. 5. A sermon preached from notes may, with proper care, and without this no man should undertake to *preach* it, be delivered quite as effectively, with as appropriate emphasis and action, and with the preacher's eye, too, as well able to scan and control his audience, as though it were uttered from memory. An appeal to the practice of many of the ablest and most effective preachers, of our own and of other times, would go far to establish this averment. Of course, to be chained down to a hieroglyphical manuscript, which requires more in-

genuity to decipher than to have composed, is not the most favorable condition for producing oratorical effects ; but then, speaking thus fettered will not be miscalled *preaching*, by any save the "blissful ignorant," to whom all kinds of pulpit utterance are alike. Without extending the subject, we will give our author's summing up of his argument on the general question, from the tenor of which we should not feel seriously inclined to dissent :

"What, then, must be the conclusion of the matter, so far as students of theology are concerned? It is obviously this: 1. They should aim in the course of their education both to read and speak sermons well. The best speaker may, through the loss of memory, or the want of time to commit his sermon, find it necessary to fall back upon his notes, and read them ; then the art of reading becomes a valuable acquisition. So the best reader may be placed in circumstances which require him to speak without notes ; how useful, then, will be his speaking talent. He will not be silent, but do the best he can, for he is not a bound slave to his manuscript. Let, then, both the gift of reading and the accomplishment of speaking be cultivated in a theological school. 2. Every theological student should seriously examine into his natural and acquired gifts, and try to ascertain whether these gifts fit him to be a better reader than a speaker of sermons, or *vice versa*. Some, through indolence, will give the preference to reading, though they read ill ; others, from love of praise, will play the orator, when they should adhere to

their manuscripts. That mode of delivery should be adopted by the preacher which corresponds best with his gifts, and this he should pursue."—P. 281.

A similar line of remark is pursued by Dr. Vinet, in his work on Pastoral Theology, recently presented to the American reader by his accomplished translator, Rev. Dr. Skinner. Extemporaneous preaching, except where it is unavoidable, he disallows absolutely. He is for having the *young* preacher write and recite, but to give ideas the preference to words in the memory, and in all cases to prepare well and solidly. His observations are pertinent and striking, and well deserve to be weighed. And, since we have introduced the name of the late well-known professor at Lausanne, we cannot dismiss him or his work without a passing remark. His "Pastoral Theology" is, in many respects, worthy of his distinguished reputation, and deserves to be considered as a valuable contribution to our theological literature. It bears, like "Gospel Studies," "Separation of Church from the State," and other works from the same hand, the characteristic marks of a mind of great power and fertility. It breathes a tone deeply evangelical. It displays a happy facility both in analysis and arrangement. It is marked, in parts at least, by

a spirit genuinely philosophic. Its thoughts have an air of originality, while the expression is characterized by a certain picturesque terseness and vivacity, which greatly heighten its effect. It is less enigmatically metaphysical than parts of the "Gospel Studies," and, though compactly written, is seldom obscure. The following passage, however, will perhaps hardly justify the translator's encomium on the "beautiful simplicity" of his author's language:

"The true form of a sermon is composed of the double impression of the subject, and of the subjectivity of the orator. The form of a sermon acknowledges only these two laws, which, so far from opposing, combine with one another.

"As to the general forms which we may observe among preachers, as the psychological and logical form, that of continuous discourse, and that of parallel developments, or of discourse ramified, the analytical and synthetical sermon, they are neither conventional nor artificial; they are less differences of form than of thought, points of view, methods of conceiving the subject of discourse. They exist in the subjects themselves, and in the human mind, anterior to all tradition.

"There is the same difference between the conventional and spontaneous form as there is between the two physiological systems, one of which makes the prominences of the skull to depend on the internal developments of the brain, and the other these same developments to depend on the prominences of the skull; one expressing the internal by the external, the

other, by the external compressing and determining the internal; one, subordinating the external to the internal, the other, the internal to the external. We ourselves prefer, that the external should spring from the internal, and in respect to form, we give no rule but this."—Pp. 215, 216.

There are not many passages, however, like the above, whose precise idea, words either conceal, or force us to look at, as it were "through a glass darkly." On the more practical subjects, the author is sufficiently direct and clear; his simplicity is often very engaging. A considerable portion of the volume is occupied with subjects of this description, forbidding from their very nature, those metaphysical excursions toward which the author's mind had a strong bias. His book furnishes, in some respects, a lively contrast to that of Dr. Cannon. He has a more vivid imagination, an easier flow of words, a more racy style of expression, greater copiousness of illustration, and more picturesqueness in the presentation of a thought. He has surveyed some topics which Dr. Cannon has wholly passed by, to the serious detriment of the completeness of his work. Among these may be instanced the subject of the minister's domestic life, embracing his "house and household economy," the "government of his family," and the subjects of "the choice of a parish" and

"ministerial changes," with some others included within the chapter on "Worship." Several of these topics are too interesting, and belong too intimately to the experiences and duties of a pastor, not to deserve a prominent place in treatises of this character. On those points, too, which are discussed by both writers, it is striking to observe the different forms of expression given by them respectively to similar ideas, and how the matter described has more or less distinctness, proportion, and body, as presented to us from this or that position, or through the medium of this or the other mind.

On some topics which we should have expected Dr. Vinet to treat copiously, he is meagre and unsatisfactory enough. The subject of prayer, so fully and luminously surveyed by Dr. Cannon, and obviously involving the highest interests of both pastor and people, has, in the transmarine treatise, hardly the cold respect of a passing glance devoted to its character and claims. The comprehensive and deeply interesting subject of the sacraments, to which, with their cognate questions, Dr. Cannon devotes not less than fifteen lectures, is almost wholly omitted by Dr. Vinet, for the reason, we suppose, that the subject was regarded by him as ranging appropriately under some other department of the-

ology. There are, moreover, some matters introduced of a character more congenial to a transatlantic atmosphere than to our own, while, upon the questions of liturgies and the perpetuity of the Sabbath obligation, the translator has not thought proper to suffer the author's views to stand unchallenged, and has accordingly expressed his dissent from them in the appendix to the volume.

These reasons, among others, dispose us to give the preference, both as a class-book and one for ordinary readers, to the lectures of the American professor. They form a book which combines, in our judgment, more fully than the other, the qualities which a treatise of the kind ought to possess, and better adapt it for the use and profit of the young men among us, who are preparing to enter on the responsible work of the Christian ministry. Its entire freedom from anything speculative or misty, its thoroughly practical character, the sterling good sense and judgment which pervade it, the lofty tone of its moral inculcations, its admirable arrangement, its large and catholic spirit, its homogeneity to the liberal institutions whose spirit is reflected by the American church, with a style, which, if not brilliant, is yet dignified, expressive and forcible, all bid us esteem it very highly, and through it, its departed

author, "for his work's sake." It well deserves a favored place in the theological class, and in the Christian family, where it could hardly be perused with thoughtful attention without affording a pleasant and strengthening repast.

We have but a single word to add. The lines which we have traced have had for us a deeper interest than they can have, peradventure, for the ordinary reader. They have served to revive associations at once pensive and pleasant. We have seemed to sit once more at the feet of an honored instructor, and listen, as in days gone by, to lessons imparted in faith, hope, and love, but too negligently received, alas! as the living voice conveyed them. We have looked again upon the manly form, blending dignity with grace, upon each well-remembered lineament of a countenance which petulance and passion could not ruffle, while we have seemed to hear the calm earnest tones of a voice, wont to utter many a sage counsel besides those preserved by the printed page. It would be strange, if soothing and grateful sentiments should be divorced from such recollections, or fail to impart a tone of kindness to the terms in which we have spoken of the departed teacher and his work. Knowing very well how prone the feelings are to bias the judgment, we find

little trouble in conceiving that what has seemed greatly commendable to us may be less decidedly so to others. We feel, notwithstanding, strong confidence that when the perfectly sober verdict shall have come, with no partialities of any kind to warp it, it will prove to be not less favorable to the piety and diligence of the author, than to the enduring merits of his book.

GOD'S WAY IN THE SEA.

(A Sermon on the loss of the *Arctic*, preached, Oct. 22d, 1854.)

"Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not known."—PSALM LXXVIII. 19.

THE Sea is one of the stupendous products and proofs of the Divine power and skill. Beheld in any of its phases it proclaims Jehovah to be its maker, and brings vividly before the thoughtful mind the boundless deeps, the awful energies of the Infinite. Viewed in a calm, its broad bosom upheaving with its mighty respirations, and its sluggish billows rolling with sullen roar upon the sand, it presents the picture of terrific power in repose. Its very rest is terrible and suggestive—for we think how easy it is for the hand that made, controls, and confines it, to let loose upon it the spirit of the storm, to rouse it up from its lethargy, toss its billows to the skies, threatening, in its phrensied rage, damage and death to all who float upon its surface. Then when the tempest is abroad, and deep calleth unto deep, and wave

lashes wave in the strife and uproar of the uncurbed waters, what a pigmy is man ! How puny his prowess, how insignificant his skill and forecast, how vain his pride and pomp and resources, amid this frightful war of the elements. The bark that bears him seems a bubble, tossed hither and thither at the mere sport or scorn of winds and waves. He goes up to the clouds, reeling and staggering like a drunken man, and anon sinks into the yawning abyss, happy, if in his descent he be not dashed on rocks or quicksands lying in wait to destroy him. God have mercy upon the poor mariners in such a time as this ; and when they cry unto Him in their trouble, may He who maketh the storm a calm and the waves thereof still, bring them safely out of their distresses.

Frightful as the sea may become, and destructive as its wrathful energies often are to man, it is yet one of his best and most unwearied benefactors. Its capacious bosom receives without repining the floods of waters poured down ceaselessly from mountain and highland, each rill, rivulet, river, stream, great or small, bearing its tribute to the same mighty reservoir provided for it, and without which the fruits of the ground, and the dwellings of man, would be constantly liable to inundation. The vapor which the sun's rays detach from the sea, goes up in the form

of clouds, and becomes the cisterns of the skies, which being opened, the gentle dew and showers descend upon the evil and the good, making the furrows soft, and the little hills clap their hands, and the heart of man rejoice. The fishy treasures of the sea furnish the daily bread of multitudes, which but for these would hardly have husks to keep them from starvation. The circumambient waves have constituted to many nations, walls and ramparts, which haughtiest enemies have lacked the hardihood and power to scale—and behind these impregnable bulwarks they have laughed to scorn the impotent menaces of the oppressor. The unwearied sea bears up the vessels of all nations, which, obeying the promptings of enterprise and commerce, glide along in all directions over this ever open and ever prepared highway, exchanging the products of the most remote climes—bringing civilized and barbarous regions into close association—carrying the living missionary with the lamp of life, to the doors of the benighted, and scattering the benefits of science, art, literature, and all that Christian civilization affords, among the inhabitants needing most to be elevated, refined, and blessed by such intercommunion.

Without greater detail, these glances will show us what the sea is, as a universal benefactor, and what

nations and individual man owe to its lavishly scattered and inexhaustible supplies, its succoring energy, and prodigally scattered stores. With all its treachery, it is yet one of man's best and most constant friends, as untiring in doing him good as the ever open hand of Him who made it. Though ever and anon it rises into rage, hurling man hither and thither, with the proudest fabrics which his science and skill have constructed to guard his life, scattering navies tall and proud, dashing ship against ship, foiling the most desperate and agonizing struggles, baffling the best laid plans, and burying man and his hopes and most precious treasures, together, deep in its remorseless waves—it yet continues on a grand scale to do its work of kindness and mercy to the human race, smiling upon man, and with soft breezes wooing him to launch forth upon its bosom, and seek pleasure, health, knowledge, gain—as though it were incapable of harming the humblest mortal that trusts to its aid, and makes its watery wastes the pathway to his object.

There is much of mystery about the sea. This idea is ever associated with it, and enhances the awe with which the mind is prone to regard it. Standing on the sea shore, or on the deck of a vessel out of sight of land, the broad expanse which the eye takes

in, is but a fragment of the whole volume of water that rolls round all the earth. How vast and mysterious unspeakably, is the whole accumulated bulk. How far down, down, down, do those briny waves descend below the deceitful surface. There are spots where fathom line can never reach the ground. What wonderous caves, what jagged and horrid surfaces, what rugged mountains perchance, and scarce less rugged vales, what forms of beauty, gems, pearls, reefs of coral, conjoined to the slow-accumulating treasures of many a wreck—what charnel-houses of bones of dead men and animals, petrified from the lapse of time and the action of water—what forms of life, grotesque, monstrous, drawing sustenance from the recesses of the mighty abyss, might astonish the eye, were the waters to leave their bed and the bottom of the sea be unfolded to view. In this great and wide sea leviathan is made to play, and things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts, sport upon its surface or gambol in its depths. The mysterious veil of waters hides from sight all the trophies which the sea's insatiable greed has seized and collected for centuries, out of human lives and works and wealth. Its very calm is shrouded in mystery, and its awful stillness may only presage the thunder of the storm, the wild commotion, and the

succeeding wreck and ruin. They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in the great waters, see the Lord's works and wonders in the deep and stand in awe of Him when the waves lift up their voice—and to each thoughtful gazer on the same works and wonders, the mystery that overhangs these wide-spread watery realms of God, increases the awe, by making the heart feel "thy way, O God, is in the sea, thy path in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not known."

And thus the wide unfathomable ocean symbolizes God. It is an emblem—slight and inadequate indeed, but adapted to a vision and faculties so narrow as ours—of might, majesty, grandeur, terribleness, resources divine. In its calm and storm, its smiles and frowns, the benefits it confers unweariedly upon men, its inexhaustible resources, the awful thunder of its voice, its terrible capability to work dismay and ruin, the impenetrable screen which hides its secrecies from mortal eye, the unchangeableness of its features and character from age to age, cycle to cycle—it strikingly images to us the Almighty maker who gave the sea its bounds and said to its proud waves from the beginning, "hitherto shalt thou come and no farther." It proclaims God, reflects God, points to the mind of God, in each billow and

cavern, in everything beautiful and beneficent, and mysterious and terrible, that marks it or belongs to it. And in looking from the sea up to Him who made it, the devout soul owns with an involuntary burst of wonder and awe, "O Lord, how great are thy works, and thy thoughts are very deep."

Much mystery shrouds the dangers besetting the life of those who go down to the sea in ships. Shall they who boldly launch forth upon the ocean wave, for a voyage of days, or weeks, or months, reach the desired haven, and safely set foot on the dry land again? "They surely shall," so Confidence whispers. "They may never more come back, but perish and be buried in the sea"—so Fear and Doubt, and perhaps Mistrust suggest. "Ships are but boards and sailors but men." Winds, waves, rocks, sands, flames, fogs, collisions, all suggest perils, besides those unseen causes of destruction more fatal sometimes, because man does not guard against what he does not see and dread. The heaviest calamity often springs from a cause the least regarded. The President and the City of Glasgow perished amid the waves, and none has returned to tell what unexpected blow stilled the brave hearts that beat upon their decks. The dreadful secret is safe in the bosom of the sea—safe as the sad secret which has locked up for years, from the

sympathy and curiosity of the world, the fate of Sir John Franklin* and his gallant crews, and promises to lock it up for ever, though tender hearts and strong arms dare compass the very pole, to wrest, if it were possible, from the eternal ice that guards it, a solution of the mournful mystery.

No common or looked for blow struck successfully at the life of the Arctic, as she ploughed her gallant way toward her home-haven whose arms were open to receive her. No danger, of this nature at least, was apprehended by her gallant commander, or by the hearts of the many with him, beating fresher as home drew nigher, and feeling increasing confidence from his own security. It was a casual shock as it seemed, and one too slight to awaken fear,—the occurrence of which a moment before seemed barely possible,—the effect of which, now that it has come, cannot prove disastrous. Not so, misjudging and hapless wayfarers on the sea! Death sits upon the

* If the recent intelligence of the discovery of the bones of Sir John Franklin and his companions be *authentic*, one mystery of the sea at least has been explained. The story has something of a dubious look. But as certainty in a case like this is so much better than suspense, we hope to find the report confirmed. Of course all rational hope of the heroic navigators being yet alive, has long since been abandoned.

prow of the doomed vessel, and you will soon see, though you see not now, the grim presence that so appals. He is there to hold a carnival upon the sea; but not without God's presence or permission is he there. Mightier than Death, mightier than the waves of the sea, mightier than the universe, whose forces he holds in the hollow of his hand, is One who sees the end of the voyage from its beginning, with the interval that divides the two extremes, and the dangers, slight or imminent, that environ every step. It is the great and sovereign and mysterious Lord, who is in all places and about every pathway, whether on the deep or on the dry land; whose "way is in the sea, whose path is in the great waters, and whose footsteps are not known."

There is, my brethren, in this direful calamity, which has shrouded so many families in sackcloth, and to a certain extent brought the whole nation as mourners, at this great burial in the waves, much, that to our imperfect sense wears an aspect of extraordinary strangeness and mystery. Obviously the mystery is confined to us who are of yesterday and know nothing: to God it is not a mystery, and cannot be such. The relation which our little and limited understanding bears to the Infinite intelligence, is such as perpetually to re-

mind us of our insignificance. In our utter helplessness we need to lean upon the arm that moves and upholds all things. In darkness, doubt, and despair, the soul beseechingly stretches forth its hands, for the Divine light and guidance. God knows whatever transcends the limits of finite knowledge—unravels the most tangled complications—is not affected by the chaos and confusion which beshroud our faculties—has a certain purpose where mortals can discern only chance, and in the dire calamities which stun, oppress, and overwhelm whole communities and even nations, remains ever the same wise, just, merciful, and good Lord, “whose way is in the sea, whose path is in the great waters, and whose footsteps are not known.” It is in this aspect of the case that I would view the recent calamity, which has brought bereavement and anguish into so many homes. It is wisdom for the heart-stricken, baffled, confounded, to lift itself to God: rest for the tossed spirit may be found there, and consolation too.

The number of the Arctic's passengers was unusually large, and composed to an unwonted extent of persons of mark and influence, whose loss would be likely to make the widest gap in society. Not that one man's life is dearer than another, or his soul intrinsically more precious. But society is constituted

so, that talent, education, means, social culture, invest men with an influence, and power, and position, not possessed or occupied by those lacking these requisites, and making their loss more widely felt and disastrous when the places knowing them know them no more. Whence had all these persons come, and by what *chance* were they all thrown on this homeward bound vessel? Some had spent months in foreign lands—had floated on the Nile and gazed wonderingly upon the hoary Pyramids—had stood beneath the dome of St. Peter's, exploring the curiosities of Italian art—had gazed from the vale of Chamouni upon the awful grandeur of Mont Blanc; had visited what lands and seen what sights they chose—and now, with many a trophy taken from the memorable spots trodden by their venturesome feet, and with health renewed by the strengthening tour, they were recrossing the bridge of billows which alone separated them from the loved ones left at home. Others had been drawn over the sea by the demands of business, and their purposes achieved, were returning home after a shorter absence. The places which some filled on board the ill-fated vessel, were those which others had designed to fill. The exchange seemed the result of chance or was brought about by unforeseen circumstances, not looked upon

as greatly important at the time, but involving no less an alternative than life or death. Some, again, were voyaging towards the New World for the first time, with the same lively curiosity and high wrought expectations that an American would feel on his first passage towards Europe. Among these was that unfortunate young French nobleman, who had designed to embark for this country several months before, but had twice been thwarted by circumstances which he could not control, and impatient of longer delay, had been hurried off by his family, that he might reach the vessel before she sailed, and as it proved, shared the sad fate of the most who embarked with him. In a recent letter by one of his countrymen (Baron de Trobriand), giving an account of his family and the circumstances of his coming to this country, the writer remarks, "no one can escape his destiny, and here is a striking example of it." This is true, though destiny is not blind fate, reckless of God, but the mysterious development of plans too deep for man to fathom, the result of that wisdom which hath appointed the bounds of man that he cannot pass. And in this view no man can escape his destiny; and, strange as may appear, the concurrence of causes which assembled the throng on the Arctic's decks, for whom death was waiting—terrible

as was the surprise to find the billows that should have borne them home, about to become their winding-sheet and grave—paralysing as must have been the thought of encountering death on the deep, in place of the solacing endearments of family and friends longing to embrace them—let us not detach from 'this mournful catastrophe that all-controlling Providence which heeds each sparrow's fall and compasses our individual pathway, but draw rather from the very weight and mystery of the strokes he sends fresh grounds of confidence in the wisdom of his administration.

The time, mode, and circumstances of this great calamity, are such as to deepen the impression of its strangeness and mystery. The gallant ship had crossed the sea many times before, and always with safety, though visible terrors had at times threatened her. She was a noble specimen of the genius, art, and science, which have given glory to this branch of our marine. She was fitted to grapple with the ocean in his worst fits of phrensy, and dared to defy the ocean waves to do their worst, though now no storm was abroad to call her powers of resistance and of vanquishing into requisition. No thick darkness brooded on the sea, to invite disaster, and confound the skill and resources that might be exerted to baffle it. But

there was midday and the calm to lull all fears to rest. And though the fog was there, as it always is in that region, yet its curtain was lifted frequently, enabling the watchful pilot to see far before and around him. And had the fog remained dense and unyielding even, so broad is the great highway of waters, that days sometimes elapse under the brightest sky, ere one vessel sees another on the sea. Each vessel that traverses the Atlantic is said to have on the average seventy square miles of sea room to itself, and the chances of collision, according to Capt. Luce's testimony, are hardly as one to a thousand. No danger was therefore apprehended. But danger was nevertheless at hand, and the shock came at the moment of greatest apparent security. The jar was almost unperceived, and the injury received too trivial to alarm the most timid soul. But in that slight jar there was death. The stout, brave vessel had received her mortal stab. Her decks soon presented a scene of the wildest confusion and dismay. To look through the vista of a few hours and see the friendly haven, and anxious, loving friends waiting to welcome, and the family circle with all it contains to soothe and solace the returned wanderers after their separation, and to make them feel how far more precious to them than all the Old World contains are

the simple joys of home—to have this vista suddenly closed by ghastly death in a terrible form—Oh, the revulsion is too horrible for words to express, and I gladly draw a veil over the agonies of those few mortal hours before the doomed vessel sank under the treacherous waves—agonies, which those who have been saved from the sea, and recounted their most mournful story, one by one, to thrill the heart of the nation, have had experience of in part, though their simple, graphic words fall far short, as we easily feel, of the stupendous reality.

And as we sit safely in our comfortable homes, and speculate upon this disaster, we think and say that this great loss of life *ought* not to have been, even after the vessel was death-struck and must go down in the deep. We think how widely different a result, filling countless houses with joy, which are now robed in sackcloth, should, and with the proper management would, have come to pass—how, if the noble captain, in the first alarm, and under a wrong impression as to the damage sustained by the other vessel, had not dispatched to her aid his first officer Gourlie (may God preserve his life amid encompassing perils), whose influence upon the crew is acknowledged to have been most direct and commanding—or if he had received him back again when he returned to his

own ship, thus establishing and holding that subordination and systematic determined effort adapted to the crisis—the lives of very many more must have been saved, besides those of the wretched, faithless cowards who fled from their post, and purchased safety for themselves by leaving others to destruction. Or if the vessels could only have known each other's real condition, and have kept together, there was ample time to transfer every soul from the foundering ship to the one that had life and vigor enough left to carry them all to shore. Or, if in the confusion of the hour, sufficient order could have been preserved, to place in each boat all whom it could have safely carried, the sea would have had snatched from its jaws three-fourths of the victims whom it was waiting to devour. We think of each helping, saving thing that might have varied the result and turned death away from his expected prey. We feel oppressed by this mysterious, wholesale destruction upon the sea. We wonder at the mystery, blame the craven and false-hearted, admire with tears the lofty heroism which placed duty before death, and feel a sympathetic anguish with the torn hearts, whose wounds long years can hardly staunch. But we must not forget God in this hour of calamity. The sea is His and He made it. Human life is His, for He gave it, and when He

wills can recall it, and under what circumstances His sovereign pleasure may direct. His mind is higher than heaven, and deeper than the deepest depths of his watery domains. There are secret things which "belong to the Lord our God." His way is in the sea, his path in the great waters, and his footsteps are not known. Could my voice reach the specially stricken and bereaved I would speak to them thus: "Ye hearts that are wrung with anguish because of those whom the sea has taken from you, who call upon loved ones buried there, and there is none to answer, will ye no longer trust the Lord because clouds and darkness are around Him—because there is mystery about His ways and doings—because He takes from you treasures which the fond heart hoped to cling to long, and gives no account to you of His reasons for what He does? Rather trust him with the stronger trust now, for herein is the only rest, comfort, hope, and safety that the stricken soul can find. For "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble; therefore will not we fear though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea. Be still and know that I am God. I will be exalted in the earth. The Lord of hosts is with us. The God of Jacob is our refuge." Other refuge than this have we

none, in our most terrible days of darkness and distress.

Besides this great lesson, which all bleeding hearts should learn, there are others of a more general character, springing from this calamity, at several of which I will barely glance.

One shall be taken and another left. Few escaped from the death-dealing surge, wherein all were involved, and struggling almost against hope with a common enemy. The brave commander lived; the son, whom he would have rescued, died. The husband reached his home, leaving wife and child buried in the sea. Providence makes strange discriminations, and the laws, the principles on which they are made, who of mortals can explain? The faithless and treacherous even, found safety in their selfish flight from duty; the loyal and true-hearted perished where cowardice deserted them. What a wondrous economy is God's! Yet amid seeming chaos, and the evil at times favored more than the good, and distinctions made, and events occurring which seem to confound our ideas of right and wrong, the wheels of the Divine government are never clogged; majestic order ever reigns; the scales of justice never lose their rightful poise, and the ways of God, sometimes misunderstood and oftener misinterpreted by men,

will be sublimely vindicated in the revelations and retributions of a coming day.

How beautiful is devotion to truth and duty everywhere! How spontaneously does the heart warm to deeds of moral heroism! What but a divine breathing on the soul, is its instinctive sympathy with what is most noble and disinterested in human sentiment and action? The words of the Arctic's commander, "the ship's fate shall be my own, and my fate shall be my son's," are worthy to be graven on tables of brass, and the heroic conduct illustrating the words, raise both into the sublime. Well might a thrill of joy shoot through the nation's heart, at the tidings of his marvellous escape from the perils of the sea, and acclamations bursting from thousands of voices greet him all along his journey home. And this wide-spread utterance of joy is the spontaneous expression of the heart's approval of what is magnanimous, right, and true. It is the implied utterance, too, of loathing and abhorrence of what is mean, selfish, and cowardly. And thus the very plaudits lavished on the commander, point the most withering condemnation at the heads of the deserting crew. And from this springs one of the grand benefits of this disaster. The influence of such feelings can neither be transient nor confined to a little space. It lives long and

works beneficially, far and wide. A single noble example like this in the nation's eye may transform each sailor into a hero and make death far preferable to life saved through the abandonment of principle, and thus bear golden fruits for the general weal.

But without pursuing such a train of remark, I would say again, that *human sympathy is often strangely inconsistent*. The loss of life by this disaster has struck the chords of every heart till they vibrate strongly, and with eager interest springing from intense sensibility is each fresh incident connected with the fatal event scanned by eyes often gushing as they read. This is well, for sympathy with others' sorrows is seemly. But who weeps at the tidings which have reached us within the past week from the shores of the Black Sea? Bloody battles—it is said—have been fought—Sevastopol has fallen—ships have been burned or sunk—war has wielded its horrible enginery of destruction—twenty or thirty thousand warriors are reported to have fallen maimed or dead upon the drenched soil, sending sorrow and desolation, it may be, to as many homes—and yet who mourns over such carnage and ruin as this? Perhaps not one—joy rather is felt, that Russia is beaten and that the Western Allies are victorious. The loss of the Arctic,

compared with the siege and sacking of a single populous city, or the frightful slaughter and havoc of one great battle, where *glory* is won, is but as an infant's gentle death, beside the sudden engulfing in the waves of all whom the Arctic bore. And yet the death of these sends consternation and grief into every home, while those perish on their gory bed and no man layeth it much to heart. I mark the fact without pausing to explain the anomaly—barely adding, that if intense sympathy in the lesser calamity is comely and proper, it ought at least to be felt so strongly in respect to the greater, as to rouse the nations with one mind to frown upon and forbid ferocious war, and send the whole church in wrestlings to the Throne of Mercy, that the sword may be turned into the ploughshare for ever.

Religious trust in God through Jesus Christ, is calmness and safety everywhere. Such trust lifts the soul above sudden terrors or calamities—fits man to live, suffer, or die, as the Infinitely Wise may appoint. And he who is ready to die is ready for every emergency. At home and abroad, on the shore or on the sea, if the summons come to enter the spirit-world, it is equally well to those who have no will but their Father's in Heaven. If death stare them in the face on the great deep, they can look upon him without

blenching, and at the command of a loving Father, can lie down as calmly to their last sleep among the waves, as though the softest couch witnessed their closing struggle, or freshest flowers bloomed over the spot containing their remains. *Be ye therefore ready.* I hear a voice from Heaven addressing these momentous words to living men—addressing them with emphasis at all times, in view of every danger that besets and every uncertainty that shrouds man's mortal hour—but addressing them with special emphasis to a nation in tears, in view of that distressing calamity which in a moment quenched hope and joy and life in a watery tomb. I hear that voice address itself to each of you—adding with impressive tone, lest you should reject, as at other times, the counsel of God against yourselves, and spurn the oft repeated warning, and lapse, through the world's freezing contact, into former insensibility: “Go and sin no more, lest a worst thing come unto you.”

THE LATE REVEREND DR. BRODHEAD AS A PREACHER.

WHEN a minister of Christ, whose steadfast and loyal services, for long and wearisome years, the Master has signally honored; who has approved himself a man greatly expert in the noblest of sciences—that of winning souls; whose power to touch and melt the heart with the publicly spoken message, and persuade men, “in Christ’s stead, to be reconciled to God,” the experience of numbers has attested,—sinks to his grave, laden though it be with years as with honors, the event is hardly less saddening than full of interest. The pensive feelings, however, with which we regard it, are relieved, and even cheered by the reflection, that the weary and way-worn is now at rest, sleeping profoundly at the close of life’s toilsome day, without liability to have the rest broken, save by the last trumpet’s call.

The memory of such is the heritage of the Church. The savor of his name is fresh and fragrant. His memorial needs not to be written with human hands.

It is graven on the fleshly tablets of the hearts of those whom his life-long assiduity and labors guided to the cross, and of those to whom *these* became, in turn, instrumental in determining to choose "that good part" which the docile Mary chose, sitting at the feet of her Lord. And thus the record of a good man's character and achievements requires not to be often brought before the public eye, lest it should pass into oblivion; for that record which is laid up in the archives of many Christian hearts, linked together by a common association, is most likely to be enduring. Such record, nevertheless, it is fitting from time to time to present, as may enable men to derive from an eminently useful career, the full benefit it is designed and adapted to yield.

That Dr. Brodhead was one of the most popular preachers of his times; that his popularity was not factitious and ephemeral, and, as a too frequent consequence, empty and void, but was composed of solid elements, giving it genuine vitality and power—and power judged by the truest tests—it would be captious to deny. It is, however, no disparagement to say that, intellectually, his rank would have been no higher than that of numbers of his order, who lead useful, and laborious, and devoted, but not remarkable lives. Were the sermons before us in print,

with which his highest effects were produced, the leisurely examination of them might disclose little to extort our admiration at the mental scope and resources therein revealed ; and we might even wonder, as the readers of Whitfield have wondered, at the disproportion between the thing written and the thing spoken. We might vainly seek to find what should strongly remind us of the suggestive thought, the keen and comprehensive survey of a subject, the acute and subtle, yet sinewy and all-compelling logic, forging its massive argument, link by link, to the last link of the unbreakable chain—such as a discourse by South or Barrow presents. Nor might we find a Jeremy Taylor's affluence of imagery and illustration, joined to the curious learning poured out almost as lavishly as Montaigne's, and enriched by a meteor-brilliance of imagination ; nor the felicities of Tillotson's or even of Scougal's style, nor the severe elaboration of stately sentences, such as Robert Hall furnishes constant examples of,—the fitting medium for his massive thoughts ; nor the striking appositeness of Scripture quotation, seemingly natural, almost spontaneous, yet intensely artistic, dovetailing the inspired utterance into the preacher's thought, which forms one of Blair's, and still more of our own Mason's, most noticeable excellences ;

nor should we find, either singly or in combination, those highest qualities which give to a written discourse the ring of the finest metal.

In these respects our recently departed father would bear no shining comparison with many of his class, many, too, whose spoken words had been tame and inert, compared with the effect of his own. And thus we see that, in God's wise arrangements, the highest intellectual endowment, and the greatest variety of furniture and accomplishment adorning it, are far from being the conditions of the most fruitful and successful ministry; that the effective power of such may be excelled by a ministry less highly endowed, the arrows launched from whose bows, heaven-directed and impelled, are sent unerringly to the hearts of the King's enemies.

Dr. Brodhead was, emphatically, a *preacher*. This was his distinctive mission, and this, he knew well, was his specific province and work. His excellent sense was shown in the resoluteness with which he adhered to this simple path, cultivating earnestly the gift with which he was honored, and resisting every seduction to enter on another arena, where he might lack the proper weapons or strength to insure a successful issue to the conflict. He chose the sacred desk in preference to the professor's or the

essayist's chair, in either of which he might have attained, it has been said, high distinction. We doubt whether he would have signally succeeded in either position, for high distinction in neither can be compassed without a class of qualities, which it does not appear to us that he possessed, in such a measure, at least, as to give him a decided preëminence. This preëminence, as a preacher, he attained. He chose the very field to which his tastes, instincts, special gifts, and zeal for the cause of souls, adapted and inclined him. To utter the gospel message to wayward, blind, and rebel men, to urge that message home to the conscience and heart, making the listless anxiously attentive, and the hardened confess the two-edged sword of truth, and the morose sceptic a weeping inquirer, and the "almost persuaded" "fully persuaded," to renounce sin, cleave to Christ, and compass his pardoning mercy—this was the sphere within which his powers might, and did, find full and auspicious exercise. This high post he filled long, filled honorably, filled with signally beneficent results to the Church; filled so, we have no doubt, that when the Lord writeth up his jewels, very many, won through his cogency, to seek and secure the kingdom of God, will rise up and call his name blessed. To do this work well requires remarkable qualifica-

tions, the more prominent of which may now be briefly pointed out.

His discourses, if not displaying the higher evidences of intellectual power, were yet well written, betraying care and earnest study in their preparation. And as he preferred to read his discourses rather than give them from memory, or trust to any of the ordinary modes of extemporaneous speaking, his custom was, to write them throughout. The vigor and effect of his preaching, *even* with manuscript before him, would hardly be cited by those who clamor for the utter disuse of notes in the pulpit, as an illustration of the certain death of all animation, proper expression, and forcible action, said to ensue from their use. The language which he employed was the language in which people ordinarily speak. There was little attempt at ornament, and no seeming wish to try the effect or experiment of rhetorical excursions. The diction was natural without being homely, and that hearer must have been stolid indeed, to whom the preacher's meaning was not clear as a sunbeam.

In this its great strength lay, but not in this alone. The sentiment was intensely evangelical. Both the warp and woof of his discourse were strongly colored with the thoughts of inspiration. And no

man who saturates his preaching with the utterances, judiciously selected and used, of those who "spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost," can fail utterly of force and impressiveness, unless he have glaring and stubborn deficiencies, to overbear such an advantage. Were we to characterize the *matériel* of Dr. Brodhead's discourses in a single sentence, we should say that it was clear in arrangement and thought as in language, distinct in the development of its scope, richly freighted throughout with the fragrant spices and precious gems of the Holy Book, and, in its application, direct and pungent.

Such preaching is adapted to the most intellectual as well as to the humblest. Of the former, it is well known that no inconsiderable number were to be found during his ministry, amongst his regular and most interested hearers. Nor is the fact wonderful. The lawyer, whose mind is often taxed for six days out of seven, with complicated cases, will not be apt to find most attraction in that preaching, which demands, for the satisfactory comprehension of it, the same severe tension of the faculties. He will choose that rather, whose argument is direct and clear; whose illustration is striking; and especially that which impresses him most, as a practical man, with what the preaching of Christ is designed to accom-

plish. This was Daniel Webster's experience. He wanted the preacher to make him feel his position as a sinner before God, and bring home to him the sense of personal responsibility. It may hence appear, that the strongest intellect, instead of craving a repast of abstruse metaphysics, or impalpable logic, or finding delight in glittering figures of speech, or venturesome flights of fancy, really craves at the preacher's hands a widely different entertainment.

The effect and impressiveness of his discourse owed much to his delivery. We shall not repeat the stale saying, fathered on Demosthenes, about the excessive proportion that delivery in a discourse bears to its other components. Viewing the matter somewhat more moderately, it is at once conceded, that the proper delivery of a sermon is a very important element indeed, to bring it home to the understanding, as well as soul of an audience. This element of power Dr. Brodhead possessed in an eminent degree. There may have been those among our ministry, who could, on occasion, declaim with greater vivacity or with more impressive power, but we question whether, in the delivery of a discourse as a whole, and from week to week, and especially from youth "even to hoar hairs," any minister of his

denomination, or perhaps of his times, can be mentioned as fairly his equal.

For this he had remarkable requisites. His voice was one of singular sweetness, compass, and flexibility. His enunciation was distinctness itself. The effect of his speech was heightened by his personal appearance and manner. He possessed the advantage which, as Gibbon remarks of the personal beauty of his favorite Mahomet, few persons look upon with indifference, save those to whom nature has signally denied it—of a fine presence and commanding stature. His action, though certainly not acquired by practising before a glass, nor squared by the most approved elocutionary rules, was natural, becoming, and expressive. These qualities alone were sufficient to command close attention to his utterances. Particular sentences which, spoken by many another, had been regarded as sometimes tame, sounded grandly, and carried significance with them, when pronounced by a voice admirably modulated, and removed to the furthest verge from the sing-song monotony, which acts as a lullaby upon many a susceptible sense. It was imposing to hear him read portions of the Scriptures, and certain of his favorite hymns, or the more expressive formularies of our Church, and especially to

hear him, with hand on the head of kneeling expectant, pronounce over him the solemn words, which set him apart as a bishop over the Lord's heritage. His tones, his manner, his grave and dignified aspect, invested what he said and did with a solemnity and weight which few could hear and witness unmoved.

Dignity in the pulpit was a part of himself. His sense of the grandeur of his high office, and of the responsibilities it imposed, was deep and constant. He seemed to realize himself as standing full in the awful presence of the King whose ambassador he was, and in whose name he was announcing to men the terrors of the judgment, and the mercy of the cross. He was impatient of all flippancy, of everything that looked like a trivial and irreverent treatment of sacred things, in the presentation of his theme. He spoke as though necessity were laid upon him to utter with the greatest solemnity the most intensely solemn and momentous message that can fall on human ears. He shrank appalled from any utterance by a "legate of the skies," preaching Christ and his cross, that might set the benches "in a roar." For this reason among others, he looked with little favor upon the platform of the religious anniversary. We have heard him speak in a tone bordering on indignant contempt, of

occasional exhibitions witnessed there, as not only derogating from the gravity of the ministerial office, presenting the incongruity of mingling the frivolous with the grave, but as begetting a prurient and diseased taste in matters of religion, and tending to bring the ministry itself into reproach. And, truth to say, it were not easy to decide why the *absence* of the very gravity which is insisted on as inseparable from the staid propriety of pulpit ministration, should become on the platform, not only no indecorum, but actually one of the cardinal requisites of a refreshing harangue. Dr. Brodhead had not the "optics keen" enough to mark the distinction, nor the "metaphysics" to remove the discordance, and make the two things harmonious. Not that his own gravity had anything of the morose or intolerant about it. It was not stern, chilling, repulsive. It was not the gravity of the sanctimonious bigot, who thanked God that he was not as other men, but that which resulted naturally from the profound sense he cherished of the nature of the office he was commissioned to hold, and the work he was called to perform. They who saw and heard him, felt the sobering influence of his presence and speech irresistibly, and acknowledged that the place was holy where they worshipped.

His earnestness in preaching was very marked. Nothing about his manner indicated the preacher present merely to perform a task in which his heart was not enlisted—cold, listless, and indifferent whether men should heed and obey, or reject and perish. The period of his youthful prime, or manly vigor, within which his fullest energy of delivery and intensity of expression were thrown into his sermons, was passed before the present writer knew him; yet we easily comprehend how impressive, and even overwhelming at times, he must have been in the palmiest days of his popularity. But advancing years never disrobed him of the earnestness with which he persuaded the wayward to return to the Good Shepherd—nor did the message he announced ever, up to his last public utterance of it, lose the irresistible attraction of gushing warm from a heart kindled with love to the Master; and throbbing in sympathy with the misery of those ready to perish. Had Angell James known him, he would have given him a prominent place among his illustrations of an “Earnest Ministry”—a ministry alive to the demands of the great cause, prompt to preach Christ and him only, with the demonstration of the Spirit and with power, warning every man, beseeching every man, even with tears, so as to be able to pre-

sent every man faultless before God, with exceeding joy, in the grand approaching day.

And this suggests his tenderness, which was a strongly characteristic feature of his preaching. Not they who are wont to exhibit the greatest amount of sensibility have absolutely the tenderest hearts. The lion-hearted Ney, marching from Moscow at the head of his forlorn hope, through driving, piercing snows, and the serried ranks of an implacable foe, could clasp to his manly breast, and carry to a place of safety the wailing infant, whom a mother had thrice thrown from her to perish, that she might be less encumbered in her struggles to escape the horrors of that unparalleled retreat. The mother, in her selfishness and despair, could forget her sucking child: the soldier, stern, cold, and impassive to appearance, evinced more than a woman's tenderness. Thus the outward aspect may easily mislead and prompt to erroneous judgment. The softest and most susceptible nature may be veiled by a frigid and reserved exterior, and the preacher "unused to the melting mood" may be voted cold and unsympathetic, while, in reality, the warmest of hearts throbs in his bosom. He, on the other hand, whose countenance and manner are fitted best for tender expression, usually receives the credit of being the

possessor of the kindest sympathies, though his warmth and depth of feeling may not be a whit greater than those of other men. The absence of the outward manifestation is counted as an absence of the thing itself; while the faculty to express keen sensibility, which is often as purely a gift of nature, and as much under the control of personal volition as a fine voice with its modulations, is regarded as decisive evidence that the heart is overflowing with those tender emotions which give a nameless grace to the preacher's character, and the strongest fascination to his words.

We make the remark to guard against a fallacy. The tenderness of our departed father was palpable, striking, and often deeply effective, and no doubt as deeply genuine. We should hesitate, however, to award him a warmer heart and broader sympathies than many of his brethren not gifted with the faculty of imparting to tender feeling its most touching outward expression. It is unfortunate for the preacher where this lack is very glaring; for the heart, with the mass of hearers, is mightier than the reason; but more unfortunate is it, where the preacher having little heart, yet aware of the power of tenderness over others, assumes a snivelling sensibility, to produce, if he can, by the counterfeit, the natural effect

of the true. He only who can sweep the heart's delicate strings with the hand of a Master, is surest to reach and overcome its passion-guarded citadel.

The faculty to do this well must be counted amongst the rare felicities of endowment which conspired to render Dr. Brodhead's words so telling and effective. It was a part, and an important part, of the garniture with which the Master's prodigality clothed and equipped him. The gift was used without boasting and vain-glory. It was made subservient to the Master's honor. It proclaimed its celestial origin. It unveiled the broken spirit, prostrate before Him from whom cometh down every good and perfect gift, and a heart fired with zeal for the winning of souls, and pervaded with a childlike trust and a devoted piety. Its exercise dissolved audiences in sympathetic tears. It arrested the feet of the way-worn wanderer, and pointed the penitent's streaming eye to Him whose blood alone cleanses from sin. It directed hope to a brighter sphere, and incited the resolves to renounce the world and follow Christ, which resulted in adding many rejoicing sons and daughters to the multitude of the sacramental host.

Such—without extending remarks already drawn out too far—were the prominent elements of Dr. Brod-

head's popularity and success as a preacher. Judged by the one grand test—his success in winning souls,—it must be confessed that his ministry was extraordinarily effective and important. It has been alleged, and we know no reason for denying the averment, that God has honored his long ministry, by bringing more souls into the Church through his means than through that of any other in the annals of the denomination. Such a fact stamps his ministry as one of the most powerful that our Church has enjoyed. He must, therefore, rank deservedly high among the names whose memory the gratitude of the Church has embalmed. For, though the qualifications, not less than the increase, come from God, we associate inseparably the messenger with the effects of his message; the workman, with the work which, through him, God has wrought.

He has gone down at last, in a fruitful old age, to the grave, where is no more work. The Master, whom he served so faithfully, has taken him to his rest. He has left, in his good name, the most priceless of legacies to his children, and, in his works and character, the best remembrance and stimulant to the Church. We sigh as we think that we shall see his face and hear his eloquent voice no more. But we rejoice that so long a life has been illustrated by such

signal and memorable services. Though departed, he will not be absent; for his influence and example will still speak potentially to the Church; and the voice whose accents were so loved by the many yet remaining on earth, will still utter its counsels and appeals from the grave, belonging henceforth to

“Tongues of the dead not lost,
But speaking from death's frost,
Like fiery tongues at Pentecost—
Glimmering as funeral lamps
Amid the chills and damps
Of the vast plain where Death encamps.”

THE END.

